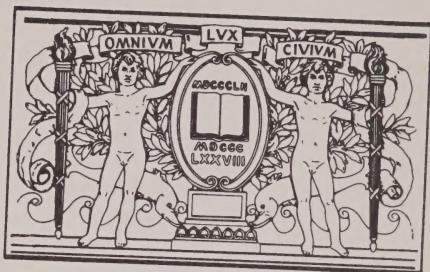


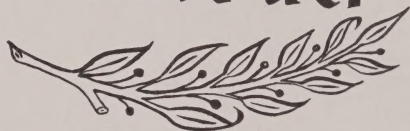
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THE

NORTH AMERICAN

REVIEW.

VOL. LXXVIII.

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JANUARY, 1854.

ART. I. — *Hippolytus and his Age; or, The Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus; and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity compared.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D.C.L. London: Longmans. 1852. 4 vols. 12mo.

WHY this work is in four volumes, or why not in forty, is a question the solution of which rests solely with the author and his publishers. The Chevalier Bunsen merely tapped his mental reservoir at the point indicated by the first word of the title-page, and stopped the vent when he had filled the pre-arranged measure. Of book-making as an art, he has less than an intelligent child's conception. Of the contents and limitations of a subject, he takes no note whatever. The only law of association which seems to preside in the collection and collocation of materials is that of juxtaposition in time or space. Such a shapeless work, had it made its first appearance in his native language, would have been no rare phenomenon; for a German theologian or philologist not infrequently sends through the press a volume full of miscellaneous learning bound together by no discernible filament of rhetorical or logical unity. But in England and America, with less prodigality of erudition, we expect of an author some reference

to form and coherency,—some manifest reasons why what is in his book should be there.

This work betrays still other luculent tokens of its author's nationality. The Anglo-Saxon mind builds upon a broad basis of facts or phenomena successive series of generalizations, pyramid-wise, and culminating in some single law of matter or of mind. The German inverts the pyramid,—reasons from premises intangibly minute to theories that span the universe. With him, a possible indication is often an unanswerable argument; and immense, top-heavy piles of ratiocination rest on a mere hair's breadth of assumed or half-proved fact. Bunsen's reasoning is often of this class; and acquiescence in his conclusions not infrequently demands a voluntary ignoring of the lower strata of the lofty, yet compact fabric. It is this habit of the German mind, that fits it so eminently for the obscurer departments of literary and historical research. In the very nature of things, an isolated event must often leave only the slightest and most questionable tokens of its authenticity, or an unofficial document, only the faintest traces of its authorship and its purpose. A strong effort of the imagination is needed, at once to develop the capacities of the hypothesis thus feebly indicated, and to exclude the score of possible theories which might equally satisfy all the conditions of the problem. But to the vision which can thus follow up in the dark the merest sand-tracks of probability, a blaze of light is dazzling and bewildering; and as to truths and facts patent to all the rest of the world, German philosophy and theology are prone to grope in incurable blindness.

But as to the salient doctrines, the canonical records, and the historical evidence of Christianity, Bunsen is free from the sceptical tendencies of his nation. He is a man of sincere faith and profound religious reverence. His subtlety is exercised, not in undermining the foundations, but in strengthening the buttresses, of evangelical truth. His intellectual instincts are all in the direction of Christian belief, and his earnestness in its behalf, in numerous instances, supplies the almost invisible thread of inference and hypothetical reasoning. With regard to the unessential details of the

primitive ages, his aim is to disinter whatever may confirm the verities devoutly cherished by his moral nature, and to elicit corroborative testimony from witnesses whom he calls forth from centuries of silence and oblivion. To an English or American reader, the results which he reaches may seem utterly inadequate to the labor expended upon them. We could admit the converse of all his conclusions, without the slightest disturbance to our faith. But in quarters where the microscope seems to be the only instrument employed in the investigation of truth, we cannot overestimate the importance of its use in hands so wary and skilful as his.

In 1842, among other similar treasures, was brought from Mount Athos and deposited in the National Library at Paris a Greek manuscript of the fourteenth century, inscribed "On all Heresies." M. Emmanuel Miller first examined its contents, and procured its issue from the Oxford press, as a recovered work of Origen, the first book having been previously extant, under the title of "Philosophoumena," among the reputed writings of Origen. But no treatise on heresies is named or quoted by any ancient writer among the numerous works of that Father. Moreover, this first book contains certain statements of the author concerning himself which that Father could not have made. He speaks of himself as a bishop, which Origen was not. Subsequent portions of the work imply that it was written by a person who was at the time resident at or near Rome, and a prominent actor in the ecclesiastical affairs of the Roman Church. But Origen never lived at Rome, or made more than a brief visit to that metropolis. This negative argument is beyond dispute; and, in the name prefixed to the treatise, M. Miller is undoubtedly chargeable with an oversight which does little credit to a learned editor.

But there are numerous traces of a work of this character by Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus. Eusebius expressly enumerates such a work among his writings, as does St. Jerome also. Epiphanius cites him as among the principal writers against the Valentinian heresies, which occupy a prominent place in the treatise under discussion. But, what might seem decisive as to the question of authorship, Peter of Alexan-

dria not only mentions the work of Hippolytus by name, but quotes a passage from it; and that passage is not found in the manuscript edited by M. Miller. Yet Bunsen argues for the identity of that manuscript with the work of Hippolytus from the absence of the passage thus quoted. Its absence leaves a hiatus in an important train of argument, while the fact which it contains and its argumentative value are elsewhere alluded to in the treatise, and could not in this place have been omitted by the author. The presumption therefore is, that the transcriber, on whose labors the learned world is just entering, occasionally saved work for himself by abridging his author. We cannot, with Bunsen, call this "a curious and striking proof of Hippolytus's authorship"; but it is a rare and happy instance of success in evading what, to a less subtle mind, would seem an insuperable difficulty.

Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople in the ninth century, presents a similar opportunity for parrying objections. He gives a long account of the work of Hippolytus; and while the account is in part applicable to the new-found manuscript, it presents at first sight points of apparent discrepancy. Photius calls the treatise of Hippolytus *βιβλιδάριον*, a *little book*; while the Oxford edition, of seven and a half out of the ten books of which the recently discovered work consisted, makes about three hundred octavo pages. But the portion which actually relates to heresies occupies less than two hundred and fifty pages, and Photius's language may be construed without violence to denote only that portion. This, however, might seem to exceed the possible scope of the learned patriarch's diminutive, were it not that he elsewhere uses the same term concerning a book, the contents of which, according to Bunsen's over-generous estimate, would form a volume fully equal to this portion of the manuscript. Again, the treatise which Photius describes enumerates "thirty-two heresies, beginning with the Dositheans, and going down to Noetus and the Noetians." M. Miller's manuscript contains thirty-two heresies, and closes with the Noetians; but it begins with the Ophites, and makes no mention at all of the Dositheans. These last, however, were not a Christian sect, but a sect of mystic Samaritans; and Bunsen supposes that the term had

come inaccurately into use, to designate collectively the several classes of Judaizing Christians which occupy the first place in the recently recovered work. This supposition receives color from that name being thus employed by the author of the appendix to Tertullian's book on heretics. According to Photius, the treatise of Hippolytus was founded on the Lectures of Irenæus; and, though our manuscript contains much that is not to be found in the extant work of Irenæus on Heresies, it coincides to a considerable extent with that work. Photius also says that Hippolytus denied the Pauline origin of the Epistle to the Hebrews. But no mention of that Epistle occurs in the manuscript *sub lite*. Yet it is easy to maintain, and impossible to deny, that such mention may have been made in the lost introduction, or rather in that which "seems to be wanting," or else in the undoubtedly lost portion of the body of the work, namely, the second, the third, and part of the fourth book. Yet our author seems to forget that he has excluded all this lost matter from the treatise described by Photius, in order to legitimate the diminutive employed in describing it.

There yet remains the question, whether Hippolytus was indeed a Roman bishop; for if he were not, the whole argument falls to the ground. He is repeatedly spoken of by ancient writers as *Episcopus Portuensis*, sometimes as bishop of the *Portus Romanus* or *Portus urbis Romæ*. Now there were two places answering to this name. One was the new harbor of the Tiber, opposite to Ostia, formed by Trajan. The other was a place in Arabia, now called Aden. Eusebius enumerates, as the principal Christian authors of the beginning of the third century, Beryllus, "bishop of Bostra in Arabia," Hippolytus, "bishop of another church," and Caius, well known to have been a Roman presbyter. Jerome repeats concerning Hippolytus the designation of Eusebius, and adds, "The name of the town I could not learn." In a work ascribed to Gelasius (about 492), a passage from an undoubted work of Hippolytus is quoted as from a work "Hippolyti episcopi et martyris Arabum metropolis." The genuineness of this inscription is doubted; but, if genuine, it may have resulted from a misunderstanding of the passage

in Eusebius, whose words by no means imply that Hippolytus was an Arabian bishop. But Eusebius was very vague and inaccurate in his knowledge of Western geography and history, while thoroughly versed in the ecclesiastical affairs of the East; and it is not without probability argued, that his "another church" was more likely to have been in the West than in the East, while Jerome, in the catalogue cited, was manifestly quoting from Eusebius, and gave himself no trouble to identify the place which that historian had been unable to specify. Indeed, the hypothesis that Hippolytus was an Arabian bishop would hardly be worth a thought, had it not been maintained by men of so high authority as Le Moyne and Cave. The references to him as belonging to the diocese of Rome are too numerous for citation. Even his burial-place, as well as the mode of his martyrdom, was described by Prudentius about the year 400; and there exists now in the Vatican library a statue bearing his name, with a list of his writings, which was found in that very cemetery three centuries ago.

But would Hippolytus have written in Greek under the very walls of Rome? We answer, that, even in Rome itself, the Latin very slowly came into currency for religious uses; and had it been otherwise, the Bishop of Portus must have been constrained to use the Greek as his chief medium of oral, and thence most naturally of written, communication. The people of Rome were so little given to commerce and navigation, as to throw almost all the trade of Italy into foreign hands, so that Portus must have had a large majority of foreign population, to a considerable proportion of whom the Greek was their native tongue, while to the residue it had become familiar as the universal language of business and traffic.

We by no means claim for these arguments the positive force which Bunsen is disposed to ascribe to them. They at most establish a rational probability, but not a certainty, that Hippolytus wrote the newly discovered treatise. This probability is enhanced, however, when we can say of the authorship of the treatise, *Hippolytus aut nullus*. If he did not write it, there is no other extant name to which it can be as-

cribed. He might have written it; and we are unable to say who else could. Our convictions, so far as they go, are in accordance with Bunsen's, but by no means so strong as his. Were any important issue dependent on the settlement of the question, we should deem the affirmative too feebly established to be the basis for argument. But fortunately, the worth of the treatise depends in no wise upon its authorship. We know not enough of Hippolytus to place any peculiar reliance on the accuracy of his information or the reliableness of his judgment. The treatise itself shows the author to have been a man of extensive erudition, of orthodox Christian faith, and of upright purpose. It also defines its own date by numerous references to recent and contemporary personages and events, and its own locality by the frequent recognition of the ecclesiastical affairs of Rome as taking place with the author's privity or participation. We know that he was one of the suffragan bishops of the diocese of Rome, and that he was not one of the Roman pontiffs; for their names and the transactions of their several pontificates are introduced with any thing rather than approving comment.

But, whoever was the author, the work is one of great importance. Its date cannot have been much subsequent to A. D. 222. If we except an extant Latin translation of a part of the much less comprehensive treatise of Irenæus on Heresies, it is the oldest authority in ecclesiastical history, next after the Acts of the Apostles. It gives the state of opinion early in the third century, as to a portion of the Christian canon, and as to many important items of Christian belief and duty. It presents a graphic picture of Church life in that primitive age. It throws important light on the ecclesiastical constitution of those days, on the incipient aggressions of the Bishop of Rome, and on the causes of the culminating ascendancy of the Romish see over the whole of Western Christendom.

This work affords an indirect, yet by no means insignificant, testimony to the authenticity of the Gospel history. That Jesus Christ lived and died early in the first century of the era that bears his name, there is no room for doubt. But was he merely a shrewd and ambitious Jewish peasant? Did Christianity, as a system, have its birth in myths that gradually

obtained currency, after he had been long enough removed from the stage of action to become the subject of baseless exaggeration or unscrupulous falsehood? And did the Gospels gradually assume their form and attain their completeness in even pace with the growth of this mythical element? All this must needs have been the work of time; and the belief, constitution, and practice of the Church must have been for several generations in a fluent, unsettled condition, with no authoritative standard of appeal, with no distinctly recognized orthodoxy, with no dogmatic fixedness, with no line of demarcation between the canonical and normal on the one hand, and the heretical and schismatic on the other. It is not too much to assert, that, at the close of the second century from Christ's death, nothing with regard to his history, his religion, or its records would have assumed the aspect of unquestioned verity, still less, would present this aspect as already traditional from still earlier generations. But this treatise constantly appeals to still earlier antiquity and to long established and consolidated belief and practice. It treats Christianity as, in its then existing form, two centuries old. It refers to the Christian Scriptures as books of established and unquestioned authority. It presents a certain standard of orthodoxy as not a new creation, but as transmitted from the Fathers. It describes a wider range of dissentient belief than we were previously able to affirm of so early an age; it carries back for several generations many of these forms of dissent, and thus presupposes a prior Christian antiquity of no inconsiderable duration, and of general features similar to that of the age of its authorship. In fine, had not Christianity crystallized into a definite form and organization during, or immediately subsequent to, the lifetime of its Founder, it could not have been, during the first quarter of the second century, what it manifestly was when this book was written. But if Christianity as a dogmatic system and an organic life bore a date so early, its constituent elements were too old to have been mythical, but must have existed in the life and character, the teachings and works, of its alleged author.

While this so-called work of Hippolytus bears ample testimony to the unbridled ambition and the encroaching policy of

the Romish see, it puts the negative upon any transmitted aroma of Apostolic sanctity in the pretended successors of St. Peter. That episcopal chair had already attained the preëminence in corruption, which it has held through most of the ages of mediæval and modern history. This manuscript has brought to light from long oblivion the career of Callistus, whose pontificate closed with his life in 222. He was the slave of a good Christian named Carpophorus, who gave him the administration of a bank, in which the master's reputation induced many of the brethren, and not a few widows, to deposit their money. But the slave proved faithless, converted the funds intrusted to him to his own use, and, when his fraud was detected, escaped to Portus, and took refuge on board a ship. Followed by his master, he threw himself into the sea, was fished up with difficulty, and consigned to the wholesome discipline of the *pistrinum*. Subsequently released, he raised a great riot in a Jewish synagogue, and, by sentence of the prefect of the city, was scourged, and transported to Sardinia. Some time afterward, he contrived to have his name inserted on a list of more genuinely Christian exiles, who were recalled to Rome through the intercession of the emperor's mistress. But Victor, the worthy Bishop of Rome, would not tolerate his presence in the city, and he was sent to Antium with a monthly allowance for his support. But Zephyrinus, Victor's successor, was weak, stupid, and ignorant; and Callistus succeeded in so ingratiating himself into his favor, as to become officially his coadjutor, and virtually his dictator. When Zephyrinus died, Callistus was chosen his successor. During his administration, the doctrine and practice of the Church assumed, in some regards, an entirely new aspect for the worse. The accession of a bishop of such antecedents proclaimed a general amnesty for the excommunicated. He assumed the prerogative of forgiving sin, under the form, indeed, of absolution in God's name and stead, but with the liberal license which has ever since been the habit of that Church. No doubt from the instinct of self-protection, he laid down the principle, "If a bishop commits a sin, be it even a sin unto death, he must not be deposed." He seems to have been well versed in the Scriptures, and was fond of quoting

such precedents as that of the unclean beasts in the ark, as justifying a large infusion of that same description of society in the Church.

We take no pleasure in transferring a narrative like this to our pages; but there are existing tendencies of the religious world, to which this early record of pontifical baseness may administer wholesome rebuke. Occasional abuses of religious freedom, excesses of fanaticism and of rationalism, are, with many, the chief argument for the necessity of an authoritative Church and a priestly lineage. It is alleged that the fingers' ends are a safer medium for the transmission of faith and piety, than mind, heart, or example can ever be. To be sure, it cannot be denied that there have been in the papal chair not a few defective specimens of religious wisdom and excellence. But semi-Romish Protestants contend that the central fountain of spiritual gifts and graces, when at the lowest, was still above the level of the streams which it fed, until, at the Reformation, the sanctifying virtue was transferred through canonical sluices from the ancient source to what had previously been its dependent reservoirs. Thus must it needs have been, if there be an essential connection between the outward form and the spiritual endowment. But whatever chain may have connected the earlier Bishops of Rome with the Apostolic college, it was broken short off on the accession of Callistus, if not before. He certainly received no spiritual gift, and can have transmitted no more than he received. He belonged to the lineage of Balaam and Simon Magus, and is of himself sufficient to deprive the alleged Petrine descent of the *prestige* of peculiar sanctity, purity, and efficacy. We would contend against no theory which insists on the fitness of separate orders of the Christian priesthood, and of episcopal ordination. We revere order in the Church; and regard with profound respect the order which has the strongest hold on ecclesiastical antiquity. But if the exclusive possession of priestly prerogatives be claimed for that order, it is the privilege of those who stand without its pale to rebut the assumption, by showing the instances in which the succession has been notoriously interrupted or suspended.

The recovered work under discussion is of great worth in

putting a negative on the late and non-Apostolic origin of the Gospel of John, as maintained by the writers of the Tübingen school. The proem of that Gospel is supposed by all sound expositors to owe its shape to heresies, which had become rife before it was written; and the denial of its genuineness depends in great part on the assumption of a comparatively late period for the origin of those heresies. This treatise carries back their birth-time to the Apostolic age, and demonstrates that the Ophites, and other sects of Gnostics, existed and had attained formidable strength and influence within the reputed lifetime of St. John. Therefore it was competent for him to assume a polemic attitude, and to clothe his simple conception of the Saviour's personality in such a form, as should present its several points of antagonism to the errors which he would refute and suppress. Moreover, the author's doctrine of the Logos is founded on St. John's Gospel, and implies its general reception, admitted apostolicity, and established authority among orthodox Christians of that age, when, according to the Tübingen critics, it could not have assumed its unchallenged place in the canon with the other three Gospels. Together with this essential testimony, so seasonable as regards the last master-stroke of neological audacity, our treatise affords abundant confirmation of the canon of the New Testament in general, as we now have it, and the recognition in detail of almost all the writings that compose it. These books were regarded by our author as not only genuine, but as distinguished from the acknowledged works of other Christians by the element of divine inspiration, in such degree and manner as to attach to them a plenary authority in all matters of faith and practice.

As regards church government, we cannot regard this treatise as decisive on the points at issue between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism. The advocates of the latter contend and admit, that the distinction of orders in the clergy grew from the exigencies of bodies of believers too large to be cared for by a single pastor. According to their view, when a congregation became too numerous for the charge of one man, instead of dividing and colonizing in the modern fashion, it multiplied its ecclesiastical functionaries, he who had held the place alone

retaining his supremacy, and his associates falling into natural subordination to him as their official head. Thus the titles of *Episcopos* and *Presbuteros*, which it is alleged were originally synonymous and interchangeable, gradually became distinct and descriptive, the former of the presiding minister, the latter of the clergy under his direction. This is our own belief; but it is neither confirmed nor shaken by Bunsen's citations in the work before us. The offices were distinct in the age of Hippolytus. The diocese of Rome, however, had a somewhat complex organization. Portus and the suburban towns had their own bishops, who at the same time were members of the Roman presbytery, and held, as such, no higher rank than those who bore the simple title of presbyter. We see no proof that the deacons had, in that age, become in any proper sense members of the clerical body. They, and corresponding officials of the female sex, took charge of the sick and poor, and received and dispensed the alms of the congregation. The celibacy of the clergy had not become the established doctrine of the Church; but we discern manifest tendencies towards that notion, and very strong leanings of our author's own mind in that direction. He regarded the second marriages of presbyters as uncanonical, and deemed it unbecoming that a first marriage should be contracted after ordination. But Callistus took the opposite ground, and admitted to orders persons who had been several times married. The clerical character was not deemed indelible; but one who grew weary of his profession, or was unwilling to remain subject to its discipline and its liabilities, was free to fall back into the ranks of the laity.

Into the dogmatic notions involved in this treatise, we cannot pursue the inquiries which we should be glad to institute, without forsaking that common Christian ground which alone is open to us. We doubt whether, were the author to reappear, he would be regarded as in doctrinal sympathy with any one of the existing sects of the Christian fold. The reason for this is obvious. Dogmas are shaped by attrition, moulded by opposing or limiting dogmas. Their logical statement is framed, not so much with the view of including their own contents, as of excluding the contents of antagonistic statements. A doctrine never receives a technical and sharply

drawn definition, till it has been called in question, and every successive assault leads to new complexity and subtlety in its outline. The questions discussed during the first two or three centuries were chiefly those brought into the Church from Judaism and the Pagan philosophers. Multitudes of Christian believers retained enough of their former faith essentially to modify the truths derived from the new religion; and each disputant contended against all extraneous elements except those which had attached themselves to his own creed. During that period, the science of Scriptural criticism had not developed itself; but looseness of construction, allegorical exposition, and mystical interpretation, according as the genius or the ignorance of each might dictate, were freely tolerated. But in process of time, the active conflict with other systems of belief was lulled, Christian orthodoxy was established, nominally on a Scriptural basis, yet as we think with large accretions from extraneous sources. Then first arose questions of exegesis, and attempts to circumscribe, analyze, and harden in dogmatic moulds, truths that had been received into the heart-consciousness of the primitive age, without being subjected to logical scrutiny or polemic discussion. Thus the Gnostic and the Manichean controversy grew obsolete, as first the Arian, and then the Pelagian, heresy shook the Church to its centre, and arrayed all its forces in almost internecine hostility. The age of Hippolytus was anterior to disputes of this class. The heresies enumerated by our author are, with hardly an exception, not such as could have been born in the Church, but the hybrid offspring of Judaism or Paganism and Christianity. He indicates no dissent or wide scope of speculation on the subjects that now divide the Christian world. It would be impossible to extract from his treatise a positive and self-limiting theory of the Trinity, the Atonement, or the hereditary liabilities of man. The two poles of his theology seem to have been man's helplessness without Christ, and God's mercy through Christ; and "to be inspired by the contemplation of the eternal love of God, and the divine beauty of his holiness, to lead a godlike, holy life, in perpetual thankfulness, and perfect humility," is the substance of his closing exhortation, and might fairly be assumed as an epitome of what he deemed

true religion to be. His words concerning Christ and the Logos, while they would not identify him with the Nicene Fathers, still less with the Athanasian party, might be claimed in behalf of a modification of the Trinity like that promulgated by Dr. Bushnell, and yet might easily be regarded as consonant with the opinions of a large class of avowed anti-Trinitarians. The *modus operandi* of the death of Christ seems hardly to have occupied his mind, while the sacrifice on Calvary is treated mainly as a motive and example for the living sacrifice to be offered by every individual believer. He lays intense stress on human free agency; but seems to have been little disturbed by the seemingly conflicting fact of the Divine prescience, or by any normal dogma with regard to predestination.

As to the Christian ordinances, this book (i. e. the so-called book of Hippolytus) adds almost nothing to our knowledge of the belief and practice of antiquity. But Bunsen, in his odd way of blending things new and old, has mixed up his own opinions as to the ritual of the Church with his analysis of Hippolytus. Bunsen is strongly opposed to infant baptism, and, referring to other extant works of Hippolytus, says, "He scarcely knew pedobaptism at all." In another connection, he affirms that it had then "only begun to be practised in some regions." Now the argument from the general silence of early Christian writers with reference to infant baptism, the impossibility of tracing it back to its beginning, and of pointing out the steps by which it came gradually into use, carries with it, in our view, the force of historical demonstration. So great an innovation must have left some traces of itself in history. And especially, if Hippolytus (or the author of the book imputed to him, who, if not Hippolytus, was his coeval) "scarcely knew," yet did know, of this perversion of the Christian rite as having "begun to be practised in some regions," it is impossible that it should not have made a figure in the work on heresies. It was one of the kind of heresies which would in that age have excited the liveliest interest and the most vehement opposition. It was, at least, of as grave importance as the dogma of the Quartodecimani, whose alleged error consisted in maintaining, that, because Christ suffered

at the full moon, therefore Easter should always be celebrated on the fourteenth day of the lunar month, whatever might be the day of the week. Now this heresy is refuted with sedulous care and with signal ingenuity by our author. Is it conceivable that no notice should have been taken of an innovation affecting the very initiatory rite on which the greatest stress was laid by every writer of the primitive ages?

"We have," says Bunsen, "no treatise of Hippolytus about the Eucharist, but only a single passage alluding to it"; and this he omits to quote. But he avails himself of the opportunity to give his own peculiar and partial view of the intent, or rather the signification, of that ordinance. It is comprised in those expressive words of the communion service in the Book of Common Prayer: "And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls, and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto thee." He regards the communion service as primarily and chiefly an act of self-consecration by each participant, in grateful recognition and imitation of the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross. We of course admit that this sentiment is inseparable from a devout participation in the emblematic festival. But, with the narrative of its institution before us, we cannot receive this as its central idea. Self-consecration is the sum and substance of Christian consciousness,—the consummation of the work of Christ upon the human heart,—the end, with reference to which precept, doctrine, and ritual are but means, motives, and aids. But commemoration is evidently the primal and characteristic idea of the Eucharist. It represents, not the introspective or prospective phasis of the religious life, but that which is turned backward historically to the Saviour's crucifixion, and thence heavenward to the redeeming mercy, of which that transaction was the medium, the token, and the pledge. But if the cross be devoutly commemorated, it cannot but renew in the communicant the purpose to be himself a cross-bearer, and thus to offer the "living sacrifice," the language of which has its most appropriate utterance in the liturgy from which we have quoted, and can hardly fail to find utterance in the more flexible forms of non-liturgical worshippers.

As regards the mooted question of the antiquity of set forms of worship, Bunsen maintains that liturgical and extemporaneous services were united in the age of Hippolytus. The Lord's prayer, with the ancient doxology appended to it in our common version, but universally recognized as an interpolation in Matthew's Gospel, was uniformly the first act of worship. This was followed by an antiphonic hymn founded upon the song of the herald angels. Then came the exhortation, "*Sursum corda*," "Lift up your hearts," with its appropriate response from the congregation. The remaining services of prayer and praise were left to the officiating presbyter or bishop. We apprehend that this statement accords with the statements and implications of the early Fathers. It by no means settles the question between the advocates and opponents of liturgical services. The former cannot, of course, plead the earliest antiquity; for the Apostles and their immediate successors cannot have had a service-book, and, from their very nature, entire liturgies could not have come into common use prior to the consolidation of individual churches into provincial or national hierarchies. The question is therefore one of expediency and edification, and must be decided by the tastes, needs, and educational habits of each congregation or each individual worshipper. The considerations in behalf of a liturgy are too weighty to be reasoned down, and can be successfully impugned only by the growth of a loftier, richer, and more fervent devotional spirit among those who trust for the language of worship to the inspiration of the hour.

But it is time that we gave a specific account of the contents of the work under review. The first volume consists chiefly of five letters to Archdeacon Hare, on the genuineness of the recently published manuscript as a work of Hippolytus, and its bearing on various theological and ecclesiastical questions of interest at the present day. We have expressed our assent to the probability of Bunsen's conclusions; but we cannot regard the authorship of the treatise as established beyond a reasonable doubt. Yet, independently of the subject-matter or the importance of the discussion, this volume deserves to be studied as a masterpiece of critical and historical reasoning. It is so thorough, that a successor on the same

side could find no kernel of evidence to reward his gleanings. It is candid in its treatment of conflicting theories, and manfully defends, instead of concealing, the weak points of its own. It presents an unsurpassed skill in the discovery and collocation of arguments individually worthless, but in their combined force imposing and effective. It indicates in the author that keen, critical intuition of which the Germans make their boast; but he does not expect to impart its perceptions to other minds except through a logical medium.

About half of the second volume is taken up with "Aphorisms on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind, and in particular on the History of Religion." These treat of the gravest subjects too briefly and elliptically to content any except adepts in the science of human nature. They are not even ostensibly founded on antiquity, but are to be taken as a synopsis of the author's opinions. From them we infer that Bunsen, like Hippolytus, can be identified with no existing creed. His form of the Trinitarian dogma is worth referring to as a philosophical curiosity, and as a specimen of the mode in which not a few theologians of the present day claim an unimpeached reputation for orthodoxy by retaining the symbolical language of that dogma, while they reject all that fairly distinguishes its advocates from its opponents. The following may serve as a succinct statement of the doctrine. By the name of the FATHER is implied the one self-existent and infinite God. The SON is a manifestation of that God in a human form, differing not in kind, but in degree, from that made in every good man, yet so differing in degree that Jesus manifests the entire range and sum of the Divine perfections, and therefore may fittingly bear such titles as the Emmanuel, the Only-begotten, the incarnate Logos, and the like. The SPIRIT is not a personal existence, has no individual embodiment, and is represented by the totality of Divine influence in the Church Universal, that is, in believing and devout men under every dispensation and in every age. "*God, man, humanity,*" is therefore the formula which represents the earthly manifestation of the Father, Son, and Spirit. We cannot ascertain that our author's Trinity implies more than this, and it seems to us but a form of word-jugglery, by which he, and not a few

who sympathize with him, keep their nominal hold on national or time-honored churches, while their true place is with the smaller and more recent bodies of anti-Trinitarian dissenters. The residue of this volume consists of Historical Fragments on the ancient Church, and especially on the age of Hippolytus, — fragments which contain a great deal of valuable historical matter, but still more of the author's own speculations as to what must have been on *a priori* grounds.

The third volume is a compilation of vast and laborious research, and is designed to present at once a picture of the ante-Nicene Church, and the points of contrast brought to light by comparing it with the post-Nicene Catholic Church and with the various dissenting religious bodies of later times. The author has compiled from different authentic sources all that can be gathered concerning the admission and instruction of catechumens, the order and forms of worship, the celebration of the Eucharist, the rights and liabilities of office-bearers and of the laity, and the canons of moral conduct and of ecclesiastical discipline. These elements are put into a systematic form, yet with reference to the source whence every separate portion is derived. "The Church and House-Book of the Ancient Christians" is precisely such a book as might have been made in the primitive age, had not tradition and established custom been relied upon as superseding the necessity of complete formularies of worship and discipline. Under the title of "Law-Book of the Ante-Nicene Church," Bunsen has made a compilation from the "Apostolic Constitutions," — a work, as we had supposed, confessedly spurious and of undoubtedly post-Nicene origin. It is ostensibly quoted by no writer earlier than the middle of the fourth century, and there is ample reason for maintaining that the work then quoted under that name differed essentially from that which has survived to the present time. Apart from the lack of external evidence, the book contains many anachronisms, and enjoins not a few things which imply a more corrupt state of morals than could have existed before Christianity became the state religion. The credulous Whiston is the only modern writer of note who maintains the genuineness of these Constitutions. Bunsen enters into no argument for their authority, and leaves us in

doubt whether he regards them as contemporary or traditional evidence as to the ante-Nicene period. If the latter, they ought not to be relied upon, and we apprehend that they have led him, in one or two instances in the previous volumes, to antedate alleged facts.

The fourth volume commences with "The Apology of Hippolytus to the People of England," or an imagined speech of the ancient bishop, vindicating his rightful title as a suburban bishop on the Tiber, claiming the authorship of the book issued from the Oxford press as Origen's, impugning high-church notions about the sacraments, defending his own orthodoxy, and retorting the charge of heterodoxy upon the English Church. All this is simply ridiculous. The old martyr is made to mix up in admirable confusion paltry gossip, second-hand comments on the present state of things in England, and discussions of theological subtleties in the style of a pupil of Kant. To do this work well required a vivid and creative imagination; and of this the very rudiments are wanting in Bunsen's mental constitution, as they are so prone to be among the profoundest German scholars. It is with him, and many of his fellow-countrymen, as if they had so loaded down the wings of youthful fancy with heavy folios, as to break and cripple them for ever. This Apology is followed by a collection of the liturgies of the various ancient churches, comprising a history of liturgies wellnigh perfect down to the Council of Trent. No part of the entire work seems to us fraught with deeper interest than this. It presents the origin and proves the universality of many of those forms of worship, which are true to the Christian consciousness of every age, which are the noblest products of the action of the Divine spirit on the minds of holy men of old, and in employing which modern churches are prolonging strains of adoration, which, in cathedral and cloister, by the Nile, the Tiber, and the Thames, in polished and in barbarous dialects, have never ceased to echo from human lips or died upon the ear of Heaven for uncounted centuries. Such a collection might well awaken in the heart of the most stubborn separatist a yearning for reunion with the earlier Church through these age-hallowed forms. In their use we seem to

see the torch of devotion passed from hand to hand, transmitted from generation to generation, glowing at every stage with new fervor, and beaming with accumulated radiance and warmth on the individual heart. But, in whatever form we worship, are we not prone to lose sight of these same hallowed associations as attached with a profounder sacredness, and through a more venerable antiquity, to the express words of Scripture, — to the prayers consecrated by our Lord's own lips on the Mount of the Beatitudes and in the Garden of his agony, to the Psalms of the minstrel-monarch, to the glorious anthems of Deborah and Miriam? For ourselves, we prefer the freedom to pour forth in public praise and prayer the burning thoughts of the passing hour, and cannot but claim the promise, that, if there be the spirit of sincere devotion, "it shall be given us what we shall speak." But we have no sympathy with the trust and love that cannot find for itself an apt and adequate vehicle in words that fell from the lips of holier men than the world is now accustomed to see, — from those whose lyres were attuned by the miraculous outpouring of the Divine spirit, and especially from him in whom the immanent God so dwelt and wrought and spoke, that "he who had seen him had seen the Father."

In Bunsen's various prefaces, and in his correspondence with Dr. Arnold, we have been enabled to trace in his character as a Christian man much that commands our profound admiration and sympathy. He is a firm believer in inspiration and in canonical Scripture. He seems penetrated with the spirit of earnest, confiding, and catholic piety. He is independent of the trammels of church, creed, and party, a member of the Church Universal, in fellowship with all who have faith in Christ and hope for man. He deeply feels and laments the prevalence of scepticism, the secularizing tendencies of this age of material progress, the overmastering power of commercial and political interests. He regards the existing ecclesiastical organizations of Christendom as doomed, and the external fortunes of the Church as in a transition state. Old forms and hierarchies have been outgrown, and their elasticity has been stretched till it can no longer adapt itself to the freer and more vigorous religious life, which is every-

where bursting, or soon to break forth, from beneath the ribs of spiritual death. Yet it is no work of repudiation or destruction, that is to prepare the advent of the "Church of the Future." But he would have every Christian organization restore within its limits all the freedom that is consistent with Christian integrity, and then reach forth to sister organizations the hand of cordial fellowship and untrammelled coöperation. Thus the way will be gradually opened for more comprehensive external institutions. Partition-walls will crumble under the tread of those who perpetually pass and repass them. Union in spirit will globe itself into visible and formal union; and, as the Temple of old rose without sound of axe or hammer, so may the spiritual temple of unanimous Christian faith and love assume its world-wide proportions and lift its battlements to the sky without strife, or tumult, or noisy hand-work. We rejoice that our author has, in these views, the entire sympathy of such men as Hare and Maurice, and many of the most vigorous minds and most fervent hearts of the English Church. Christianity cannot die; for it is omnipotence incarnate. Forms are its time-vesture; and, cling to them as we may, they are obsolescent, and must, again and again, be renovated as humanity approaches the divine ideal. So long as the inspired fountain of truth flows ever fresh and pure, the spirit of Christianity will clothe itself in such outward garb as may best suit and speed its divine mission for the regeneration of a fallen world.

ART. II. — *A Memoir of the Life and Labors of the REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.* By FRANCIS WAYLAND, President of Brown University. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

AMONG the most extraordinary movements of the present century is that having for its object the conversion of the whole heathen world to Christianity. In this country, it began, about forty years ago, with a few individuals, and,

through the impulse then given, powerful associations have been formed, reaching through the leading religious denominations, depending on private charity for support, raising immense sums of money, and carrying on their work with a zeal, wisdom, energy, and success almost unparalleled since the early triumphs of our religion. At first, the movement was looked upon with incredulity or contempt. The labors of the missionaries were held up to ridicule or scorn by the most influential public journals of England. We well remember how the Edinburgh Review made itself and its readers merry by its caricature exhibitions of Dr. Judson, in his *zayat* by the way-side, calling to the passers-by, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." And the two or three stray lambs that he had picked up in that wilderness of heathendom were made to administer largely to the diversion of those who would judge of the ultimate success of such an enterprise by the smallness of its beginnings, and the human instruments by which it would accomplish its ends. What was regarded as the enlightened public sentiment both of this country and of England was inclined to ridicule the undertaking. The English government threw obstacles in its way, and persecuted its agents. Christian prelates frowned upon it, and sincere ministers of the Gospel regarded it with aversion or distrust.

But the faithful men with whom the movement began were not to be turned from their purpose. They believed that the fulness of time had come, and that they found in the Scriptures, not only a warrant, but a command, to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature. Their appeals in behalf of the heathen were not without effect; and indeed, in the whole compass of sacred eloquence, it would not be easy to find a more powerful address to the reason, the conscience, and the faith of a Christian community, than Dr. Wayland's remarkable Discourse on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise. Rich men gave from their abundance; children laid by some portion of their small earnings; and widows consoled their indigence and loneliness by the thought of contributing something from their penury for the salvation of those who were sitting in the region and shadow of death.

Different denominations were drawn into a noble emulation, and vied with one another in the great work. The premature death of some of the first missionaries, and the extraordinary persecutions and sufferings of others, gave a new sacredness to the cause, and added to the zeal which had been already kindled. The Memoirs of Harriet Newell and Samuel J. Mills, the account of the cruel imprisonment and sufferings of Judson, the Memoirs of his heroic wife, worthy to be a companion in the martyrdom of him whose face was as it had been the face of an angel, the untiring perseverance with which the survivors labored on in spite of every discouragement, quickened here the enthusiasm of devout hearts, and created an active interest where before there had been only coldness and indifference.

Dr. Wayland, in his Memoir of Dr. Judson lately issued from the press, gives, with a simplicity and distinctness worthy of all commendation, an account of what has been done in this work by that which, with a single exception, is the most numerous religious denomination in this country. His information is not got up for the occasion, but meets us everywhere, as the light thrown over a subject by a mind thoroughly conversant with all its principles and details. Dr. Judson, the earliest Baptist missionary, was to such an extent the author and leading spirit in all this enterprise, his life reached through so long a period, and his labors and counsels were so identified with its measures, that hardly a departure from the strict purposes of biography is required, to comprise within the Memoir a complete history of all that has been done in the East by the Baptists of this country. Nor does the biography thus lose any thing of its personal interest. Dr. Judson was so individual in his character, his missionary life, particularly during the first thirteen or fourteen years of his residence in Burmah, was so deeply tinged with the spirit of religious adventure and romance, his private experience was marked by so many sorrows, and his fortunes were connected with women so gifted and so lovely, that no one of the materials essential to an interesting memoir is wanting. But our readers must remember, that it is the Memoir of a man whose life was devoted to a single cause, and that one

of the most solemn and momentous that can engage a human being. They must not, therefore, look for the light and graceful qualities which give a charm to memoirs of a different class. The full-sized portrait which Dr. Wayland has drawn, as well as the miniature copy which we have taken from it, is of a man intensely serious, and living in the midst of the most laborious and solemn duties.

Adoniram Judson, Jr., the son of a Congregational minister, was born at Malden, August 9, 1788, and was graduated as the first scholar in his class, at Providence College, now Brown University, in September, 1807. He was a youth of great intellectual activity and of a boundless ambition, which had been stimulated by the injudicious encouragement of his father. When he left college, deeply infected with the infidel notions which were so prevalent at that period, he kept school a year in Plymouth, where his father then resided. He made known his doubts to his father, who, unable to comprehend or sympathize with such a state of mind, treated him with great harshness. His father's dogmatism and arguments he could refute, but he could never shake off the impression made upon him by the affecting persuasions, remonstrances, and prayers of his mother. At the close of his school, in August, 1808, he made a journey through the Northern States, staid a short time in New York, where he was connected in some way with a theatrical company, and visited Sheffield in Massachusetts. There he was much affected by the gentle and solemn earnestness of a young minister with whom he conversed on religious subjects.

"The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state; but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would not of course be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was, nevertheless, a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick chamber,—sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said,—the stran-

ger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear-minded, intellectual, witty E——, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? But still his thoughts *would* revert to the sick man. . . . As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow! The doctor said he would probably not survive the night.' 'Do you know who he was?' 'O, yes; it was a young man from Providence College,—a very fine fellow; his name was E——.' Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, Dead! lost! lost! were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In this state of mind, he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head towards Plymouth."—Vol. I. pp. 24, 25.

While he continued in this state of mind, the Rev. Dr. Griffin and Rev. Moses Stuart, both at that time Professors in the Theological Seminary at Andover, visited his father, and by their advice he connected himself with the Seminary, though not at first as a candidate for the ministry. He at length became fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, and on the 2d of December, 1808, as he has recorded, made a dedication of himself to God. While he was considering in what field of labor he should spend his life, he read a pamphlet called "The Star in the East," which made a deep impression upon him, and led him to think seriously of becoming a missionary.

"For some days," he says, in a letter written at Maulmain, nearly thirty years afterwards, "I was unable to attend to the studies of my class, and spent my time in wondering at my past stupidity, depicting the most romantic scenes in missionary life, and roving about the college rooms, declaiming on the subject of missions. My views were very incorrect, and my feelings extravagant; but yet I have always felt thankful to God for bringing me into that state of excitement, which was perhaps necessary, in the first instance, to enable me to break the strong attachment I felt to home and country, and to endure the thought of abandoning all my wonted pursuits and animating prospects. That

excitement soon passed away; but it left a strong desire to prosecute my inquiries, and ascertain the path of duty. It was during a solitary walk in the woods behind the college, while meditating and praying on the subject, and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, 'Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,' was presented to my mind with such clearness and power, that I came to a full decision, and though great difficulties appeared in my way, resolved to obey the command at all events."—Vol. I. pp. 51, 52.

As early as September, 1808, a missionary society had been formed at Williams College, of which Samuel J. Mills was a leading member. About the same time, Samuel J. Nott, Jr., while studying theology with his father in Connecticut, had thought seriously of giving himself to some missionary labor among the heathen. In 1809–10, these young men were brought together at Andover, and by mutual sympathy and prayer quickened each other's zeal. In June, 1810, they laid the matter before the General Association of Ministers in Massachusetts, offering themselves as candidates for missionary labors. Their communication was favorably received, a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was established, and the young men, Adoniram Judson, Jr., Samuel Nott, Jr., Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell, were advised to put themselves under its patronage. This was the origin of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," which, during the forty-three years of its existence, has been constantly increasing its resources and enlarging the sphere of its operations, till it has become, through the voluntary contributions of individuals from year to year, the most richly endowed and influential voluntary association in the United States.

In 1811, Mr. Judson was sent to England in order to consult with a missionary board there. He was taken prisoner on his way out by a French privateer, confined at first in the hold of the vessel, and afterwards in a prison at Bayonne, in France, from which he made his escape in a very singular manner, and finally succeeded in getting to England and arranging matters there to his mind.

"He was at this time small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face, which gave him the appearance of extreme youth-

fulness. His hair and eyes were of a dark shade of brown, in his French passport described as 'chestnut.' His voice, however, was far from what would be expected of such a person, and usually took the listeners by surprise. An instance of this occurred in London. He sat in the pulpit with a clergyman somewhat distinguished for his eccentricity, and at the close of the sermon was requested to read a hymn. When he had finished, the clergyman arose, and introduced his young brother to the congregation as a person who proposed devoting himself to the conversion of the heathen, adding, 'And if his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the Devil from all India.' — Vol. I. p. 74.

Soon after his return to this country, he was married to Ann Hasseltine, ordained as a missionary to India, and in February, 1812, sailed from Salem for Calcutta, where he arrived in the following June. Soon after their arrival at Calcutta, both he and his wife, who had been studying the subject during their long passage, were baptized by immersion, and thus, in becoming Baptists, virtually separated themselves from the religious body by whom they had been sent out. He gives the reasons of his change in a long, heavy letter. His wife's communications on the subject are much more interesting, and better fitted for a biography.

"It was," she says with evident sincerity, "extremely trying to reflect on the consequences of our becoming Baptists. We knew it would wound and grieve our dear Christian friends in America,—that we should lose their approbation and esteem. We thought it probable the commissioners would refuse to support us; and, what was more distressing than any thing, we knew we must be separated from our missionary associates, and go alone to some heathen land. These things were very trying to us, and caused our hearts to bleed for anguish. We felt we had no home in this world, and no friend but each other." — Vol. I. p. 107.

He wrote to Rev. Dr. Bolles, a Baptist minister in Salem, and threw himself upon the Baptists for support. His appeal was generously responded to. A new interest in the subject was awakened, and the dormant energies of the denomination were roused. Missionary societies were formed in all our principal cities, and finally these smaller societies were merged in one great association, called the American Baptist Missionary Union, which, last year, raised a hundred

and thirty-five thousand, and voted to increase the sum for the current year to a hundred and sixty thousand, dollars. This society supports one hundred and thirty missionaries, of whom sixty-four are preachers and sixty-six assistants. Besides these, it employs two hundred and five native preachers and assistants. There are one hundred and eighty-two churches, with more than fourteen thousand members, of whom thirteen hundred and sixty-one were added the last year. Its preachers may be found among North American Indians, in France, Germany, and Greece, at Bexley and Little Bassa on the coast of Africa, while in Asia its flourishing stations may be found at Rangoon, Maulmain, and Tavoy, in Arracan, at Sandoway, Bangkok, Hongkong, Ningpo, Sib-sagor, and among the Teloogoos at Nellore; and from these central points, out-stations, as they are called, are constantly advancing into the interior of the country.

Soon after their arrival, the missionaries were driven from Calcutta by the Honorable East India Company,* when they took refuge in the Isle of France. Afterwards, returning as far as Madras, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were forced to put to sea in an old, crazy vessel, with imminent peril to her life. After a long voyage, they arrived at Rangoon, which is situated near one of the mouths of the Irrawadi, and which was then the principal seaport of the Burman empire.

"I went on shore," said Mr. Judson, "just at night, to take a view of the place, and the mission-house; but so dark, and cheerless, and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day, after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. Instead of rejoicing, as we ought to have done, in having found a heathen land from which we were not immediately driven away, such were our weaknesses that we felt we had no portion left here below, and found consolation only in looking beyond our pilgrimage, which we tried to flatter ourselves would be short, to that peaceful

* Sir James Mackintosh, under date of September 4, 1813, speaking of his first appearance in the House of Commons after his return from India, says: "My first division was a rather singular one, both because I was in a minority, and one composed of saints. It was in support of the declaration that missionaries ought to be permitted to go to India, under proper precautions. This appeared to me no more than a bare toleration of Christianity."—*Life of Sir James Mackintosh*, Vol. II. p. 268, in the fine Boston edition recently published by Messrs. Little and Brown.

region where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. But if ever we commended ourselves sincerely, and without reserve, to the disposal of our Heavenly Father, it was on this evening. And after some recollection and prayer, we experienced something of the presence of Him who cleaveth closer than a brother; something of that peace which our Saviour bequeathed to his followers, — a legacy which we know from this experience endures when the fleeting pleasures and unsubstantial riches of the world are passed away.” — Vol. I. pp. 120, 121.

At that time, there was not probably in all Burmah a single native who had embraced the religion of Jesus. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, from a remote continent, ignorant of the language, customs, and institutions of those around them, had come there in order to free them from the oppressive superstitions of ages, and to effect a revolution in the religious and moral character of the people.

“The means,” we use Dr. Wayland’s language, “by which this was to be accomplished was very simple. It was the announcement of the message from God to man, attended by the omnipotent power of the spirit of God.” “The Burmans are a reading people. They have their religious books, and they demanded our Scriptures that they might read for themselves.”

Hence it was evident that two things were essential, first, preaching, or oral instruction, to awaken an interest in the subject, then the Scriptures, to be circulated among the inhabitants in their native tongue. The missionaries immediately gave themselves up to the study of the language, and, under all their discouragements, they were sustained by the conviction that they were engaged in a great and holy work. Mr. Judson said:—

“I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise till late in the evening, in reading Burman, and conversing with the natives. I have been here a year and a half, and so extremely difficult is the language — perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any on the face of the earth, next to the Chinese — that I find myself very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly. I have, in some instances, been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me; but I am not acquainted with a single instance in which any permanent impression has been produced.” — Vol. I. p. 169.

Again, Mrs. Judson says:—

“We frequently receive letters from our Christian friends in this part of the world, begging us to leave a field so entirely rough and uncultivated, the soil of which is so unpromising, and enter one which presents a more plentiful harvest. God grant that we may live and die among the Burmans, though we should never do any thing more than smooth the way for others.

“We need much, very much grace, that we may be faithful, and bear a faithful testimony to the religion of Jesus.”—Vol. I. pp. 170, 171.

Three years pass by. Not a convert has been made, nor have they been able to induce a single native Burman even to inquire about the new religion. Their friends at home begin to be impatient for some visible tokens of success.

“If they ask again,” writes Mr. Judson, “What prospect of ultimate success is there? tell them, As much as that there is an almighty and faithful God, who will perform his promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and try it, and to let you come, and to give us our *bread*; or, if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the WORD OF GOD to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread; and, if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again.

“This climate is good,—better than in any other part of the East. But it is a most filthy, wretched place. Missionaries must not calculate on the least comfort, but what they find in one another and their work. However, if a ship was lying in the river, ready to convey me to any part of the world I should choose, and that, too, with the entire approbation of all my Christian friends, I would prefer dying to embarking.”—Vol. I. p. 179.

“We desire humbly to repeat to the board what the first missionaries from the Baptist society in England said to their friends, when on the point of embarkation in the great work which seems destined to illumine Western India with the light of the Gospel. ‘We are,’ said they, ‘like men going down into a well; you stand at the top and hold the ropes. Do not let us fall.’ Hold us up, brethren and fathers; and if health and life be spared to us, we hope, through the grace of God, to see Eastern India also beginning to participate in the same glorious light. Many years may intervene, in the latter as well as in the former case; many difficulties and disappointments may try your faith and ours.

But let patience have her perfect work; let us not be weary of well-doing; for in due time we shall reap, *if we faint not.*" — Vol. I. p. 184.

After a long time a printing-press is secured. Mr. Judson published two small tracts, one of four, the other of six, 12mo pages, and distributed them. He began to print a small edition of the Gospel of St. Matthew. At length, March 7, 1817, he is able to say:—

"I have this day been visited by the first inquirer after religion that I have ever seen in Burmah. For, although in the course of the last two years I have preached the Gospel to many, and though some have visited me several times, and conversed on the subject of religion, yet I have never had much reason to believe that their visits originated in a spirit of sincere inquiry. Conversations on religion have always been of my proposing, and, though I have sometimes been encouraged to hope that truth had made some impression, never, till to-day, have I met with one who was fairly entitled to the epithet of *inquirer*.

"As I was sitting with my teacher, as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps, and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from, to which he gave no explicit reply, and I began to suspect that he had come from the government house, to enforce a trifling request which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me, by asking, 'How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' I replied, that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learned; but, without God, a man might study all his life long, and make no proficiency. 'But how,' continued I, 'came you to know any thing of Jesus? Have you ever been here before?' 'No.' 'Have you seen any writing concerning Jesus?' 'I have seen two little books.' 'Who is Jesus?' 'He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world, and suffered death in their stead.' 'Who is God?' 'He is a being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age and death, but always is.' I cannot tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both which he instantly recognized, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, 'This is the true God; this is the right way,' &c. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ, and himself, but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two

or three times that I had finished no other book, but that in two or three months I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. 'But,' replied he, 'have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?' And I, beginning to think that God's time is better than man's, folded and gave him the first two half sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew, on which he instantly rose, as if his business was all done, and, having received an invitation to come again, took leave."—Vol. I. pp. 187, 188.

Here was ground for encouragement. Copies of the tracts were multiplied. The translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew was completed, and copies circulated among the natives, who, as they came from different parts of the empire for purposes of trade or to their religious festivals, gladly received them and carried them home to their kindred and neighbors. Curiosity is excited. The seeds of divine truth are borne back into distant places. The matter is talked over, and new interest is awakened. The faith in Gaudama is shaken in many minds. Religious discussions and controversies are carried on among the natives. New inquirers come to the missionary, and some of them, belonging to the educated classes, severely task his mind by their powers of reasoning, and their habits of philosophical thought.

Still, six years pass by before a single convert has been baptized. At length, this entry is made: "July 4, Lord's day. 1819. We have had the pleasure of sitting down, for the first time, to the Lord's table with a converted Burman." Mrs. Judson thus announces the event:—

"Little did I think, when I last wrote, that I should so soon have the joyful intelligence to communicate, that one Burman has embraced the Christian religion, and given good evidence of being a true disciple of the dear Redeemer. This event, this single trophy of victorious grace, has filled our hearts with sensations hardly to be conceived by Christians in Christian countries. This event has convinced us that God can and does operate on the minds of the most dark and ignorant, and that he makes his own truths, his own word, the instrument of operation. It serves also to encourage us to hope that the Lord has other chosen ones in this place."—Vol. I. pp. 224, 225.

Other converts are added. The zayat, where the good missionary had sat whole months without a single visitor, was now

constantly frequented. The viceroy, passing by on a huge elephant, attended by his guards and numerous suite, eyes them very closely, and sends in two secretaries, signifying his highness's desire to see the manner in which printing is executed. A learned man, a teacher, who for years has been trying, encouraging, perplexing, and disheartening them, gives himself up as a follower of Jesus, and proves faithful to the end.

But these successes awaken the suspicions of the government, and the natives are no longer at liberty, as heretofore, to visit the zayat when they please. It is thought best that Mr. Judson should go to Ava, the capital of Burmah, and, if possible, obtain from the emperor liberty to continue his labors at Rangoon. He was to go up the Irrawadi some four hundred miles. Accordingly, taking as a present for the emperor a Bible in six volumes, covered with gold-leaf in Burman style, and other presents such as he thought most likely to propitiate different members of the government, he left Rangoon on the 21st of December, 1819.

"The expedition," he said, "on which we have entered, however it may terminate, is unavoidably fraught with consequences momentous and solemn beyond all conception. We are penetrating into the heart of one of the great kingdoms of the world, to make a formal offer of the Gospel to a despotic monarch, and through him to the millions of his subjects. May the Lord accompany us, and crown our attempt with the desired success, if it be consistent with his wise and holy will."—Vol. I. p. 250.

In about a month, he reached the imperial city, and on the 27th of January, he was allowed to see the emperor.

"The scene," he says, "to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Mounge Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall

as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended,—in solitary grandeur,—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us,—‘Who are these?’ ‘The teachers, great king,’ I replied. ‘What, you speak Burman,—the priests that I heard of last night?’ ‘When did you arrive?’ ‘Are you teachers of religion?’ ‘Are you like the Portuguese priest?’ ‘Are you married?’ ‘Why do you dress so?’ These and some other similar questions we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moungh Zah now began to read the petition.

“The emperor heard the petition, and stretched out his hand. Moungh Zah crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time, I gave Moungh Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. ‘O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!’ But alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside him there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moungh Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moungh Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes, which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moungh Zah interpreted his royal master’s will in the following terms: ‘Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practise and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them: take them away.’

"He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him."—Vol. I. pp. 254–256.

So his hopes in that quarter had to be all abandoned. He sought and obtained an interview with the chief minister, but gained nothing by it.

"It was now evening. We had four miles to walk by moonlight. And, as our first parents took their solitary way through Eden, hand in hand, so we took our way through this great city, which, to our late imagination, seemed another Eden, but now, through the magic touch of disappointment, seemed blasted and withered, as if smitten by the fatal influence of the cherubic sword."—Vol. I. p. 258.

He returned to Rangoon, called the disciples together, and found them all firm. "We told them that it was our intention never to desert Burmah; but that, since the emperor refused to tolerate our religion, we thought it necessary to leave for a time those parts of the empire which are immediately under his dominion." The native converts and inquirers were so earnest in the matter, however, that it was decided not to abandon the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Judson soon after were obliged to take a voyage to Calcutta, on account of her health. They left Rangoon in July, 1820, and returned on the 5th of January, 1821. In the autumn of the same year, Mrs. Judson reluctantly left the mission and her husband at Rangoon, for a voyage to the United States, the only thing that gave any promise of renewed health. Before the close of the summer, eighteen native Burmans had been baptized, and "all but two had maintained an irreproachable Christian profession." Mr. Judson had been joined by Rev. J. Price, M.D., a missionary physician, whose success in his profession, particularly in operations on the eyes, was soon so celebrated at Ava, that he was summoned to the capital by the emperor. He went, accompanied by Mr. Judson, and arrived at Ava in September, 1822. They were kindly received by the emperor, who wished them to make Ava their place of residence. The difficulty in the case of Dr. Judson was, to procure a vacant spot where he could erect a building in which to carry

on his missionary operations. He had several interviews with the king, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

“He [the king] inquired about the Burmans who had embraced my religion. ‘Are they real Burmans? Do they dress like other Burmans?’ &c. I had occasion to remark that I preached every Sunday. ‘What! in Burman?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Let us hear how you preach.’ I hesitated. An a-twen-woon repeated the order. I began with a form of worship which first ascribes glory to God, and then declares the commands of the law of the Gospel; after which I stopped. ‘Go on,’ said another a-twen-woon. The whole court was profoundly silent. I proceeded with a few sentences, declarative of the perfections of God, when his majesty’s curiosity was satisfied, and he interrupted me. In the course of subsequent conversation, he asked what I had to say of Gaudama. I replied, that we all knew he was the son of King Thog-daudah-nah; that we regarded him as a wise man and a great teacher, but did not call him God. ‘That is right,’ said Mounk K. N., an a-twen-woon who had not hitherto appeared very friendly to me. And he proceeded to relate the substance of a long communication which I had lately made to him, in the privy council room, about God and Christ, &c. And this he did in a very clear and satisfactory manner, so that I had scarcely a single correction to make in his statement. Mounk Zah, encouraged by all this, really began to take the side of God before his majesty, and said, ‘Nearly all the world, your majesty, believe in an eternal God, all except Burmah and Siam, these little spots!’ His majesty remained silent, and after some other desultory inquiries, he abruptly arose, and retired.”—Vol. I. pp. 313, 314.

A lot of ground was at last procured, though with every precaution against the encroachments of foreigners.

“‘Understand, teacher,’ said the chief officer, in concluding the arrangement, ‘that we do not give you the entire owning of this ground. We take no recompense, lest it become American territory. We give it to you for your present residence only, and, when you go away, shall take it again.’ ‘When I go away, my lord, those at whose expense the house is to be built, will desire to place another teacher in my stead.’ ‘Very well, let him also occupy the place; but when he dies, or when there is no teacher, we will take it.’ ‘In that case, my lord, take it.’” —Vol. I. p. 317.

Every thing now seemed going on prosperously; and Mr. Judson went to Rangoon to meet his wife, who soon after arrived from America, with health greatly improved, and, seven

days after her arrival at Rangoon, they were on their way to Ava. But before they reached the imperial city, they were met by rumors of war, and then by a powerful Burman army under their distinguished general, Bandoola, on their way to invade the British province of Chittagong. They were coldly received at the capital, and soon found themselves, in common with all foreigners, the objects of an unjust and cruel suspicion. Their friend, Dr. Price, was out of favor at court. While they were anxiously waiting the turn which affairs might take, the king, with all the pomp of Eastern royalty, came into the city to take formal possession of a new palace which he had been erecting.

After a few days, news came that the English had taken Rangoon. "The government were now all in motion." New corps of troops were sent off, and the only apprehension expressed was, lest the English, on hearing of the formidable armaments sent against them, would flee to their ships and escape before time had been given to secure them as slaves. The condition of the missionaries became more perilous. The English residents at Ava were put into confinement. "We now," says Mrs. Judson, "began to tremble for ourselves, and were in daily expectation of some bloody event."

"On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by *one*, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer,—a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I; 'I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighborhood had collected; the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran; the little Burman children were screaming and crying; the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master; and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to

take the silver, and loosen the ropes ; but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Mounng Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson ; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration." — Vol. I. pp. 338, 339.

With remarkable presence of mind, Mrs. Judson destroyed all her letters and other papers, lest they should be tortured into evidence against her husband. She then came out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who, after inquiring very minutely of every thing she knew, ordered the place to be shut, and stationed a guard of ten officers before it.

"It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavored to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks in a very painful position. I could not endure this, but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed." — Vol. I. pp. 339, 340.

The second day, she learned that Dr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the death-prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving. On the third day, she succeeded in getting permission to leave her house. She was kindly received by the governor of the city, and through her entreaties, seconded by the powerful influence of a bribe, she was allowed to visit the prison.

"Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison, — for I was never allowed to enter, — gave me some directions relative to his release ; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart

by those iron-hearted jailers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, 'Depart, or we will pull you out.' The same evening the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison inclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on, but was not permitted to enter again for several days." — Vol. I. pp. 341, 342.

This imprisonment, first at Ava and then at Oung-pen-la, some ten or twelve miles from the city, continued twenty-one months, and Mrs. Judson's account of it, in a letter to Mr. Judson's brother, is one of the most affecting narratives that we have ever read. She was herself, most of the time, in infirm health, and had several severe attacks of illness. Her husband was subjected to the harshest treatment; he suffered terribly from repeated sicknesses and the cruelty of his keepers, and must assuredly have perished had it not been that "an angel ministered unto him."

"Then," as Dr. Wayland with equal truth and beauty of expression has said, "were revealed those elements of character which designated Mrs. Judson as one of the most remarkable women of her age. She was the only European female in Ava, and the only foreigner who was not consigned to prison. Her whole time, with the exception of twenty days when she was confined by the birth of her child, was devoted to the alleviation of the sorrows of her husband and his fellow-prisoners. Perfectly familiar with the Burman language, of a presence which commanded respect even from savage barbarians and encircled her with a moral atmosphere in which she walked unharmed in the midst of a hostile city with no earthly protector, she was universally spoken of as the guardian angel of that band of sufferers. Sometimes she appealed to the officers of government, but more frequently to their wives, and pleaded for compassion with an eloquence which even they could not resist. Fertile in resources, and wholly regardless of her own privations or exposure, she was incessantly occupied in alleviating the pain, or ministering to the wants, of those who had no other friend.

"Rarely does it happen that the moral extremes of which our nature is susceptible are brought into so striking contrast as in the present instance. On the one hand might here have been seen the most degraded of mankind inflicting in sport the most horrid cruelties, month after

month, upon their fellow-men, some of whom had sacrificed every earthly comfort for the good of their tormentors; and on the other hand there were seen, in the midst of this horde of ruffians, a lady, whose intelligence and refinement had quite lately won the admiration of the highest circles of the British metropolis, soothing the sorrows of the captive, ministering to the wants of the sick, providing and preparing food for the starving, consoling the dying with words of heavenly peace; heedless of meridian suns and midnight dews, though surrounded by infection, devoting herself with prodigal disinterestedness to the practice of heavenly charity, and sustaining the courage of men inured to danger and familiar with death by the example of her own dauntless resolution." — Vol. I. pp. 329, 330.

She made her applications to the queen, to Bandoola, the favorite general, and wherever there could be the least hope of assistance. The following is an account of one of her many interviews with the governor of the city, and gives some indication of the sort of power she had over him. She had just heard that Dr. Judson and his companions were put into the inner prison, and each loaded with five pairs of fetters.

"I went immediately to the governor's house. He was not at home, but had ordered his wife to tell me, when I came, not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off, or the prisoners released, for *it could not be done*. I went to the prison gate, but was forbidden to enter. All was as still as death, — not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. Judson's little room remaining. I was determined to see the governor, and know the cause of this additional oppression, and for this purpose returned into town the same evening, at an hour I knew he would be at home. He was in his audience-room, and, as I entered, looked up without speaking, but exhibited a mixture of shame and affected anger in his countenance. I began by saying, 'Your lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have in many instances mitigated the sufferings of those unfortunate though innocent beings committed to your charge. You have promised me particularly that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the king, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment?' The old man's hard heart was melted, for he wept like a child. 'I pity you, Tsa-yah-ga-dau,' — a name by which he always called me; 'I knew you would

make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is, to put them out of sight. I will now tell you,' continued he, 'what I have never told you before, — that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it.' I had never seen him manifest so much feeling, or so resolute in denying me a favor, which circumstance was an additional reason for thinking dreadful scenes were before us.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time." — Vol. I. pp. 350, 351.

After this, while Dr. Judson was suffering severely from a fever, he with his fellow-prisoners was removed to Oung-pen-la under circumstances of the most aggravated cruelty, tied together two and two, without hat or shoes, driven at the hottest season, under a burning sun, over sand and gravel which seemed like burning coals to their feet. The governor had contrived to divert Mrs. Judson's attention, so that she did not know when her husband was taken. She soon, however, heard a vague report respecting it, and ran immediately to the governor. He promised to send a man to make inquiries; but added, "You can do nothing more for your husband; *take care of yourself.*" With a heavy heart she went to her room. For several days she had been thinking how she might contrive means to get into the prison. "But now," she says, "I looked towards the gate with no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death, ... all my employment, all my occupations, seemed to have ceased, and I had

nothing left but the dreadful recollection that Mr. Judson was carried off, I knew not whither." She collected her few articles of value, deposited them at the house of the governor, and with her infant daughter, two Burman children, and faithful Bengalee cook, who adhered to them through all their sufferings, she went on the track of her husband, till she reached Oung-pen-la, where she was conducted directly to the prison yard. The prison was an old, shattered building without a roof. Under a low projection outside sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with sufferings and fatigue. They had been there but an hour or two when she arrived. She did all that could be done to alleviate the wretchedness of their condition. Her husband's fever still continued. The morning after their arrival, one of the Burman children was taken with the small-pox, and soon her own infant child had it severely, and more than three months elapsed before it perfectly recovered. Mrs. Judson's constitution seemed at length to be utterly worn down. She set out in an ox-cart for Ava, to procure medicines and food. After a most painful journey, as she says,

"I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house; but so altered and emaciated was my appearance, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died, had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook.

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. Sometimes our jailors seemed a little softened at our distress, and, for several days together, allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then, again, they would be as iron-hearted in their demands as though we were free from

sufferings, and in affluent circumstances. The annoyance, the extortions, and oppressions, to which we were subject during our six months' residence in Oung-pen-la, are beyond enumeration or description."—Vol. I. pp. 360–362.

One evening, it was rumored that all the prisoners were to be put to death at three o'clock in the morning, and under this apprehension they passed the night. A touching sketch is given of Dr. Judson's thoughts and emotions while waiting for the hour of execution. In the morning,

"the jailer came; and, in answer to their questions, chucked them mockingly under the chin, and told them, O no; he could not spare his beloved children yet, just after—kicking the bamboo as he spoke, till all the chains rattled, and the five rows of fetters dashed together, pinching sharply the flesh that they caught between them—just after he had taken so much trouble to procure them fitting ornaments."—Vol. I. p. 386.

"Sometimes," we quote here from an account given by the present Mrs. Judson, "for weeks together, they had no food but rice, savored with ngapee, — a certain preparation of fish, not always palatable to foreigners. But once, when a term of unusual quiet gave her time for the softer and more homely class of loving thoughts, Mrs. Judson made a great effort to surprise her husband with something that should remind him of home. She planned and labored, until, by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains, she actually concocted a mince pie. Unfortunately, as she thought, she could not go in person to the prison that day; and the dinner was brought by smiling Mounng Ing, who seemed aware that some mystery must be wrapped up in that peculiar preparation of meat and fruit, though he had never seen the well-spread boards of Plymouth and Bradford. But the pretty little artifice only added another pang to a heart whose susceptibilities were as quick and deep, as, in the sight of the world, they were silent. When his wife had visited him in prison, and borne taunts and insults with and for him, they could be brave together; when she had stood up like an enchantress, winning the hearts of high and low, making savage jailers, and scarcely less savage nobles, weep; or moved, protected by her own dignity and sublimity of purpose, like a queen along the streets, his heart had throbbed with proud admiration; and he was almost able to thank God for the trials which had made a character so intrinsically noble shine forth with such peculiar brightness. But in this simple, homelike act, this little, unpretending effusion of a loving heart, there

was something so touching, so unlike the part she had just been acting, and yet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flowed down to the chains about his ankles. He saw again the home of his boyhood. His stern, strangely revered father, his gentle mother, his rosy, curly-haired sister, and pale young brother were gathered for the noonday meal, and he was once more among them. And so his fancy revelled there. Finally he lifted his head. He moved his feet, and the rattling of the heavy chains was a death knell. He thrust the carefully prepared dinner into the hand of his associate, and as fast as his fetters would permit, hurried to his own little shed." — Vol. I. pp. 378, 379.

At length, the imperial government, constrained by repeated reverses in the war, began to feel the necessity of listening to some terms of peace; and Dr. Judson, as the man best fitted to assist them in their negotiations with the English, was taken from prison and sent to the Burman camp. Here he rendered essential services, for which he afterwards received a vote of thanks from the East India government. While he was thus absent, his wife was taken down by the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors, and reduced so low, that the Burmese neighbors who came in to see her expire, said, "She is dead; and if the King of angels should come in, he could not recover her." When she was beginning to recover, the news came that Dr. Judson had been again committed to prison.

"I was too weak," she said, "to bear ill tidings of any kind; but a shock so dreadful as this almost annihilated me. If I ever felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me,' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered." — Vol. I. pp. 365, 366.

Dr. Judson heard of her illness, and succeeded in getting permission to visit her.

"The door stood invitingly open, and, without having been seen by any one, he entered. The first object which met his eye was a fat, half-

naked Burman woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of coals, and holding on her knees a wan baby, so begrimed with dirt that it did not occur to the father it could be his own. He gave but one hasty look, and hurried to the next room. Across the foot of the bed, as though she had fallen there, lay a human object, that, at the first glance, was scarcely more recognizable than his child. The face was of a ghastly paleness, the features sharp, and the whole form shrunken almost to the last degree of emaciation. The whole room presented an appearance of the very extreme of wretchedness, more harrowing to the feelings than can be told. There lay the devoted wife, who had followed him so unweariedly from prison to prison, ever alleviating his distresses, without even common hireling attendance." — Vol. I. p. 394.

After so many months of suffering, they were at last set at liberty, and sent down the river to the British camp. "It was on a cool, moonlight evening in the month of March, that, with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawadi, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth." "And with what sensations of delight did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life." "I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp." Many years afterwards, in a company of friends who were discussing the different kinds of sensuous enjoyment, and had given some striking illustrations, Dr. Judson said, "I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irrawadi, on a cool, moonlight evening, with your wife by your side, and your baby in your arms, free, — all free? But *you* cannot understand it either; it needs a twenty-one months' qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery, when I recall that one delicious thrill. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

They were most kindly received by the English general, Sir Archibald Campbell. "Nor were the attentions of brave men ever more worthily bestowed; for even that army of war-worn veterans could not boast of a more heroic spirit than

that which animated the slender and wasted form of Ann Hasseltine Judson."

Amherst, which had been selected for the capital of the Tenasserim provinces, was now chosen by the missionaries as the place from which, under the auspices, or at least under the protection, of the British government, they could carry on their operations. On the 2d of July, 1826, they reached Amherst, and on the 5th, Dr. Judson left his wife there, while he went back to Rangoon and Ava, in the suite of Mr. Crawford, the British commissioner, who had been appointed to treat with the Burman government. He had joined the embassy with the hope of having some influence in procuring terms of religious toleration. But he soon found himself disappointed in this respect, and was obliged to continue in a service which had very little to interest him. While at Ava, on the 24th of November, he heard of the death of Mrs. Judson. Her constitution probably had been worn out by the hardships and incessant labors of the last two years. She died on the 24th of October, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. "She had sickened and died among strangers. A few native Christian women were her only female attendants." Her "last request to Dr. Richardson, her medical attendant, was, that he would convey to her husband her earnest entreaty that he would never consent to enter the service of the British government, but confine himself exclusively to the duties of his religious mission." We cannot dismiss the account of this remarkable woman without a few words more. An English officer, Major Calder Campbell, thus describes her appearance when he met her on the Irrawadi river, just as he had been robbed and severely wounded by his boatmen.

"She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form appeared almost ethereal. Yet, with much of heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feeling about her; for at her feet rested a babe, a little, wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful glance, was that meek missionary, her husband. Her face was pale, very pale, with that expression of deep and serious thought which

speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands—those small, lily hands—were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very wan; for ah, they told of disease,—of death,—death in all its transparent grace,—when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter. That lady was Mrs. Judson, whose long captivity and severe hardships amongst the Burmese have since been detailed in her published journals.

“I remained two days with them; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson’s powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage, their struggles in the cause of religion, and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful, energetic simplicity of her language, as well as from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower, as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth.”—Vol. I. p. 399.

Dr. Wayland, whose acquaintance among intelligent, noble women must have been unusually extensive, and whose judgment is as little likely as any one’s to be carried away by his feelings, says of her:—

“I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve, and were hidden from public view by a veil of unusual feminine delicacy. To an ordinary observer, she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred, and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and a power of resolute endurance even unto death. When I saw her, her complexion bore that sallow hue which commonly follows residence in the East Indies. Her countenance at first seemed, when in repose, deficient in expression. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women.”—Vol. I. p. 304.

The little child, born in the midst of so much suffering, soon followed her mother, and for the next eight years, Dr. Judson was left with no domestic ties to bind him to the earth. He gave himself with greater zeal and devotedness, if possible, than ever to his work, wherever it might call him. He relinquished, first a twentieth, and then a quarter part of his salary, and gave all his property, amounting to six thousand dollars, to the American Baptist Missionary Union. Finding that much of his time was taken up in social intercourse, he denied himself entirely the pleasure of cultivated society, though no one could enjoy it more; and in a spirit not unlike that of St. Paul's appeal to King Agrippa, wrote to Sir Archibald Campbell, whose kindness he had so often experienced: "O Sir Archibald, the glittering colors of this world will soon fade away; the bubbles of life will soon burst and disappear; the cold grave will soon close upon our worldly enjoyments, and honors, and aspirings; and where then will our souls be?" "Turn away thine eye from the fleeting shadows, and thine ear from the empty sounds of earth." "Give thine heart to the Friend and Lover of man, who hung and died upon the cross to redeem us from eternal woe, and thou shalt find such peace and sweetness as thou hast never yet conceived of." "But if thou wilt not give thy heart to God, thou wilt never find true happiness here, thou wilt never see his face in peace."

In July, 1826, Dr. Judson removed from Amherst to Maulmain, which was henceforth to be the principal seat of the Burman mission. He went afterwards from Maulmain to Rangoon, to Prome, thence to Rangoon, and to Maulmain again. From Maulmain he made frequent excursions among the Karens in their native jungles, penetrating the recesses of the forest and threading every accessible rivulet. "Wherever he could find listeners, were they many or few, there he stopped to discourse on the message of redeeming love. Whether from his boat or on the shore, whether by day or by night, he was always ready to reveal to these wandering barbarians the love of God in sending his Son for our redemption. In this work he was remarkably successful." "It was, moreover, the work in which, above all others, he delighted." As, at the commencement of his labors at Rangoon, he built a

zayat by the way-side, and told every passer-by that Christ had died for him and now offered him eternal life, so now, wherever he went, he proclaimed the same truths, and the darker his prospects looked, the more earnestly he prayed. His preaching in the Burman language, in which he was more at home than in his native tongue, was peculiarly earnest and impressive.

Wrapt in the views of an overshadowing eternity and the appalling magnitude of the work in which he was engaged, with no domestic relations to soothe his wearied mind or connect him with civilized life, it is not strange that Dr. Judson found himself living more and more as the inhabitant of another world, and guarding with the jealousy of an anchorite against every thing that might tend to draw his thoughts or affections from it. The life and writings of Madame Guyon, the *Imitation of Christ*, and the kindred works of Fénelon and Thomas Law, were his favorite books. He framed severe rules of discipline for himself. "Get the king's daughter, and you get all; the grace of devotion is the daughter of God." "Do nothing from your own will, but all from the will of God." "Keep turning the soul to God until it habitually rest in God." "Keep the cross of Christ in view." Among the ways in which he was exposed to self-indulgence, he particularly noted these: "The passion for neatness, uniformity, and order in the arrangement of things. A disposition to suffer annoyance from little improprieties in the behaviour and conversation of others. Unwillingness to bear contradiction." His love of order and neatness, which he considered excessive, and likely to interfere with his labors among the filthy Karens, he endeavored to overcome by performing repulsive offices for those who were sick with the most revolting diseases.

He longed for a nearer resemblance to the Divine nature, and for this purpose practised austerities which he never thought of recommending to others, and which he imposed upon himself only for a time, in order to bring himself into perfect submission to the will of God. His strongest earthly affections had been transferred to another world, "where were gathered all, both created and uncreated, whom he most dearly loved. The realities of eternity were ever present to his mind;

and there naturally arose within him a desire, amounting to a passion, to become assimilated as nearly as it was possible to those whom he loved, who were now without sin." For a further view of his conduct in these particulars, we can only refer to Dr. Wayland's excellent remarks, near the close of his first volume, and to the general estimate of Dr. Judson's character and labors with which he concludes the work.

After a solitary life of nearly eight years, Dr. Judson was married, at Tavoy, in April, 1834, to Mrs. Sarah Hall, widow of Rev. George D. Boardman,—a woman who had already had great experience and success in the missionary enterprise. She died on the 1st of September, 1845. To the general reader, these eleven years will perhaps appear to be the least interesting, though not the least instructive, part of the memoir. They were by no means the least laborious or the least trying part of Dr. Judson's life. He was, indeed, cheered by the sympathy and assistance of a woman of uncommon loveliness in all her private relations, and of remarkable wisdom and devotedness in her more public duties. But the novelty of the mission was now gone. He was no longer, as he had been, in exposed and dangerous situations. Other men had joined him in his labors. He was surrounded at Maulmain by quite a society of missionaries. Converts were numbered by hundreds, and around him were several successful missionary stations. Having been the first on the ground, he was generally looked up to as a father and counsellor; and excellent advice he gave, both to the missionary board at home, and to young men about to enter the field.

He was opposed to large missionary establishments in any one spot. He believed that the New Testament furnished the best directions and the best models for the extension of the Gospel among unbelievers. He would have the laborers, like the primitive disciples, go from village to village, establish themselves wherever a suitable field might be found, come as soon as possible into contact with the natives, excite inquiry, make converts, form churches, educate and employ the natives as assistants, make their disciples familiar with Christian doctrines and precepts by personal intercourse, by books, and especially by the circulation of the Scriptures in their own language.

"There is," he writes, "a strange, unaccountable reluctance among my missionary brethren to leave this place [Maulmain]. Not a soul will look towards Tavoy, though poor Mrs. Mason has been here, and spent a week with us, imploring our aid. The general reply which I get from the brethren is, 'We must stay and get the language.' But look at dear Boardman. In eleven months after landing at Amherst, he was in Tavoy. And what a light he kindled up during his short life! How much better for a young missionary to dash into Toung-oo, or some other place, get the language from the living sounds, build up a church, kindle up a bright light that will never go out!" — Vol. II. pp. 79, 80.

A year later, he says:—

"I have now learned that one missionary standing by himself, feeling his individual responsibility, and *forced to put forth all his efforts*, is worth half a dozen cooped up in one place, while there are unoccupied stations in all directions, and whole districts, of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, perishing in the darkness of heathenism. I have now five native assistants, who spend an hour with me, every morning, in reporting the labors of the preceding day, in receiving instructions, and in praying together. These men penetrate every lane and corner of this place and the neighboring villages; and since I have adopted this plan,—about four months,—there are some very encouraging appearances. As soon as I get through with the Old Testament complete, I want to double their number, and devote part of my time to instructing them systematically. Now, ten such persons, half students, half assistants, cost no more than one missionary family; and for actual service, they are certainly worth a great deal more. This is the way in which I think missions ought to be conducted. One missionary, or two, at most, ought to be stationed in every important central place, to collect a church and an interest around him; to set the native wheels to work, and to keep them at work. Very few native assistants will hold out well unless well instructed, and kept under rigid supervision. An additional missionary would doubtless do good; but nearly all the good he would do would probably be done if he were away, laboring in some other place, which, but for him, would be unoccupied, and where, of course, all that he should effect would be so much net gain to the cause." — Vol. II. pp. 99 – 101.

On this point he was exceedingly earnest, and we believe that the whole history of successful missions, from the time of the Apostles, goes to prove the soundness of his views. On another point he was equally decided. He would first convert

and then educate the heathen. The preaching of the Gospel should go before the establishment of schools. When once the natives had embraced Christianity, it would be easy to interest them and their children in the cause of education. Schools would then spring up under Christian auspices, where Christian feelings and ideas would be instilled. But schools for heathen children, pledged, as the government schools had been, to educate the young without imbuing them with Christian principles, would raise up powerful opponents to the missionary cause, especially when these seminaries were only English schools. He considered it a matter of great importance to infuse the precepts of our religion into the mother tongue of those whom he would convert, that it might address itself to them through all the subtle associations of their native language.

"I am more and more convinced," he says in 1849, "of the truth of a remark which I made some years ago, that *English preaching, English teaching, and English periodicals* are the bane of missions at the East. . . . It begins to be found that popular English schools, containing hundreds of pupils and instructed by great and powerful men, — but men ignorant of all native languages, — will never convert the millions of the heathen. 'Such schools,' as the senior missionary of the Kishnagur mission lately observed to me, on visiting this place, 'are very pretty things to amuse English visitors with, and make interesting reports for people at a distance, who cannot enter into the merits of the case.'" — Vol. II. p. 318.

His advice to young men preparing for missionary labors is marked by his keen good-sense and the earnestness of a soul entirely devoted to the cause. He would have them led only by the highest motives. "I have seen so much of the trials and responsibility of missionary labors, that I am unwilling to urge any one to assume them. The urging must come from a higher source." He would have them engage for life, and for no limited term.

"It is with regret and consternation that we have just learned that a new missionary has come out for a limited term of years." "I have seen the beginning, middle, and end of several limited term missionaries. They are all good for nothing." "They come out for a few years, with the view of acquiring a stock of credit on which they may vegetate the

rest of their days, in the congenial climate of their native land." "As to lessening the trials of the candidate for missions, and making the way smooth before him, it is just what ought not to be done. *Missionaries need more trials on their first setting out, instead of less.*" "The motto of every missionary, whether preacher, printer, or school-master, ought to be, *Devoted for life.* A few days ago, brother Kincaid was asked by a Burmese officer of government how long he intended to stay. '*Until all Burmah worships the eternal God,*' was the prompt reply."

In a letter to young men about to embark for the East, he advises them not to "be ravenous to do good on shipboard, for missionaries have frequently done more hurt than good, by injudicious zeal on their passage out." After warning them against the danger arising from flattering attentions at home, he quietly adds, "It may be profitable to bear in mind, that a large proportion of those who come out on missions to the East die within five years after leaving their native land. Walk softly, therefore; death is narrowly watching your steps."

From these and other intimations, we should infer that Dr. Judson did not always find that the young missionaries entered the field with his own singleness of purpose and spirit of self-sacrifice, though many of them were worthy of their high calling. Still more was he, at times, tried by his native assistants. He writes thus respecting two of them:—

"If Thah-byoo is refractory, and threatens to perpetrate any enormities, such as baptizing and the like, his allowance must be cut off. This will make him exceedingly reasonable. If the Karens will not come to Rangoon to be baptized, they may stay at home. Ko Thah-a must never be allowed to go to their villages and baptize by the dozen, nor must he baptize in Rangoon, only on the conditions specified in my letter. . . . If Thah-a is refractory, there is a way of taming him."

Most of these assistants, however, were faithful and devoted men. As an offset to what we have given above, we would subjoin the following account of another, who soon after died at his post in the fulness of the Christian faith.

"During the last year of his life, Ko Ing was supported from the donations of Mr. Colgate of New York. But at the close of October,

1833, he wrote, that, on account of his unworthiness and want of success, he declined receiving any further allowance; that his wife — of whose conversion he had been the means — was able, by keeping a small shop, to support the family; but that he intended, however, to devote himself the same as before to the work to which he had been called. Accordingly, the same letter reports his labors and states his plans for future operations. Such communications he continued to make till his death." — Vol. II. p. 90.

The following extract from his journal kept for the missionary board in this country leaves a painful impression on our mind, while it proves the perfect honesty and faith of the writer. The disposition to suppress unfavorable facts, and to give an exaggerated importance to those of an opposite kind, is one which is so often indulged by the directors of associations depending on public sympathy for support, that we seldom read the published reports of any such society without making, as we go along, large deductions from their statements. We can easily see how utterly repugnant this course must have been to an honest man like Judson, who had accustomed himself to look at difficulties as they were, and to meet them with a brave heart. In the case before us, he has been speaking of the apostasy of two converts, of whom the missionaries had had great expectations, and whose defection had caused six other hopeful inquirers to fall off. He then adds: —

"I respectfully request, and sincerely hope, that this article may be neither suppressed nor polished. The principle of 'double selection,' as it is termed, that is, one selection by the missionary and another by the publishing committee, has done great mischief, and contributed more to impair the credit of missionary accounts than any thing else. We in the East, knowing how extensively this principle is acted on, do scarcely give any credit to the statements which appear in some periodicals, and the public at large are beginning to open their eyes to the same thing. It is strange to me that missionaries and publishing committees do not see the excellency and efficacy of the system pursued by the inspired writers, — that of exhibiting the good and the bad alike. Nothing contributes more to establish the authenticity of the writing. A temporary advantage gained by suppressing truth is a real defeat in the end." — Vol. II. p. 46.

He several times refers to this matter, and always most

earnestly requests and demands that discouraging statements may not be suppressed. "Let the truth," he said, "the whole truth, be known, and let us put our trust in God."

From the time when Dr. Judson first came to Rangoon, in 1813, one of his most earnest wishes had been to give to the Burmese the Bible in their own language. He devoted to this work no small part of his time and strength for nearly thirty years. He made himself as familiar as possible with the Burmese literature, and with the terse idiomatic expressions which are used in conversation by the common people. He read the Scriptures in the original languages, and, surrounded by the ablest commentaries of the age, translated directly from the Hebrew and Greek into the Burman. At Rangoon, and, we believe, at Maulmain, he had a retired chamber or garret, to be reached only by means of a ladder, where he devoted himself to this great work in a spirit and under circumstances which remind us of Martin Luther in his Patmos at Wartburg, dwelling amid the sublime visions of prophets and apostles, and laboring to make them familiar to the common people in their native tongue. An English traveller, who visited his study in 1830, says:—

"We entered a large, low room through a space like a trap-door. The beams of the roof were uncovered. The furniture consisted of a table in the centre of the room, a few stools, and a desk, with writings and books neatly arranged on one side. He dwelt with much pleasure on the translation of the Bible into the Burman language. He had completed the New Testament, and was then as far as the Psalms in the Old Testament, which having finished, he said he trusted it would be the will of his Heavenly Father to call him to his everlasting home. As we were conversing, the bats, which frequent the houses at Rangoon, began to take their evening round, and whirled closer and closer, till they came in almost disagreeable contact with our heads; and the flap of the heavy wings so near us interrupting the conversation, we at length reluctantly took leave and departed. And this, thought I, as I descended the dark ladder, is the solitary abode of Judson, whom after ages shall designate, most justly, the great and good."

First, he published the Gospel of Matthew, then, separately, other small portions of the Bible. At length, January 31,

1834, he wrote: "Thanks be to God, I can now say I have attained. I have knelt down before him with the last leaf in my hand, and, imploring his forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labors in this department, and his aid in future efforts to remove the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to his mercy and grace; I have dedicated it to his glory."

He still, however, continued to labor upon it, and nearly seven years later, December 25, 1840, when a new edition was published, he wrote: —

"I have bestowed more time and labor on the revision than on the first translation of the work, and more, perhaps, than is proportionate to the actual improvement made. Long and toilsome research among the Biblical critics and commentators, especially the German, was frequently requisite to satisfy my mind that my first position was the right one. Considerable improvement, however, has been made, I trust, both in point of style and approximation to the real meaning of the original. But the *beau ideal* of translation, so far as it concerns the poetical and prophetic books of the Old Testament, I profess not to have attained. If I live many years, of which I have no expectation, I shall have to bestow much more labor upon those books. With the New Testament I am rather better satisfied, and the testimony of those acquainted with the language is rather encouraging. At least, I hope that I have laid a good foundation for my successors to build upon." — Vol. II. p. 160.

The translation thus happily finished is acknowledged by competent authorities to be the best translation of the Scriptures that has ever been made into any one of the Eastern languages.

One great purpose of Dr. Judson's life was thus accomplished. Another wish, even dearer to his heart, had also been fulfilled, which was, that he might be the pastor of a church of a hundred native converts. Long since, the church in Maulmain had exceeded what he had dared to ask in his early prayers. In 1849, it contained a hundred and fifty Burman members, and the Karen church in the same place had two thirds as many.

But he still had his trials. His health had begun seriously to decline as early as 1841, and he never after was able to use his voice as he had done before. In 1845, his wife, whose

health had long been failing, was reduced to such a state, that nothing, it was thought, but a long voyage, could benefit her. He accompanied her to the Isle of France, where at first she was so much improved that he concluded to return to Burmah, and let her come to this country without him. But an unfavorable change soon took place. They left for the United States; but the day they reached St. Helena, September 1, 1845, she died, leaving him and his motherless children to continue their voyage. A biographical account of Mrs. Judson has been written, by Mrs. Emily C. Judson; and though we should prefer greater simplicity of style in the memoir of a modest, devout, single-hearted woman like her, it is nevertheless one of the most interesting books of the kind that we have any knowledge of.

Dr. Judson arrived at Boston on the 15th of October. He was everywhere received with great favor. Though it was known that he could hardly speak at all in public, crowds gathered wherever it was given out that he was to be present at a public meeting. Congratulatory addresses were made, which were briefly responded to by him, — often through the voice of another. But the good man had no taste for this sort of notoriety. He shrunk from it with a sort of nervous dread. It seemed to him inconsistent with a true humility to allow himself to be made the object of so much adulation. Our rough winds renewed the disease in his throat, and even slight attempts at public speaking aggravated the difficulty.

“I dread the meeting this evening,” he wrote, “but as it has been appointed, I suppose I must attend. My chief object in writing is to beg that I may be excused from attending any more such meetings, until I get better. If I could spend the next Sabbath alone in some chamber, I should feel it a great privilege, both as a refreshment to the soul and a relief to the body.”

“Of his humility,” says Dr. Wayland, “no one who observed the tone of his religious sentiments could entertain a doubt. He was my guest during his brief visit to Providence; and conducted family worship on the evening after a meeting to welcome his return had been held in the First Baptist Church. His prayer on that occasion can never be forgotten by those who heard it. So lowly abasement in the presence of unspotted holiness, such earnest pleadings for pardon for

the imperfection of those services for which men praised him, so utter renunciation of all merit for any thing that he had ever done, and so entire reliance for acceptance with God only on the merits and atonement of the Gospel sacrifice for sin, I think it was never my happiness to hear on any other occasion. Such, I believe, was the habitual temper of his mind, that the more his brethren were disposed to exalt him, the more deeply did he seem to feel his own deficiencies, and the more humble was his prostration at the foot of the cross." — Vol. II. pp. 214, 215.

But amid all these flattering attentions, it was plain that his heart was in Burmah, and that he longed to be once more in the midst of his labors. On the 2d of June, 1846, he was married to Miss Emily Chubbuck, better known in the literary world as "Fanny Forester"; on the 11th of July, they sailed from Boston, and on the 27th of November, he writes: "The wide expanse of the ocean is again crossed; the Maulmain mountains loom in the distant horizon; the Kyaik-a-mee pagoda indicates the promontory of Amherst; and now, on the green bank beyond, I discern, with a telescope, the small inclosure which contains the sleeping-place of my dear Ann and her daughter Maria. Like my missionary associates, the members of my own family are scattered far and wide; for the mounds that mark their graves stud the burial-places of Rangoon, Amherst, Maulmain, Serampore, and St. Helena." The work which was to occupy his time mostly for the rest of his life, an English-Burman and Burman-English Dictionary, was a work requiring immense labor and for which he had little taste. Its great importance, and the fact that he was the only person living who was fitted to prepare it, reconciled him to the otherwise uncongenial task.

On arriving at Maulmain, he found the churches in good condition, and all the departments well supplied, while in Rangoon, and indeed in all Burmah proper, there was not a single missionary. For this reason he determined to remove with his family to Rangoon, though, as he said, "it was harder to leave Maulmain for Rangoon, than to leave Boston for Maulmain." But he could prepare his Dictionary there as well as at Maulmain, and perhaps, at the same time, do something to extend the knowledge of Christianity, though the

system of religious intolerance was never before so rigidly enforced. He hired the upper story of a large, dreary, prison-like house, for three hundred dollars a year, where he found more company than he had bargained for.

“We have had,” he says, March 2d, 1847, “a grand bat hunt yesterday and to-day, — bagged two hundred and fifty, and calculate to make up a round thousand before we have done. We find that, in hiring the upper story of this den, we secured the lower moiety only, the upper moiety thereof being preoccupied by a thriving colony of vagabonds, who flare up through the night with a vengeance, and the sound of their wings is as the sound of many waters, yea, as the sound of your boasted Yankee Niagara; so that sleep departs from our eyes, and slumber from our eyelids.” — Vol. II. p. 280.

Just at this time, a fire at Maulmain consumed their most valuable goods, which they had left there as in a safer place than Rangoon. These personal losses, however, though subjecting them to great inconveniences, were easy to bear. But there were other trials far more severe. The acting governor was a ferocious, bloodthirsty monster, and, his suspicions being excited, he had given orders that the missionary-house should be watched, and any natives who might visit it be apprehended. This broke up the religious meetings which had been held there.

“I feel the blow most deeply,” said Dr. Judson, “for I had just succeeded in reorganizing a little church, out of old materials and some lately baptized, amounting in number to eleven, nearly all pure Burmans; and last Sunday I had an assembly of above twenty. Several new ones were expected to-day, and two would probably have been baptized. I had become so attached to the little church and assembly, and so glad on every returning Lord’s day to lay aside my tedious Dictionary labors, and spend all the day in obtaining and communicating spiritual refreshment, that the present interruption seems almost too hard to bear. However, I hope to do something yet, in private, to aid a few perishing souls, who are struggling, through darkness and terror, to find a way of escape from the more dread darkness and terror of eternal death.” — Vol. II. p. 289.

He proposed now to ask permission from the emperor to continue his missionary labors, and had got leave from the governor at Rangoon to visit Ava for that purpose. But when

he was most sanguine in his hopes, orders came from this country that the expenses of the mission must be reduced, and he was obliged, not only to give up the visit to Ava, but to leave Rangoon and withdraw to Maulmain. This was the severest trial of all; for it came from his friends, and for a little while seemed almost more than he could bear.

"There was," says his widow, "additional bitterness in the manner of his disappointment, and in the hands from which it came. 'I thought they loved me,' he would say, mournfully, 'and they would scarcely have known it if I had died.' 'All through our troubles, I was comforted with the thought that my brethren in Maulmain and in America were praying for us, and they have never once thought of us.' At other times, he would draw startling pictures of missionaries abandoning the spirit of their mission, and sacrificing every thing to some darling project; and at others, he would talk hopelessly of the impulsive nature of the home movements, and then pray, in a voice of agony, that these sins of the children of God might not be visited on the heathen. This was an unnatural state of excitement, — for *him*, peculiarly unnatural, — and he was not long in recovering from it. He very soon began to devise apologies for every body, and said we must remember that, so far as *we* were concerned, or the missionary cause itself, God had done this thing, and done it, as he always does, for good." — Vol. II. pp. 302, 303.

Dr. Judson's private letters were never more playful and easy than during the short period of life that now remained. His affections, if not stronger, seemed to become more gentle, and his sympathies more genial than ever. Without losing any thing of his devotedness to the cause in which his life had been spent, his personal feelings towards his children, his sister, and his many friends, old and new, seemed to flow out with a peculiar tenderness.

But the end was at hand. A violent cold in November, 1849, was followed by a fever, from which the now aged missionary never fully recovered. A voyage was recommended, as the only thing which gave any promise of improved health. He embarked for the Isle of France on the 3d of April, was detained in the vessel several days before she put to sea, and, after great sufferings, died on the 12th of April, 1850. A single extract from a letter of Mrs. Judson to his sister will show with what feelings he looked forward to the change.

“‘It is the opinion of most of the mission,’ I remarked, ‘that you will not recover.’ ‘I know it is,’ he replied; ‘and I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old,—at least in that sense; you know I am not. O, no man ever left this world, with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes or warmer feelings,—warmer feelings,’ he repeated, and burst into tears. His face was perfectly placid, even while the tears broke away from the closed lids, and rolled, one after another, down to the pillow. There was no trace of agitation or pain in his manner of weeping, but it was evidently the result of acute sensibilities, combined with great physical weakness. To some suggestions which I ventured to make, he replied, ‘It is not that,—I know all that, and feel it in my inmost heart. Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ, and the glories of heaven, as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death that I wish to live, neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel towards heaven; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them, both for your sake and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride, when she contemplates resigning the pleasant associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home,—though only a very little like her, for *there is no doubt resting on my future.*’ ‘Then death would not take you by surprise,’ I remarked, ‘if it should come even before you could get on board ship?’ ‘O no,’ he said, ‘death will never take me by surprise,—do not be afraid of that,—I feel *so strong in Christ.* He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no; I am willing to live a few years longer, if it should be so ordered; and if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now. I leave myself entirely in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to his holy will.’”—Vol. II. pp. 345, 346.

We have thus gone rapidly over the life of this modern apostle, dwelling only on those acts and events which seemed to us most characteristic of the man and his work. No one, we think, can doubt either his sincerity or the signal ability with which he gave himself to the greatest Christian enterprise of our day. His success, though slow, and, even at the end of forty years, bearing no proportion to what remains unac-

completed, went nevertheless beyond his early hopes, and to his keen eye and undoubting faith gave an assurance of the final ascendancy of our religion among the nations. "We live," he said, "in wonderful times. Every revolution among the kingdoms of the earth seems to be designed to prepare the way for the universal establishment of the kingdom of Christ."

There are two conditions of society peculiarly favorable to the introduction of Christianity. One is that of entirely uncultivated tribes, without the vices of civilization and with only the rudest and most embryotic ideas of religion. Such was the state of the Sandwich Islanders, the Greenlanders, the Karens, and other barbarous tribes, who have readily embraced Christianity, and need only the culture of successive generations to be trained up as Christian nations. The other condition favorable to the introduction of Christianity is that of an effete civilization, where the people have outgrown the established religion, and, no longer restrained either by its articles of faith or its precepts of moral duty, are giving themselves up to infidelity, and the general licentiousness of thought and life consequent on such a state of religious opinion. This was the condition of the Roman empire in the time of Jesus and his Apostles, and it is to a great extent the condition of the Burman and Chinese empires now, where, notwithstanding the influences of religious caste and of a powerful and thoroughly organized priesthood, the old superstitions are crumbling to dust, and leaving the way open for the advent of a new and living faith.

The measures now in progress may seem wholly inadequate to the work. But they are not more inadequate than those by which the nations of Europe were evangelized. A few zealous men, with none of the implements most in repute among the wise and powerful of the world, went, unobserved, through the whole extent of the Roman empire, making their converts mostly among those who had no influence in the schools of philosophy or the councils of state, and when, after a century or two, the jealous eye of the magistrate was turned upon them, and the attempt was made to cut them off by persecution, the rulers and the philosophers found, to their astonish-

ment and consternation, that this could be done only by depopulating cities and provinces, and robbing the empire of its strength. The national temples were deserted, or nominal worshippers were drawn to the altars by their reverence for the memory of their fathers, and through the influence of early associations. But the vitality of their faith was gone. The sacred places were disenchanted, and, though the fanes and images remained, the divinities themselves had departed.

“The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof, in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.”

This, so far as we can learn, is very much the present state of things among the independent nations of Asia. Buddhism and Braminism have lost their old enchantment, and have assumed forms which in their logical results are hardly to be distinguished from atheism. The existing governments, whose interest it has been to uphold the established religion, are known only by their oppressions and extortions, and have lost all hold on the affections of the people. The Memoir of Dr. Judson confirms us in the opinion expressed by Sir James Mackintosh forty years ago, after a residence of eight years in India, that any European government, however corrupt, that could be exercised over the inhabitants of the East, must be a relief from the cruelties and exactions to which they are now subjected, and the corruption which everywhere prevails. And not only the governments which seek to uphold the ancient faith, but the religious institutions which go deeper than any political authority, shrink back from before the active intelligence and enterprise of the West, which are every year making their way further into the East. They who come most in contact with Western habits of thought gradually lose their respect for forms of worship which they have been accustomed to revere. Hence the national faith is gradually undermined. The most enlightened thinkers, on the one hand, and the most efficient business men, on the other, become sceptics

or atheists; and this subtle unbelief, when once it begins to take possession of the leading minds of a people, prevails far more extensively than can be inferred from any thing that appears upon the surface. But nations like these, with their hundreds of millions of souls, must have some religion. Christianity has already found its way among them, and been hospitably received by many thousands. Its sacred books, statements of its leading doctrines, short but powerfully written tracts, enforcing its claims and challenging comparison with the prevailing forms of belief, are circulated everywhere. Its missionaries are traversing forests and mountains, and, with the help of native assistants, carrying it back into retired villages, while the remote jungles echo with the sound of Christian hymns and prayers. Wars, so full of misery and so hostile to the spirit of our religion, have thus far greatly aided the missionaries in their work; and revolutions, like that now going on in China, lay open new fields for the advance of soldiers who, armed with no mortal weapons, go forth to conquests more thorough and more enduring than those of Carlovingian or Tartar dynasties. It is not the work of a day or of a single generation, but of centuries, that is now begun. And if much of barbarism still clings to those who adopt our faith, we have only to go back a thousand years to the savage tribes from whom we and the most enlightened of European nations are descended, to see how slow the Christian religion then was in subduing the characters and moulding the manners and habits of those who professed to receive it. If forty years have done so little, we must remember how many centuries had passed before the religion of the cross was allowed to seat itself on the imperial throne at Rome or Byzantium, and how severe the struggle was between the new religion and the old, even after the days of Constantine.

We look forward, therefore, with great hope, to the prospects of the missionary enterprise in the East. And in all its future triumphs, the name of the brave, single-hearted pioneer, whose life we have endeavored to sketch, will be mentioned with honor. There may be something of the amiable exaggeration of private friendship and personal ad-

miration in the words of Dr. Wayland, when he says, "God has given him a name which is spoken with affectionate reverence by every household in Christendom." But there is truth as well as eloquence in the far higher eulogium that follows.

"He asked that he might redeem a few immortal souls from eternal death, and it was granted to him to lay the foundations of Christian civilization for an empire. When the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ; when every pagoda shall have been levelled, and every hill-top, from the Bay of Bengal to the foot of the Himalaya, shall be crowned with a temple to Jehovah; when the landscape shall be thickly studded with schools, scattering broadcast the seeds of human knowledge; when law shall have spread the shield of its protection over the most lowly and the most exalted; when civil and religious liberty shall be the birthright of every Burman,—then will the spot where stood the prison at Oung-pen-la be consecrated ground; thither will pilgrims resort to do honor to the name of their benefactor; and mothers, as they teach their children to pray to the eternal God, will remind them of the atheism of their forefathers, and repeat to them the story of the life and labors of Adoniram Judson." — Vol. II. pp. 403, 404.

We have been too much taken up with the subject of Dr. Wayland's book to say much of the book itself, and that is perhaps the highest commendation that can be bestowed on a work of this kind. It is, indeed, of a character to disarm criticism. It places before us, in the simplest form, the life and labors of a man devoted, heart and soul, to a single undertaking. The enlarged portrait, like the miniature picture that we have drawn from it, is, as we have said, profoundly serious, and enlivened by few of those touches of grace and humor which lend a charm to the lighter departments of literature. But all the private letters of Dr. Judson till he had entered on the last portion of his life had been destroyed, and there were few materials left for his biographer beyond the half-official communications which he transmitted from time to time to the missionary society by which he was employed. And besides, a man situated as he was, going through such an experience and actuated by such motives, cannot leave materials for a biography which shall serve to amuse an idle

hour. He was too intensely in earnest for that. He was, however, richly endowed in all those kindly elements which give a charm to domestic life. Though heavy and repeated sorrows crossed his threshold, he was singularly blessed in his private relations, and the notices that we have here of his two wives are full of affecting interest and instruction.

As a work for the religious community, especially for those interested in missions, and *most* especially for Baptists, the Memoir is admirably prepared. To them the fulness of detail, drawn from Dr. Judson's journals, which may in some cases weary the general reader, will greatly add to the value of the book, which is throughout catholic in its tone, and pervaded by the widest charity, as well as the most enlightened wisdom. Dr. Wayland's own remarks, which are few, are always to the point, and such as we should expect from a man of his enlarged thought, his earnest religious spirit, and high Christian culture. There is nowhere, either in his language or in that of Dr. Judson, any approach to cant, that bane of religious writings, and especially of religious biography. In this respect, it contrasts most honorably with the reports which usually proceed from religious bodies, as any one may see, who, after reading it, takes up, as we did, the Thirty-ninth Annual Report of the American Baptist Missionary Union. It contains a history of what has been done by the missionaries in Burmah, yet with so much skill as not materially to interfere with the unity or interest of the personal narrative, except perhaps in one or two of the earlier chapters, particularly the third and fourth. The style is grave, as befits the subject, but not dull, and, without any attempt at fine writing, rises, wherever the occasion calls for it, into passages of great beauty.

ART. III. — *Vingt Années aux Philippines : Souvenirs de Jala-Jala.* Par P. DE LA GIRONIÈRE, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. Paris : Comptoir des Imprimeurs Unis. 1853. 8vo. pp. 339.

OF all the bright colonial gems which three hundred years ago studded the diadem of Spanish empire, and gave to the Peninsular kings the haughty title of Lords of both the Indias, there remain to-day but two of the fairest lustre ; Cuba in the West and the Philippine Islands in the Eastern seas. And at this moment, when our national relations with the court of the Escorial are daily assuming a deeper interest, and men's thoughts are more and more turning upon the condition and probable destinies of that colony whose coasts are fanned by the gales from our southern shores, a few observations upon its widely parted sister may not be devoid of interest.

The archipelago comprehending the Philippine Isles is formed by the waters of the Sooloo and Mindoro Seas, and lies off the coasts of China and the whilome Burmese Empire. To the northeast stretches the broad expanse of the grand Northern Ocean ; while the majestic islands of Borneo, Java, and Sumatra spread between it and the Indian Ocean. The number of separate isles in the Philippine group it is not possible to state with any certainty ; some writers place them as high as twelve hundred, but this estimate we believe to be greatly exaggerated, and not less incorrect than many other statements gravely put forth in this regard. Their latitude is about 6° – 18° N. ; their longitude about 118° – 128° E. We speak cautiously on this point, for the authorities are diverse and conflicting. Their population is estimated at about three millions and a half, all of whom, save perhaps a quarter of a million, are natives. The balance is made up of Mestizos, Chinese, and Europeans. Such a country may well be deemed an empire in itself, and the day may come when its shores shall afford as useful and as fortunate a refuge for the royalty of Spain, as those of Brazil have proved to the house of Braganza. Let us now glance briefly at their history.

On the 10th day of August, 1519, Hernan de Magellan, with a squadron of five vessels and an armament of two hundred and thirty-four men, left the port of Seville; on the 7th of September, 1522, the Vittoria, commanded by Sebastian Cano, with nineteen souls on board, cast anchor in the port of San Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. Of all that gallant little fleet, these were the sole survivors. Magellan himself, Juan de Serrano, his second in command, and the vast majority of his crews, had succumbed to the perils of the voyage. Of the vessels, the San Iago had foundered at sea, the Concepcion had been abandoned, the San Antonio had gone astray, the Trinidad, the admiral's own vessel, had been captured by the Portuguese. The Vittoria alone, with Sebastian Cano on her quarter-deck, returned to claim the proud distinction of being the first keel which, doubling the southern extremities of both hemispheres, had fairly circumnavigated the globe. Don Sebastian was well rewarded with honors and with gifts at the hands of his sovereign; but Magellan, whose mind had planned this glorious enterprise, and whose flag had ever led the way to new adventures and perilous discoveries, was mouldering the while into dust, with an Indian arrow through his heart, beneath the palm-trees of Mactan.

We shall not pause to recapitulate the earlier events of Magellan's voyage on the coasts of South America, or through the Straits which have immortalized his name. Plunging boldly into the waters of the Pacific Ocean, whose waves had never before been broken by a Christian keel, the Trinidad, favored by prosperous gales, arrived at the island of Mindanao, the southernmost and the second in size of the cluster. The day was that sacred in the Church of Rome to the honor of the Almighty God; and in his name, and in that of the king, the voyager's master, Magellan planted a cross upon the shores of the newly discovered country, and claimed possession of it for Charles V. Then, boldly penetrating into the midst of the numberless lesser islands that intervene between Mindanao and the great isle of Luzon or Luçon at the north, he speedily arrived at the island of Zebu, which was destined to limit his voyage. Throngs of naked savages, their bodies gayly painted and adorned with glittering bracelets and rudely

carved stones, and armed only with bows and long daggers, greeted their approach. Their king without reluctance hailed the Spaniards as his friends, and consented to the immediate baptism of his entire people. The reader may conceive with what dreams of pious delight this sudden conversion filled the enthusiastic soul of the hardy navigator; what visions of conquest and of fame played before his dazzled imagination! But another lot was marked out for him; and its fulfilment was already at hand.

Close on the eastern coast of Zebu lies a petty island by the name of Mactan, with whose sovereign Magellan became embroiled. A combat ensued, in which the Spaniards, entangled in a morass, could display only a hardy, but ineffectual prowess. With difficulty a portion of his soldiers escaped, leaving their commander dead on the field of battle. Nor was this the only ill result of their defeat. The people of Zebu, wearying of their new friends and unwonted faith, determined on ridding themselves of both. Their king, Hamabar, prepared a banquet so treacherously, that Juan de Serrano (who had succeeded to Magellan's post) and more than a score of his comrades were barbarously murdered in full view of their companions on board. Abandoning all present hope of prevailing, with their diminished force, against enemies at once so guileful and so brave, the dismayed Spaniards forthwith weighed their anchors and made all haste to depart from these fatal scenes. Pausing awhile at Tidor to recruit their stores, the scanty remnant of the adventurous band made the best of their way back to their familiar anchorage in the Guadalquivir.

Such was the first discovery of the Isles of Penant, as they were then styled. It was fifty years before the ambitious soul of Philip II. caused them to receive his name and yoke at the same time, and to become an integral portion of the Spanish kingdom. In February, 1565, two vessels, under the command of Lope de Légapasi, which Philip had caused to be despatched from Mexico, once more displayed the flag of Castile in those seas. This time, the first land made by the voyagers was that of Bohol, an island placed between Mindanao and Zebu. The inoffensive inhabitants gave to Légapasi a

kindly reception, and were well treated in return ; but the soul of the Spaniard burned to revenge the injuries done to Magellan by the false king of Zebu. Tupas, the then king of that nation, was formally advised, through the natives of Bohol, of the causes of the vengeance now to be inflicted on his town and subjects ; and in a short time, the savage monarch was forced to sue for peace, and to accept the terms proposed by the conqueror. A fort was established on the shore, and whilst the *Capitana* or admiral's ship was dismissed to Mexico for reinforcements, the remaining Spaniards proceeded to establish themselves more firmly in power. One hundred and fifty leagues to the north of Zebu lies the great isle of Luzon, the conquest of which was already decided upon by the bold Légapsi. The *coup d'essai* was not unsuccessful ; but it was not until the following year, when a supply of nearly three hundred additional soldiers arrived from Mexico, that the rajahs of that portion of Luzon where Manilla now stands were compelled to receive a new king and a new God. It was at this epoch, too, that the whole group received the name of the Philippines. A form of government was forthwith established, and the city of Manilla began to increase in size and importance daily. The numerous priests who flocked in the train of conquest succeeded to a wonder in converting the natives from their ancient faith. It is true, that, like the Jesuits in China, they suffered so many remnants of Paganism to find their way into the new ritual, that one might almost doubt whether the modern was other than a mere adaptation of the earlier worship ; but the great truths of religion were taught, and, on the whole, the system does not work ill.

The acquisition so easily made has been almost as easily preserved to the crown of Spain. The colonial system of that nation, so depraved in other parts of the world, is here mild and paternal, and well adapted to the dispositions of the inhabitants. Over those who are *de facto* subject thereto, the monks exercise an unbounded influence, even to the extent of openly and successfully resisting, on more than one emergency, the utmost exertion of the civil power. These dissensions, however, have never arrived at a release from the domination of Madrid. On three occasions only has that domi-

nation undergone a shock, and these we will briefly notice. The first was of so ancient a date as 1574, when a Chinese pirate named Limahon, at the head of a large fleet of junks, bearing several thousand of his followers, male and female, being driven from his former quarters by the Brother of the Sun and Moon, resolved to extirpate the Spaniards and seat himself at Manilla. It was not without a desperate struggle that this hardy adventurer was repulsed, leaving a sufficient number of his conquered followers on the shore to give a decided tinge to the complexion and traits of a large portion of the present native population. After this event, the colony enjoyed peace for nearly a century; when, in September, 1762, an English fleet presented itself before Manilla, and the town was captured by Sir William Draper, who put it at a ransom of nearly \$ 4,000,000, — a sum quadruple the amount that could be raised. The readers of the Letters of Junius will remember this affair. To the great discontent of the Indians, who hated the English not less as enemies to Spain than as heretics to the Church, and omitted no opportunity of wreaking their vengeance by assassination, the city was held for two years by its conquerors, till, by the terms of the peace made between Spain and Great Britain, the latter surrendered its conquest, and on the 17th of March, 1764, the Spaniards and Indians with great pomp and joy repossessed themselves of the city. The third and last time that the local government was endangered was so late as 1823, when Novales, a Creole by birth, and holding a captain's commission in the army of Spain, set on foot a revolution with the declared aim of obtaining more liberal institutions for the Philippines. The insurrection was entirely confined to the city of Manilla, and was chiefly shared in by the Creole population; that is, persons of European blood, pure or mixed, but born in Luzon. It was speedily suppressed by the troops of Old Spain and their faithful allies, the native Indians. The career of Novales was a short one; at day-dawn he had been proclaimed Emperor, at sunset he was executed. Seventeen of the ringleaders shared his fate, and tranquillity was thenceforward restored to Manilla.

Luzon, the northernmost and the largest of the Philippines,

is the only one of these islands which we propose to notice in the remainder of this paper: the others being comparatively unknown, and, with the exception of Mindanao, unimportant; and, indeed, the only use to which the Spaniards put this latter island is to employ a small district, called Samboangan, as a penal colony. Luzon itself is but in part known to the people who have claimed to rule it for above three hundred years.

This island, extending from north to south for upwards of four hundred miles, possesses a very unequal width, never more than one hundred and fifty, and at its southern extremity passing away into a long peninsula scarce more than twenty-five, miles wide. In the southern part of the main body of the island is placed the great Lake of Bay. Northward of this sheet of water commences a mountain-chain branching into two ranges, one of which pursues the eastern, the other the western coast, until they reach the northern extremity of Luzon. Through the valley between these two chains, the great river Tajo, with a width very disproportioned to its length, flows rapidly to the sea. Considering the latitude of the island, its climate is very temperate; the moist atmosphere, the immense forests that stretch through the interior, and the mountainous character of the region, doubtless tend to weaken the fervor of a tropic sun. The soil is abundantly fertile, producing freely all kinds of spices and tropical fruits and plants, and furnishing abundant nurture to immense herds of cattle. It is not unusual for a planter to possess five or six thousand head of cows, buffaloes, and horses; and some idea of the vegetable wealth of those virgin forests may be derived from the reflection that they produce no less than forty different kinds of palms, all of them valuable to man. There are three plants especially, that flourish in these regions to an extent and perfection hardly known elsewhere, and which, in the contemplation of the variety of useful purposes that they serve, are worthy of a more detailed notice than we can here give them; we allude to the bamboo, the banana, and the cocoa palm. The first not only affords to the native the material for his dwelling, his fences, his weapons of war or the chase, but is em-

ployed for almost every description of domestic utensil, even to the vessels in which to carry water or to cook his food. The second produces a rich abundance of nutritious and agreeable food, and bears abundantly throughout the year, while its filaments yield a thread that is woven into a fine cloth. The last is celebrated the world over for the manifold purposes to which it can be turned; its fruit furnishes food, and from its juice is distilled an intoxicating wine highly valued by the savages. Household utensils are prepared from the shells of its nut, and sail-cloth and wearing-apparel from its bark. In short, the bountiful hand of Nature was never less sparing of its benefits than in this beautiful clime.

It was to this country, then, that, about the year 1819, Monsieur Paul de la Gironière repaired, apparently in the hope of "making his fortune"; and finding occasion to embark in the career of a physician, he took unto himself a wife, and settled down under the Spanish *régime*. M. Paul — or rather Don Pablo, as he was styled in that land — tells us at the outset that he was born at Nantes; but really, from the marvellous *fierté* of his tone, and the feats of personal daring performed by himself that he relates with so much *naïveté*, we should have fancied him to have been born on the banks of the Adour rather than of the Loire; to be a native of Gascony rather than Brittany. In the course of time, he obtained possession of the domain of Jala-Jala, a peninsula stretching out into the Lake of Bay from its northern shore; and there, for many years, pursued a life in every respect to his taste, uniting to the avocations of an extensive planter of rice, indigo, coffee, sugar-cane, and tobacco, the occasional *divertissements* of fighting buffaloes, boars, and boa-constrictors, or acting at the head of the *gendarmerie*, a rural police of the district, pursuing and combating robbers and bandits. Although the country was quite wild and unsettled when he first took possession of his new domain, a flourishing village, with its church, cemetery, government-house, and all, soon sprang up around him, much to the disgust of the unsettled or outlawed inhabitants of those hitherto unexplored fastnesses. Many of these troublesome neighbors were persons who had fled, for some slight peccadillo, from the reach of the laws,

and these, by the judicious treatment of Don Pablo, were easily reclaimed. But there were many others, fierce and untamable robbers, with whom he was doomed to have a long and bloody series of encounters. The description of some of these combats, in which our hero received a full share of honorable wounds, is full of interest. Nor are his accounts of his adventures in the chase of the brute creation (a pastime to which he seems peculiarly attached) less devoid of merit and picturesqueness. The curious reader will be amply gratified by turning over his pages in quest of passages which we regret our limits will not allow us to give here.

Perhaps the most dangerous and dreaded animal in Luzon is the caïman or crocodile. The boa and the buffalo may be avoided; in fact, they themselves desire to shun the approach of civilization; the *dajon-palay* (rice-leaf) and *alin-morani*, two small but very venomous snakes, are not apparently of frequent occurrence, and cauterization, if instantly applied, will preserve the life of their victim. But the caïman is found by every water-side, until his race is extirpated by the hand of the arch-destroyer, man. Don Pablo gives a very exciting sketch of the capture of one of these monsters, that had just devoured, not only a poor Indian, but a large horse. A numerous concourse of friends and servants assisted on the memorable occasion, among whom he cites the name "*d'un Américain, mon ami, M. Russell, de la maison de commerce Russell-et-Sturgis: véritable et bon ami, dont la souvenir bien présent à ma mémoire ne s'en effacera jamais.*" After a tedious battle, the monster was slain and dragged to the shore; and on dissection, he was found to have made but half a dozen mouthfuls of the hapless horse. The caïman, says Don Pablo, swallows his food without chewing it; consequently, there was no difficulty in recognizing the *dissecta membra* of his late repast. The length of this creature was twenty-five feet; his head alone was five feet in length, and weighed four hundred and thirty pounds. The skull, cleansed and prepared, was bestowed by Don Pablo as a *cadeau* upon his friend Mr. Russell, by whom, he adds, it has been presented to the Museum at Boston.

The adventurous spirit of Don Pablo was furnished with an

additional means of gratifying its inclinations by the rank as a local magistrate that he held. The chief executive officer of that archipelago, as every body knows who has read *Gil Blas*, is the Governor or Viceroy, appointed in Spain. The fair Camilla and her ruby will preserve the title of Governor of the Philippine Islands to everlasting remembrance. This officer resides at Manilla, and with the assistance of a *hacienda real*, or council, has the ultimate control of the whole government, balanced only by the spiritual powers of the Archbishop, which, however, are but too often felt in temporal affairs. As these isles were originally conquered from the infidel, the power of appointing the Archbishop is vested, we believe, in the king, instead of the Pope; which is, perhaps, one reason why church and state united work so well here. Subordinate to the viceroy are the governors of provinces, and these again are the little suns upon which the *gobernadorcillos*, or chiefs of the villages, depend. These last are chosen in the following manner. The system of taxation established by the government is purely personal, consisting of a poll-tax of about sixty cents *per annum* on every Indian, rich or poor. The tax-collectors are men selected with great care, and constitute the nobility of the village. They are called, both while in office and ever afterwards, *cabezas de barangay*, or collectors of taxes; and they are required annually to nominate three men from their own ranks to the provincial governor, who therefrom selects the *gobernadorcillo*, or *little governor*, for the ensuing year. His functions are very like those of an *alcayde* of Spain, and do not extend either to civil or criminal cases of the highest importance, which are remitted for adjudication to the higher authorities. In such a nation as that in which Don Pablo found himself, it will readily be seen how invaluable an aid was the sanction of the civil power to him in his wanderings.

We are indebted to our hardy historian for many curious particulars respecting the habits and customs of the native tribes of Luzon, on whom we may as well say a few words. The aboriginal inhabitants of the Philippines were undoubtedly the Papuas, or Oriental Negroes, a dwarf variety of the African race. Of a sooty, rather than black, complexion, their

woolly hair growing in scattered tufts upon the head, and even the males never attaining the height of five feet, their physical peculiarities easily distinguish them from their continental brethren. Among these savages—the *Ajetas* as they are styled in Luzon—our author made a dangerous but interesting tour, and communicates abundant details of their manners and customs. Dwelling in small tribes of fifty or sixty souls, they derive all their subsistence from the chase, and from the roots and wild fruits of the forest. Their sole garment is a girdle about the waist; their only arms, lances of the bamboo, and poisoned arrows. It is difficult to conceive of a people more deeply sunk in barbarism. Possessing no religion whatever, their burial service, so generally the scene of a display of faith among most savages, is conducted with the most singular *sang-froid*. The dead body is placed at full length in a trench, with some trifling store of tobacco or betel-nut beside it; the bow or lance of the deceased is hung upon a neighboring tree, and the body is left to the action of the elements. The *Ajetas* vaguely believe that, at nightfall, their lamented brother emerges from his resting-place to hunt game until the return of day. Whenever one of their comrades is too sick to make any violent resistance, he is considered by them as actually dead, and is buried without further ceremony. Our author attempted to recall to the mind of a woman of the *Ajetas*, who had in childhood dwelt among the Christians, some of the religious lessons she had received in her youth. “Ah,” replied she, “when I dwelt among your brothers, I heard them speak of a Master who dwelt up yonder in the air. But what a lie all that was! See here,” quoth she, taking up a small pebble, and casting it upwards; “if that little stone is too heavy to remain in the air, how could a great strong man dwell there a moment?” To such philosophy as this, Don Pablo wisely thought it idle to offer any further suggestions; and the female theologian bore away all the honors of victory.

The *Ajetas* take but one wife, and are faithful to the marriage bed. In fact, there seems very little temptation for them to go astray. Their women are as ugly as so many baboons. They are wonderfully keen and active in the chase, climbing trees with the agility of monkeys, and making their way from

the top of one tree to that of another with a dexterity and swiftness truly wonderful. Thus they are enabled to surprise their prey; for they shoot their poisoned arrows as truly in this position as on *terra firma*. Our author, on his return to the settlement, had "a taste of their quality" afforded him. He had managed to steal the skeleton of an old woman from the cemetery of his hosts, with a view of placing it in its present position in the *Musée d'Anatomie* of Paris, when he was attacked by the kindred of his spoil, and shot in the hand with an envenomed dart. The wound became highly inflamed, and the poison in a few weeks spread through all his veins. All the doctors in Manilla assured him he must die. Accordingly, he made every disposition of his worldly affairs; committed the charge of his motherless child to the Consul-General of France, who stood by his bedside; received extreme unction at the hands of the priest, and dismissed all his attendants, who left him, as they thought, in the agonies of approaching dissolution. They were mightily deceived. In short, quoth Don Pablo, "I did not wish to die; and by a single effort of my will, the course of nature was thus arrested."

The Ajetas, as well as several other nations that we shall presently notice, were long since driven from the southern coasts of Luzon into the distant mountainous interior, not only by the advances of the whites, but even by a pagan invasion before their time. The Tagaloc races, which constitute the chief part of the Indian population that has submitted to the yoke of Spain and Christianity, are of Malay origin, and are the descendants of the rajahs and warriors who ruled the lands they had conquered ere Magellan and his soldiery had yet visited their seas. Of the interior tribes, the chief are the Tinguianes and the Igorrotais: the former, of Japanese origin, were established in the isle before the invasion of the Malays; the latter are the descendants of the Chinese colony which, under Limahon, landed in Luzon after the settlement of Manilla. When the main body of the pirates was repulsed or destroyed, a strong detachment of their band, flying from the approach of the victors, took refuge in the forests, and found a peaceful home in their recesses. The numbers of both of these tribes are not very great; the former are the most intel-

ligent, and have some large villages, where, during the day, they dwell in cottages upon the ground, and at nightfall retire to their bed-chambers, built, for protection's sake, in the very tops of the loftiest trees.

The Tagals, as constituting the legitimate Indian people of Luzon in the popular sense, demand something more than a passing notice. Although thoroughly under the control of the monks, the Tagal character betrays scarcely less marked traits of his Malay origin than does his person. It is a mixture of good and bad qualities, each strongly developed. Credulously superstitious, and faithful to his plighted word, he is, on indifferent topics, very apt to lie; burning to punish an injury, he will submit patiently even to blows, when merited by his own faults and administered by lawful authority. He is a good husband, and a good father. Infidelity in a wife is the greatest of offences; unchastity in a daughter, or any unmarried woman, is not in the slightest degree wondered at or thought ill of. The Tagal's employments are generally of a menial description; his amusements, the chase, cock-fighting, or gambling. The Tagal faith, as we have intimated, is a strange medley of ancient superstitions engrafted upon the ritual of the Church of Rome; not much beyond the mere formularies of Christian worship seems to be generally comprehended. Two divinities, devoutly believed in from ancient times by the Tagals, still preserve, despite the efforts of the missionaries, a powerful influence over their minds. The first of these is the *Tic-balan*, a malign spirit inhabiting certain large fig-trees in the forests, whose powers are nevertheless unavailing against the Tagal who bears a peculiar herb upon his person. The other is a female spirit, called *Azuan*, who is supposed to make her appearance on the same occasions as Lucina of old among the Latins, but with far less benevolent intentions. The active and affectionate husband, however, perched upon the roof of his dwelling, may prevent the intrusion of this ill-omened goddess. The Tagals who dwell in Manilla have naturally lost many of their original characteristics of mind and body; but the observer who, like Don Pablo, contemplates them in the remote rural districts, has an opportunity of noting many strange usages and customs. Their marriage

formula is very curious. When certain indispensable preliminaries are gone through, the families of either side meet in grand conclave, to decide upon the dowry the groom is to pay to the bride's parents, each party being accompanied by a spokesman, who alone is permitted to talk. Their discourse is generally metaphorical. Don Pablo gives us a specimen. The girl's ambassador thus opens the negotiation.

“A young couple were united in great poverty ; they had not even a shed to sleep in. When the wife became the mother of a daughter, an angel appeared to her and said : “Reflect on your dowerless marriage and your past poverty. I take this infant under my protection, and when she becomes a beautiful girl, sought in marriage by throngs of suitors, give her hand only to him who shall build a temple with ten columns, each column consisting of ten stones.” And the angel vanished.’

“To this the groom's advocate replied :—

“There was a certain queen who reigned in a kingdom by the sea. She made a law that every ship arriving in her ports should anchor only in water of a hundred fathoms in depth, under the penalty of the loss of the captain's life ; and this law was rigidly enforced. It came to pass that a ship, during stress of weather, was driven into her harbor. The storm was so violent, that the only chance for the brave captain to save his vessel was to let go the anchor. He did so, and the barque rode out the gale. But alas ! he could only do so in water of eighty fathoms. The next day, he was seized and brought before the queen. Throwing himself at her feet, he prayed for mercy ; he confessed that an invincible power had so driven shorewards his ship, that the anchor found bottom at eighty fathoms ; consequently it was impossible for him to anchor in a hundred fathoms, and with tears in his eyes he prayed for pardon.’

“Here he paused : his opponent took up the discourse, and said :—

“The queen, affected by the tale of the brave captain, and perceiving the impossibility of his having cast anchor in a hundred fathoms, freely forgave him, and all was well.’

“At these last words, joy and satisfaction spread over every countenance, and were expressed in cries of approbation and bursts of music.”

The explication of the allegories is very simple. The one party demanded a house of the value of a hundred piastres ; the ten columns representing as many *rouleaux* of ten piastres each : the other side declared its willingness to comply with

this request so far as eighty piastres would go, but protested that was all his wealth, and he could do no more. The modification was accepted by the bride's friends, and the union was declared.

Before closing this paper, we must not omit to say a few words about Manilla, the chief city of the East Indian isles. Possessing a population of 150,000 souls (of which, however, not more than 15,000 are Spaniards or Creoles, the balance being natives or Chinese), this city is beautifully situated on either side of the river Pasig. On the one shore is placed the city proper, surrounded by high walls and entered by three gates: *Puerta Santa Lucia*, *Puerta Réal*, and *Puerta Parian*. Inhabited chiefly by Europeans in the employ of the state, its carefully macadamized streets present but a gloomy aspect compared with the opposite *faubourg* of Binondoc, with which it is connected by a bridge. Here dwell all the native population, and here are all the shops, with their gorgeous wares. Numerous canals intersect Binondoc, communicating with the Pasig; and multitudes of boats constantly bear persons or merchandise from one point to another, or from the opposite shore. The houses, like all mansions in tropical climates, present no very imposing appearance from without, compared with the luxury and magnificence that often reign within; and indeed, according to M. de la Gironière, the people of this city appear to lead a life of a singularly easy character. With the men, business may be said to occupy a part of their attention, but pleasure is their chief aim. Intrigue, gambling, cock-fighting, and the more innocent social amusements, fill up their leisure hours. The women — many of whom are of great beauty — lead a *dolce far niente* life, caring for nothing under the sun but some sort of languid excitement. Rarely having received any education deserving the name, their only object is to dress superbly, to shine as a star in the ball-room, and to indulge occasionally in an *affaire du cœur*. In fine, one may find in Manilla much of the virtues and many of the blemishes of the Spanish character of three centuries ago, mollified and enervated by the inevitable effect of a tropical climate.

When the trade of this country with the Philippines is considered, and the number of our citizens who yearly dwell for a

longer or shorter time in its capital, we are persuaded that the foregoing account will not be deemed out of place here. Their annual imports and exports cannot at present be less than eighteen millions of dollars; of which the United States even yet do not have a satisfactory proportion. The annexed table, prepared by the French consul at Manilla for the information of the government at Paris, shows the trade of the islands for the year 1842.

Countries.	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.
England,	7,466,000	5,099,000	12,565,000
United States,	3,154,000	4,772,000	7,926,000
China,	2,694,000	4,422,000	7,116,000
Spain,	893,000	5,323,000	6,216,000
English Indies,	3,137,000	1,404,000	4,541,000
Australia,	480,000	2,546,000	3,026,000
Mexico,	1,886,000	—	1,886,000
Chili,	1,070,000	—	1,070,000
Soulon Isles,	617,000	69,000	686,000
Netherland Indies,	226,000	409,000	635,000
France,	610,000	—	610,000
Cape of Good Hope,	—	188,000	188,000
Belgium,	143,000	46,000	189,000
Sandwich Isles,	126,000	36,000	162,000
Hanse Towns,	—	40,000	40,000
Total Francs,	22,502,000	24,354,000	46,856,000
Dollars,	4,185,372	4,529,844	8,715,216

It thus appears that, in 1842, England enjoyed nearly one half, and the United States about one sixth part, of the Manilla trade; the proportions at this day, however, are more in our favor.

We lay aside M. de la Gironière's volume with regret. It is very pleasantly written and neatly executed, with explanatory plates. We are pleased with the vivacity of the author's style, and do not mean to doubt the truthfulness of his narrative. Many domestic scenes are described in the book, but as we have not dwelt much on the author's personal history, we have passed over these passages. M. Paul does not pretend to give a statistical or historical account of the Philippines; he merely seeks to sketch for our amusement the results of his twenty years' experience and observations made upon the spot, grouped

together in such wise as best suited his fancy. Nevertheless, his experience has been fruitful and long, and it is from such observations as his that history will afterwards be written.

ART. IV. — *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence, and the Methods of Scientific Investigation.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Third Edition. London: John W. Parker. 1851
2 vols. 8vo.

WE should not again call the attention of our readers to a work now so well known and highly esteemed as Mr. J. S. Mill's *System of Logic*, if, in this third edition of it, he had not "thought it useful to reply with some degree of minuteness to several of the arguments which have been urged against" some of his doctrines and reasonings. He says, very courteously, that he has done so "not from any taste for controversy," but because he wishes to place more clearly and completely before the reader those of his conclusions which have been questioned or denied, together with the grounds on which they rest. He does not complain of the criticisms to which his work has been subjected, but admits that they have been useful to him, by showing where his exposition of a doctrine needed to be amended, or his argument to be strengthened. Among the strictures which he has thus honored with special notice are some which we have repeatedly made, in the pages of this journal and elsewhere, upon his theory of causation; and among the doctrines which he has now for the first time minutely examined and endeavored to confute is that particular theory of causation which we have ventured to advocate, in opposition to the one which Mr. Mill has espoused, and, with great ability, explained and defended. To this formal reply we shall now offer a rejoinder, as we should have done at an earlier day, if we had known that such a reply had been published. But the third edition of his work has not appeared in an American reprint, and as

but few of the English copies have reached this country, we did not learn till very recently that it contained any notice of our observations.

In respect to the theory of causation, Mr. Mill is a disciple of Hume and Dr. Brown, whom he follows about as closely as we have followed Dr. Clarke, Dr. Reid, M. Maine de Biran, and Dugald Stewart, in defending the opposite doctrine. There is no claim to originality of doctrine on either side, however novel and forcible may be the arguments with which old theories are supported. We cannot, therefore, understand the force or the pertinency of the first paragraph which Mr. Mill devotes to this subject.

“It is proper in this place to advert to a doctrine *at least as old as Dr. Reid*, though propounded by him not as certain, but as probable; which has been revived during the last few years in several quarters, and at present gives more signs of life than any other theory of causation at variance with that set forth in the preceding pages.” — Vol. I. p. 360.

The doctrine is certainly a great deal older than Dr. Reid; for the larger portion of it is the foundation of the philosophy of Malebranche, and Dr. Clarke gives a very perspicuous and elegant statement of it in a remarkable passage which is cited by Dugald Stewart in his *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers* (Book III. Chap. 2). The language of Reid, moreover, seems to us to convey full and absolute conviction of its truth; we cannot find any passage in his writings which implies hesitancy or doubt upon this subject. The following expressions, for instance, taken from his correspondence with Dr. Gregory, towards the close of his life, are very decided and explicit.

“I am not able to form any distinct conception of active power but such as I find in myself. I can only exert my active power by will, which supposes thought. It seems to me, that, if I was not conscious of activity in myself, I could never, from things I see about me, have had the conception or idea of active power.”

“In the strict and proper sense, I take an efficient cause to be a being who had power to produce the effect, and exerted the power for that purpose.”

"I am not able to form a conception how power, in the strict sense, can be exerted without will; nor can there be will without some degree of understanding. Therefore, nothing can be an efficient cause, in the proper sense, but an intelligent being."

"Matter cannot be the cause of any thing; it can only be an instrument in the hands of a real cause."—Hamilton's *ed. of Dr. Reid's Works*, pp. 59, 65, 66.

Surely, this is not the way in which Dr. Reid was wont to express an opinion that he regarded, "not as certain, but as probable."

Again, we cannot see why Mr. Mill should speak of this theory as one "which has *been revived during the last few years* in several quarters." That doctrine stood in no need of a *revival* which was taught in the Scotch universities without intermission, after Dr. Reid's day, by Dugald Stewart, for more than a third of a century, and was published by him in works that have been, perhaps, more generally read than any other philosophical writings of the present century. A clear and elegant statement of it may be found in Stewart's *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, first published in 1793, and in his *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers*, which did not appear till 1828. The writings of M. de Biran, Cousin, and Jouffroy have also rendered the theory in question a very familiar one in the several schools of French philosophy, down to the present day.

Leaving these preliminary matters, let us come to Mr. Mill's own theory of causation, which coincides in every important respect with that of Hume and Dr. Brown. He resolves the idea of causation into that of invariable antecedence, and therefore rejects and ignores the idea of *power* altogether. *Efficient* causes, as they are denominated by the Scotch metaphysicians, find no place in his philosophy. It is admitted on all hands, — no less by such truly pious men as Dr. Barrow, Dean Berkeley, Dr. Butler, and Dr. Price, than by skeptics like Hume, and religious metaphysicians like Reid and Stewart, — that in regard to merely physical events, or in the *material* universe alone, we are never able to *discern* or *perceive* any thing more than the *invariable conjunction* of two phenomena. If the phenomenon A happens, the phe-

nomenon B invariably succeeds; this fact is made known by constant and universal experience, and this is all. But the connection between two such phenomena is not, and never can be, known *a priori*, or through such acquaintance with the internal character or essence of A, as would enable us to predict that it would be followed by B as its necessary effect, even if we had never seen the experiment or heard of its being made. Yet not one of these writers, except the sceptic Hume, will admit, that, because we cannot directly perceive or know A to be the efficient cause of B, therefore B takes place or happens without *any* efficient cause; still less would they admit that we do not know what an *efficient cause* is, or that these two words present no definite meaning to our minds. Mr. Mill, however, if we rightly understand him, here agrees with Hume; he denies any such necessary connection between cause and effect as implies an operating principle in the cause. "*There is nothing*," he says, — not merely that 'we can discern or perceive nothing,' — but "there is nothing in causation but invariable, certain, and unconditional sequence." Again he says, speaking of the reluctance with which mankind accept such a theory, "*even if the reason repudiates*, imagination retains, the feeling of some more intimate connection, of some peculiar tie, or mysterious constraint exercised by the antecedent over the consequent." Mr. Mill evidently thinks that "the reason" *does* "repudiate" the idea of such connection, — or, in other words, the idea of *power*; and therefore he repudiates it also. The distinction commonly made between something which acts, and something which is acted upon, is "merely verbal," he says; there being no real action in the case, either term in the sequence has just as good a right to be called the *agent* as the other. "*All the positive conditions of a phenomenon are alike agents, alike active.*"

In strict conformity with this doctrine, Mr. Mill maintains that no proper distinction can be made between what is popularly called the *cause* of a phenomenon, and its other *conditions*.

"It is seldom, if ever, between a consequent and a single antecedent, that this invariable sequence subsists. It is usually between a

consequent and the sum of several antecedents; the concurrence of all of them being requisite to produce, that is, to be certain of being followed by, the consequent. In such cases it is very common to single out one only of the antecedents under the denomination of Cause, calling the others merely Conditions. Thus, if a person eats of a particular dish, and dies in consequence, that is, would not have died if he had not eaten of it, people would be apt to say that eating of that dish was the cause of his death. There needs not, however, be any invariable connection between eating of the dish and death; but there certainly is, among the circumstances which took place, some combination or other on which death is invariably consequent: as, for instance, the act of eating of the dish, combined with a particular bodily constitution, a particular state of present health, and perhaps even a certain state of the atmosphere; the whole of which circumstances perhaps constituted in this particular case the *conditions* of the phenomenon, or, in other words, the set of antecedents which determined it, and but for which it would not have happened. *The real Cause is the whole of these antecedents; and we have, philosophically speaking, no right to give the name of Cause to one of them, exclusively of the others.*" — Vol. I. pp. 339, 340.

He proceeds to analyze several instances of what is usually termed *causation*, and founds on such analysis his assertion that "*each and every condition* of the phenomenon may be taken in its turn, and (with equal propriety in common parlance, but with equal impropriety in scientific discourse) may be spoken of as if it were *the entire cause*." It is "an illusion" which disposes us to regard the proximate event as more peculiarly or efficiently *the cause* than any of the antecedent states. He denies that any one of the conditions of a phenomenon can be singled out and denominated its exclusive cause, because he denies that any cause (so called) ever exerts *force* or *power*, that would always *tend* to produce the phenomenon which, under given circumstances, or given conditions, it actually does produce. If A shoots B dead, still we cannot properly say that A was the *cause* of B's death, any more than that the pulling of the trigger, or the contact of the spark with the gunpowder, or the passage of the bullet through the body, or the effusion of blood, was the *cause* of the death. No one of these antecedents was the cause more than any other, simply because *there was no cause*

— no application of *force* — no exertion of *power*. There has only been a “conjunction of events,” such as always will happen, indeed, if precisely the same antecedent circumstances happen, but which is not truly caused by any thing.

Having thus completely eliminated the idea, as well as the reality, of any active *force* or *power* in causation, Mr. Mill thinks he has thereby effectually exorcised the bugbear of Fatalism, which has so long obstructed the reception of the doctrine of Necessity. He avows that he is a Necessarian, but he stoutly denies that he is a Fatalist. Men are unwilling to admit, he says, that there is any “peculiar tie” between a man’s previously formed character together with his motives on the one hand and his actions on the other, so that the latter are under “a mysterious constraint” from the former. No; a man’s motives do not *compel* or *force* his character. There is no *compulsion* in the case; there is no such thing as *force*. If there were, Fatalism would be the only true doctrine. But a man’s actions are “the invariable, certain, and unconditional” results or consequents of his motives and his character. The actions *must* have been what they are, and *must* be repeated, if the same antecedents should again occur; the man could not have willed otherwise than he did; and under the same circumstances, the same volition would inevitably be repeated. B invariably follows A, and always *must* follow it; yet, so long as A does not compel B to follow it, but the inevitableness of the sequence arises from some other source, — say, from the nature of things or from a logical necessity, — then the doctrine is not one of Fatalism, but only of Necessity.

Mr. Mill finds great comfort in this distinction; but we must avow our opinion, that it is a distinction without a difference. We do not object to the Fatalist’s doctrine so much on account of what he asserts, as on account of what he denies. He asserts that the strongest motive constrains the will with a despotic power, so that the volition could not have been otherwise than what it was. This is bad enough, and even Mr. Mill does not agree with him, but affirms that the motive does *not* constrain the will, because no one thing ever constrains or causes another thing. There is no such thing as

“a peculiar tie or mysterious constraint” in any case. But the Fatalist denies that *we* are the free causes of our own actions; and here, unfortunately, Mr. Mill agrees with him, and for the same reason as that alleged in the former instance, namely, that there is no such thing as efficient causation. If this be so, we are just as badly off as ever; for remorse is illusory, and repentance is vain, if the action repented of was the “invariable, certain, and unconditional” consequence of what preceded it, so that it could not have been changed by any exertion of the will alone, unaided by a change of circumstances.

Conscious, however, that man needs a little consolation under the fearful doctrine that all his volitions and actions are the inevitable consequents of circumstances over which he has no control, Mr. Mill tries to administer a drop of comfort by suggesting, that, if a person *wishes* to alter his character, (that character being *one* of the antecedents which his volitions follow,) then the *wish* itself is a new antecedent, “and by no means one of the least influential,” and it necessarily tends towards its own fulfilment. In other words, if the wish exists to modify the character, the character really *is* somewhat modified by that wish. But then, this wish “is given us, not by any efforts of ours, but by circumstances which we cannot help; it comes to us either from external causes, or not at all.” “Most true,” responds our author; yet if circumstances have not given us any desire about the matter, then we have no reason to be troubled. If we have not the wish, we cannot complain of its non-fulfilment. In this case, we are dumb cattle, driven forward by an inexorable master, Fate; but luckily we are *blind* cattle, and do not therefore lament our destiny, because we are ignorant that the path along which we are driven terminates on a precipice.

We cannot find much comfort in this suggestion. In no proper sense are we masters of our own destiny, if the mastership is given or withheld only by some circumstance over which we have no control; and it is a very imperfect mastership at best, as the existence of the wish is only *one* out of the many antecedents, independent of our own will, which determine our whole conduct. A faint wish would have

little or no effect. "If what we do depends on our wishing to do it," says Dr. Walker, "and our wishing to do it depends not on ourselves, then nothing depends on ourselves, except to be the willing and active instruments of destiny." The most decided Fatalist will readily admit, that the thoughts and wishes which come into our minds without any agency on our part, and whether we will or not, are *among* the circumstances which regulate our actions and shape our destiny.

In all other respects, save the two qualifying doctrines (if they can be called such) which we have now fully considered, Mr. Mill is a consistent and rigorous Fatalist. He is too good a logician to stop short of any legitimate inferences from his doctrine, and too bold and independent a thinker to shrink from avowing these inferences, whatever they may be.

"There is no Thing produced, no event happening, in the known universe, which is not connected by a uniformity, or invariable sequence, with some one or more of the phenomena which preceded it; insomuch that it will happen again as often as those phenomena occur again, and as no other phenomenon having the character of a counter-acting cause shall coexist. These antecedent phenomena, again, were connected in a similar manner with some that preceded them; and so on, until we reach, as the ultimate step attainable by us, either the properties of some one primeval cause, or the conjunction of several. The whole of the phenomena of nature were therefore the necessary, or, in other words, the unconditional, consequences of some former collocation of the Permanent Causes.

"The state of the whole universe at any instant we believe to be the consequence of its state at the previous instant; insomuch that one who knew all the agents which exist at the present moment, their collocation in space, and their properties,—in other words, the laws of their agency,—could predict the whole subsequent history of the universe, at least unless some new volition of a power capable of controlling the universe should supervene." — Vol. I. pp. 357, 358.

The character of this doctrine cannot be mistaken; Spinoza or Fichte did not announce a more comprehensive and consistent theory of Fatalism. It teaches us that every event is surrounded by other events, and must be considered as being at the same time both antecedent and consequent,—as *neces-*

sarily resulting from those which preceded, and *necessarily* followed by those which come after it, and thus as forming one link in an adamant chain which extends from eternity to eternity. All occurrences whatever have their environment of circumstances, with which they stand in necessary and fixed relations by an absolute law; and the state of the universe at any one moment, in all its parts, from the creation of a world to the stirring of an aspen-leaf, could not possibly have been different from what it is. The presence and the apparent activity of human beings cannot affect or modify this inevitable result. Man himself is but one link in the chain, and is as much bound by the relentless law of destiny as the dust that he treads upon. He cannot move a finger, he cannot have a sensation, he cannot entertain a single thought, except in the manner and at the moment prescribed by that iron law which determines the position of every grain of sand in the desert, and regulates the movement of every atom of dust that floats in the atmosphere. In every such atom, indeed, man beholds the complete type of his own destiny. As the gyrations and seemingly irregular and lawless movements of that atom actually result from the fixed laws of gravitation and inertia, combined with the equally stable laws which govern the immense variety of meteorological phenomena, and could be exactly predicted if all these laws were known, and all the data could be collected, — so the conduct of man, even in the slightest particulars, could be exactly foreseen, if all the antecedent and concomitant circumstances, which inevitably determine his conduct, could be gathered and accurately measured. There is a Science of Human Nature, according to Mr. Mill, just as there is a Science of Meteorological Phenomena; though, both in one case and the other, the circumstances or data are so numerous and diversified, that we cannot hope, with our imperfect means of observation, to gather them all and weigh them accurately, so as to predict infallibly just what the weather will be every day for the next year, or just what the man will do every hour and every minute of his future life.

Having taken this summary view of Mr. Mill's doctrine, we are now prepared to contrast it with the opposite theory of

causation which has been repeatedly presented and advocated in this journal, and which he has now undertaken to confute. We are willing to accept his own sketch of the chief points of this theory, and of some of the considerations adduced in its support. The following, then, is his outline of what he calls the Volition Theory.

“According to the theory in question, Mind, or, to speak more precisely, Will, is the only cause of phenomena. The type of Causation, as well as the exclusive source from which we derive the idea, is our own voluntary agency. Here, and here only (it is said), we have direct evidence of causation. We know that we can move our bodies. Respecting the phenomena of inanimate nature, we have no other direct knowledge than that of antecedence and sequence. But in the case of our voluntary actions, it is affirmed that we are conscious of power before we have experience of results. An act of volition, whether followed by an effect or not, is accompanied by a consciousness of effort, ‘of force exerted, of power in action, which is necessarily causal, or causative.’* This feeling of energy or force, inherent in an act of will, is knowledge *a priori*; assurance, prior to experience, that we have the power of causing effects. Volition, therefore, it is asserted, is something more than an unconditional antecedent; it is a cause in a different sense from that in which physical phenomena are said to cause one another: it is an Efficient Cause. From this the transition is easy to the further doctrine, that Volition is the *sole* Efficient Cause of all phenomena. ‘It is inconceivable that dead force could continue unsupported for a moment beyond its creation. We cannot even conceive of change or phenomena without the energy of a mind.’ ‘The word *action* itself,’ says another writer of the same school, ‘has no real significance, except when applied to the doings of an intelligent agent. Let any one conceive, if he can, of any power, energy, or force, inherent in a lump of matter.’† Phenomena may have the semblance of being produced by physical causes, but they are in reality produced, say these writers, by the immediate agency of mind. All things which do not proceed from a human (or, I suppose, an animal) will, proceed, they say, directly from Divine will. The earth is not moved by the combination of a centripetal and a projectile force; this is but a mode of speaking which serves to facilitate our conceptions. It is moved by the direct

* *N. A. Review*, for April, 1845, p. 470. *Lowell Lectures on the Application of Metaphysical and Ethical Science to the Evidences of Religion*, p. 84.

† *Lowell Lectures*, &c., p. 88.

volition of an omnipotent being, in a path coinciding with that which we deduce from the hypothesis of these two forces." — Vol. I. pp. 360, 361.

We cannot find much novelty in the objection which Mr. Mill proceeds to make to this theory. He repeats the old, unfounded statement, that our voluntary acts differ in no essential respect from those material phenomena which are usually cited as instances of causation, though it is now universally admitted the causal *nexus* cannot be detected in them, but that they seem to be related to each other only as antecedents and consequents. "Our will," he affirms, "causes our bodily actions in the same sense, and in no other, in which cold causes ice, or a spark causes the explosion of gunpowder." The volition is the antecedent, the actual motion is the consequent; but the connection between them, it is said, is not a subject of consciousness, but only of experience. It is allowed that both the antecedent and the consequent are subjects of consciousness, but it is denied that we are conscious of the dependence of one of them upon the other.

Surely a marked difference is established between the two classes of cases by this very fact, that the antecedent in one of them being a state of mind, we know it intimately and immediately, consciousness attesting its relation to the effect *before* the effect follows; while in any succession of events, exterior to our bodies, we must wait for the result of the experiment before we can know whether the antecedent will be followed by one consequent or another. We must wait till the trial is made, before we can say that a spark, if it falls into a basin of water, will be extinguished, or, if it falls upon a heap of gunpowder, will cause an explosion. But if I will to move my arm, before the result of the attempt is made known, before I can learn whether my arm is paralyzed or not, I know that the mental effort is directed to my arm, and not to my leg, — that it is intended even to produce a particular movement of the arm, as upwards, or downwards, or sideways. If any result follows, I know just what the character of the result will be. But in the case of the spark falling upon gunpowder, upon sand, or upon water, we know not what kind of result will follow, or whether there will be any result.

But after making, in the text, the uncompromising assertion

that those against whom he is contending "have never produced, and do not pretend to produce, any positive evidence that the power of our will to move our bodies would be known to us independently of experience," Mr. Mill adds the following admission in a note.

"Unless we are to consider as such the following statement, by one of the writers quoted in the text: 'In the case of mental exertion, the result to be accomplished is *preconsidered* or meditated, and is therefore known *a priori*, or before experience.'—(Bowen's *Lowell Lectures on the Application of Metaphysical and Ethical Science to the Evidences of Religion*, Boston, 1849.) This is merely saying, that when we will a thing, we have an idea of it. But to have an idea of what we wish to happen, does not imply a prophetic knowledge that it will happen."—Vol. I. p. 362.

Certainly it does not; but a *mental* sequence, between a volition and a bodily motion, is hereby distinguished from a sequence between two external events, because, in the latter case, the antecedent gives us no idea at all *what* the consequent will be, and no assurance that there will be *any* consequent; while in the former case, the antecedent does inform us, through consciousness, and prior to experience, *what* the consequent will be, if any, and also that it will *tend* to produce this particular consequent, even if the effort, or the force of the volition, should not suffice to produce the whole of the intended result;—just as I may be conscious that I push against a pane of glass, though I do not push hard enough to break it. It is something to establish this distinction between a mental and an external sequence, because we thereby negative Mr. Mill's previous assertion, that "our will causes our bodily actions *in the same sense, and in no other*, in which cold causes ice." The king of Siam knew what cold is, for even in his climate the nights are cooler than the days; but he did not know that cold would change water into a solid, and he would not believe it. But if his Siamese Majesty had willed to move his arm, though, from sudden paralysis, the movement should not follow, he would still know that his volition had reference to his arm, and not to any other portion of his body, and also that the volition *tended* to produce the required motion, though his strength was suddenly found insufficient to effect it entirely.

Again, — though “the idea of what we *wish* to happen” does not imply a prophetic knowledge of what will happen, yet the idea of what we *will* (i. e. the consciousness of a volition) does imply, if not a *prophetic* knowledge of what *will* happen, yet an *immediate* knowledge of something that *does* happen. It is a consciousness of an action — of something *done* — of power exerted — whether the future result of that action be precisely what we intended or not. An act of the will is at the same moment a volition and an action; it is but one state of mind considered under two different relations. It is a volition, in so far as it is directed to one purpose or another; it is an action, in so far as it is something done, (and something therefore for which our conscience holds us responsible,) whether the ulterior purpose in view is answered or not. Mr. Mill’s ingenious periphrasis for a volition — “an *idea* of what we *wish* to happen” — cannot be accepted. Merely “to have an idea” of a thing, is not *to do* that thing. I may “have an idea” of committing murder; but I do not thereby commit murder. The mind is entirely passive when it is occupied with mere contemplation, or is merely entertaining ideas. But on the other hand, if I *will* to commit murder, and, as a necessary means to this end, *will* to pull the trigger of a pistol, then, *in foro conscientiæ*, I am guilty of that murder, *because I have done something*, though, from the rustiness of the lock, the trigger should not move, and the life of the intended victim should thereby be saved.

Mr. Mill argues that our consciousness of the volition does not contain in itself any *a priori* knowledge that the muscular motion will follow, because the nerves may be paralyzed, or the muscles stiff, and then, in fact, the motion will not follow. The paralysis of the nerves, in this case, answers exactly to the rustiness of the lock of the pistol. Though the *whole* effect which was intended does not follow, a portion of it is certainly accomplished, because *something* is done, and that something tends towards, or is a part of, the effect originally intended. Something is done, because force was expended — power was exercised. We have proof of this in “the consciousness of effort,” the existence of which Mr. Mill does not deny. *Effort* means power exerted. We have

already said, in a passage which is cited by Mr. Mill, that "force exerted, or power in action, is *necessarily causal or causative*." It is an *efficient* cause. It may not be *sufficient* for the end proposed, as in the case of the pistol lock, or the paralyzed arm. But that force exerted should not produce *any* effect, amounts very nearly to a contradiction in terms; for our only idea of force is that which produces something. Mr. Mill is not able to deny this, for in another portion of his work, in a passage which we cited from him, he has unwarily admitted the fact. When speaking of the laws of motion, he says:—

"The body does not only move in that direction unless counteracted; it *tends* to move in that manner even when counteracted; it still exerts, in the original direction, the same energy of movement as if its first impulse had been undisturbed, and produces, by that energy, an exactly equivalent quantity of effect. This is true even when the force leaves the body as it found it, in a state of absolute rest; as when we attempt to raise a body of three tons' weight with a force equal to one ton."—Vol. I. p. 454.

And again:—

"These facts are correctly indicated by the expression *tendency*. All laws of causation, in consequence of their liability to be counteracted, require to be stated in words affirmative of tendencies only, and not of actual results. . . . Thus *pressure*, in mechanics, is synonymous with tendency to motion, and forces are not reckoned as causing actual motion, but as exerting pressure."—Vol. I. p. 455.

And yet, in the single instance of a volition to produce a bodily motion, Mr. Mill refuses to admit that the volition *tends* to produce the motion, because, if the limb be paralyzed, the motion does not follow; though he allows that there is a "consciousness of effort," or, in other words, of power exerted.

We are now prepared to consider another portion of Mr. Mill's note on our remark, that, "in the case of mental exertion, the result to be accomplished is *preconsidered* or meditated."

"After all, even if we had an instinctive knowledge that our actions would follow our will, this, as Brown remarks, would prove nothing as to the nature of Causation. Our knowing, previous to experience,

that an antecedent will be followed by a certain consequent, would not prove the relation between them to be any thing *more* than antecedence and consequence." — Vol. I. p. 363.

If, as in the case of two events in the external world, our only reason for believing one of them to be the cause of the other were the fact, that it is invariably followed by the other, then certainly this fact, whether known *a priori* or only by experience, would not prove efficient causation — would not make manifest the causal *nexus* between them. If a man of science, in whose word I have full confidence, assures me that water poured upon quicklime will produce heat, I may believe him, and thus be enabled to predict the result of the experiment before I have tried it. But the experiment itself, or the assurance of another, only communicates the barren fact of the invariable sequence of the two events. The case is far different, however, when it is my knowledge of the internal constitution, or *essence*, of the antecedent event which enables me to predict that it *must* be followed by the consequent. In the case of a volition, *I* am the cause, and my knowledge of my own acts, acquired through consciousness, assures me that in the volition I have exerted *force*, and this expenditure of power *must* be followed at least by *some* effect. The fact that the result is preconsidered, or known beforehand, is not important in itself, but only as one indication or proof, among others, that we are aware of the *causative* character of the volition before it is manifested by any effect. In the case of external events, we are always obliged to wait till the effect follows, before obtaining an indication that there is to be any effect whatever.

Mr. Mill asserts that it is only because the succession of the muscular movement to the volition is the most direct, instantaneous, and familiar of all sequences which come under our observation, that we are prone to consider it as less mysterious than any succession of material phenomena. He says it is only the common case of attempting to facilitate our conception of unfamiliar facts by assimilating them to others which are familiar. Yet he admits that there was a time when the action of matter upon matter was held to be both more familiar and more susceptible of explanation — more easily con-

ceivable — than the action of mind upon matter. The world is still divided upon the question which of the two operations is the more explicable. But this difference of opinion is easily accounted for. To the students of physical science, accustomed to the processes of the laboratory and the workshop, the succession of material phenomena is the more familiar, so that it seems not to stand in need of any explanation. Savages and half-civilized nations, for a similar reason, are still more prone to look upon the subject in this light. Metaphysicians alone are more familiar with the facts attested by consciousness. If, therefore, as Mr. Mill asserts, “in the infancy and early youth of the human race,” our voluntary acts are “spontaneously taken as the type of causation in general, and all phenomena are supposed to be directly produced by the will of some sentient being,” then the more frequently observed phenomena are referred for explanation to those which are less familiarly known; and this can only be because they have a direct consciousness of the exertion of power in the latter case, while mere body, familiar as it is, appears to them essentially inert. Yet our author calls this doctrine “original Fetichism”; and, with a nearer approach to a sneer than is becoming in a philosopher, says, he “will not characterize it in the words of Hume, or of any follower of Hume, but in those of a religious metaphysician, Dr. Reid, in order more effectually to show the unanimity which exists on the subject among all competent thinkers.”

He proceeds to cite from Reid a passage in which that philosopher remarks upon the proneness of children and rude nations to ascribe life and active power to material objects, and to stock fountains, rivers, and trees with their attendant deities, because they cannot believe such objects to have power to move themselves. The citation is a most unlucky one for Mr. Mill’s purpose, as he would have perceived, if he had read only two paragraphs farther. The passage quoted by him ends with the following remarks.

“When a few, of superior intellectual abilities, find leisure for speculation, they begin to philosophize, and soon discover that many of those objects which at first they believed to be intelligent and active are really lifeless and passive. *This is a very important discovery. It elevates*

the mind, emancipates from many vulgar superstitions, and invites to further discoveries of the same kind.

“As philosophy advances, life and activity in natural objects retires, and leaves them dead and inactive. Instead of moving voluntarily, we find them to be moved necessarily; instead of acting, we find them to be acted upon; and Nature appears as one great machine, where one wheel is turned by another, that by a third; and how far this necessary succession may reach, the philosopher does not know.” — Vol. I. p. 365.

The lines which we have italicized are, perhaps, indication enough that the Scotch metaphysician is here speaking ironically, and is therefore actually laughing at the doctrine of which our author supposes him to be the advocate. So much for “the unanimity which exists on the subject among all *competent* thinkers”! Reid was a little too apt to boast himself as the special advocate of the common sense of common people against the arrogant pretensions of “the philosophers,” as he calls them. Thus, in the second of the foregoing paragraphs, he proceeds to speak, still sarcastically, of the efforts of the speculative few to frame a theory which shall be just the opposite of the vulgar belief, — which shall represent Nature as a great machine, or piece of clockwork, in which motion is necessarily produced by motion, and this again by another motion; “and how far this necessary succession may reach, *the philosopher* does not know.” In the next paragraph, not cited by Mr. Mill, he drops the ironical tone, and declares both these extreme opinions to be equally absurd and unfounded; the one is polytheism, and the other is atheism, for it traces back the law of fate even to the actions of Deity, and leaves us without any notions whatever of a free cause or of any power in the universe.

“The weakness of human reason makes men prone, when they leave one extreme, to rush into the opposite; and thus philosophy, even in its infancy, may lead men from idolatry and polytheism into atheism, and from ascribing active power to inanimate beings, to conclude all things to be carried on by necessity.” — Reid *on the Active Powers*, Essay IV. Ch. 3.

In future, Mr. Mill will probably consider it hazardous to make citations from any author without carefully examining their context.

“For ’tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.”

We may pass very quickly over the remainder of his comments on the Volition Theory, as he only reiterates and amplifies, through five or six pages, his unsupported assertion that the advocates of this theory “exalt into an original law of the human intellect and of outward nature one particular sequence of phenomena, which appears to them more natural and more conceivable than other sequences, only because it is more familiar.” We answer, first, that the fact is not so, and secondly, if it were so, it would prove nothing for Mr. Mill’s argument. To the great bulk of mankind, the most familiar and striking phenomena are *material* phenomena,—things and events in the external world; about these, their thoughts and actions are almost exclusively concerned. And the most obvious explanation of these phenomena is that which infers causation from mere succession, which considers every physical event to be the efficient cause of that which follows it, and the natural effect of that which precedes it. Among common people, ninety-nine out of a hundred believe that the falling of a spark *causes* the explosion of the powder, and that taking poison *causes* death. Nay, so prone are they to infer causation from mere succession, that many of them believe an earthquake or the appearance of a comet to be the true cause of a pestilence, a famine, or any other public calamity which may happen to follow it. Materialism is a far more natural or *vulgar* error, (the last epithet describes what Mr. Mill actually means,) than idealism.

In the second place, even if the assertion were true, it would be nugatory for the purposes of this argument. The more natural and obvious explanation of a phenomenon is just as likely to be the true one as that which is more recondite and far-fetched. Thus, Reid’s doctrine of *perception*, as improved by Sir William Hamilton, and now almost universally accepted by “competent thinkers,” is only a return to common sense, or a formal adoption by the philosophers of the opinion that has always been entertained by the vulgar, and a rejection of all the cobweb systems and so-called explanations of this subject which metaphysicians have been

spinning for three thousand years. We do not hold, however, that the obviousness of this doctrine is any strong recommendation of it, or that the want of obviousness is any valid objection to the theories which are opposed to it. Every theory in science, and every alleged fact, must rest on its own direct evidence; no weighty presumption for or against either is to be drawn from the mere circumstance that the cognition of them is easy or difficult. The existence of latent heat is now just as certain, and as fully proved, as that of the heat of temperature, though no one before Dr. Black even suspected its existence, and though the fact cannot be demonstrated even now without an array of experiments and reasoning. On the other hand, philosophers, and especially metaphysicians, are generally prone to make a mystery out of a very simple thing, and to speak contemptuously of the verdict of common people when that verdict happens to be against them. Mr. Mill is too sound and competent a thinker to be guilty of this affectation, except when he is hard pushed for an argument.

We pass to our author's final objection to the Volition Theory, or rather to the doctrine of the Immediate Agency of the Deity, which is asserted as a corollary from the Volition Theory. The doctrine is, that *all* the phenomena of the material universe, so far as they show change, diversity, and activity which are not attributable to *human* power and will, manifest the immediate and omnipresent action of the Deity. Dr. Clarke states the doctrine thus:—"All those things which we commonly say are the effects of the natural powers of matter and laws of motion, of gravitation, attraction, or the like, are indeed (if we will speak properly and truly) the effects of God's acting upon matter *continually and every moment*, either immediately by himself, or mediately by some created *intelligent* being." Mr. Mill objects as follows.

"I am unwilling to leave the subject without adverting to the additional fallacy contained in the corollary from this theory; in the inference that, because Volition is an efficient cause, therefore it is *an* only cause, and the direct agent in producing even what is apparently produced by something else. Volitions are not known to produce anything directly except nervous action, for the will influences even the

muscles only through the nerves. Though it were granted, then, that every phenomenon has an efficient, and not merely a phenomenal cause, and that volition, in the case of the peculiar phenomena which are known to be produced by it, is that efficient cause: are we therefore to say, with these writers, that since we know of no other efficient cause, and ought not to assume one without evidence, there *is* no other, and volition is the direct cause of all phenomena? A more outrageous stretch of inference could hardly be made. Because among the infinite variety of the phenomena of nature there is one, namely, a particular mode of action of certain nerves, which has for its cause, and as we are now supposing for its efficient cause, a state of our mind; and because this is the only efficient cause of which we are conscious, being the only one of which in the nature of the case we *can* be conscious, since it is the only one which exists within ourselves; does this justify us in concluding that all other phenomena must have the same kind of efficient cause with that one eminently special, narrow, and peculiarly human or animal phenomenon? The supporters of the Volition Theory ask us to infer that volition causes every thing, for no reason except that it causes one particular thing; although that one phenomenon, far from being a type of all natural phenomena, is eminently peculiar; its laws bearing scarcely any resemblance to those of any other phenomenon, whether of inorganic or of organic nature.”—Vol. I. pp. 370–372.

We presume Mr. Mill will admit, as a sound logical maxim, what Sir William Hamilton calls the Law of Parsimony, — *entia non multiplicandæ sunt præter necessitatem*, — no more causes must be assigned than what are absolutely necessary to account for the phenomena. We are now entitled to assume that the Volition Theory is proved, Mr. Mill himself taking it for granted (for the moment) in the preceding extract. The reasoning, then, runs thus: — Numberless changes are constantly taking place in matter, which are to be accounted for, as every phenomenon must have a cause; the material body cannot change itself, for we know that matter is utterly lifeless and inert, incapable of effecting change either in itself or in any thing else; a large class of these changes take place in our own bodies, and are immediately known to be effected by the direct agency of the human will, which is the only agency within our sphere of immediate knowledge that is capable of exerting any sort of power or force; we know, also, (not im-

mediately, indeed, but from abundant evidence,) that another Will exists in nature, which is omnipresent and omnipotent; — when, therefore, we ascribe all the changes in matter which are not produced by ourselves to the omnipresent action of the Divine Mind, we assign them to the only known Cause in the universe which is capable of producing them, and to a Cause perfectly similar in kind (though infinitely disparate in degree) to the human will, which we know to be a source of power, and the efficient cause of a vast number of changes that are effected every moment in our own bodies. Or the argument may be more briefly stated thus:— Volition is the only known *power* in the universe; changes in matter are the phenomena to be accounted for; and as many such changes are confessedly produced by human volition, the residue of them must be attributed to some other Will, which, by its omnipresence and omnipotence, is capable of producing them.

This reasoning may not be satisfactory to Mr. Mill, as it establishes a doctrine which he is unwilling to admit; but we contend that it is eminently logical, and in proof of our assertion we once more cite against him his own System of Logic. The kind of reasoning here employed is what he calls the method of “induction by simple enumeration,” — a law being assumed to hold good in all cases, because it has been found to hold good in many cases, and not one instance has been found to the contrary. It is certainly curious to find Mr. Mill, in the following passage, asserting that this process is entirely valid and legitimate in reference to the law of universal causation itself, the very instance to which we are here applying it.*

“Induction by simple enumeration, or, in other words, generalization of an observed fact from the mere absence of any known instance to the contrary, is by no means the illicit logical process in all cases which it is in most. It is delusive and insufficient exactly in proportion as the subject-matter of the observation is special and limited in extent. As the sphere widens, this unscientific method becomes less and less liable

* We are obliged here to quote the *first* edition of Mill's Logic; for in this third edition, the passage is so much modified and enlarged that it is not so well adapted for our purpose. Substantially the same doctrine is still expressed in it; but the author seems to have been half conscious that he was here contradicting himself, and he has labored hard, though in vain, to remove the difficulty.

to mislead; and the most universal class of truths, *the law of causation, for instance*, and the principles of number and of geometry, *are duly and satisfactorily proved by that method alone, nor are they susceptible of any other proof.*" — Book IV. Ch. XXI. § 2.

The case we are now considering is one of *universal* generalization; it embraces *all* the phenomena of the material universe, every change in which requires a cause. Human bodies, of course, are a part of this universe, — as much so as the ground these bodies tread upon, or the air they breathe. All the voluntary movements of these bodies, which are repeated and varied till their number exceeds all calculation, are known to proceed from the will as their efficient cause; and the will is the only known instance of efficient causation in the universe. The law of "induction by simple enumeration," then, is strictly applicable in this case; and the conclusion to which it leads us is, that all other physical events — from the quivering of an aspen-leaf up to the flight of the planets in their courses — are also attributable to *Will*, and *that Will* must be one proportioned in power and comprehensiveness to the variety and grandeur of its effects. That this Will belongs to a Being differing from all those whose existence is made known to us by the testimony of the senses, is not a circumstance which vitiates the argument, for the reasoning is addressed only to the Theist. The muscular movements of different individuals are ascribed respectively to the volitions of those individuals. The will has efficient causative agency *as such*, and not because it is the will of one man or another, — not because it is human or divine.

We have elsewhere stated this reasoning in a more popular form, and will quote the passage: —

"We recognize the presence of God in nature in precisely the same manner in which we come to know that any intelligent, though finite being, exists besides ourselves. The outward form, surely, is nothing; a statue or an automaton may be moulded into a perfect external likeness of a man. But the actions of the living man show that he is animated by a spirit kindred to our own, by something distinct from the mere framework of bones and muscles which he inhabits, and which we distinguish as clearly from the person within as we do our own bodies from ourselves. I am conscious of power dependent on my will, and I

perceive the effects produced on matter by the exertion of that will. I perceive, also, perfectly similar effects, which I can attribute only to my brother man, and I infer, therefore, that *he* exists, and that his will is equally active in producing those effects. I do not imagine that his limbs move themselves, but that *he* moves them; I do not think that his eye turns towards me of its own accord with a glance of affection, or that his hand comes to meet mine in a friendly grasp from an energy that is inherent in that hand alone. In like manner, then, I say, if *His* sun rolls over my head and warms me, if His wind cools and refreshes me, if His voice speaks to me,—whether in the thunder at midnight, or in the whispers of the forest, or but in the rustling of a leaf,—if His seasons still come round to me in their grateful vicissitude, and, wherever I look in outward nature, I behold constant action, change, and joy, I do not suppose that brute and senseless matter causes all this by its inherent power, whether original or derived, but that the spirit, the Person, within, controls, vivifies, and produces all.

‘These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee.’”

—*Lowell Lectures on the Application of Metaphysical and Ethical Science*, pp. 135, 136.

We had purposed to make some further observations on Mr. Mill's argument against the freedom of the will, and on a few other points in his doctrine of causation as contrasted with the Volition Theory. But this article has already exceeded the limits proper for the discussion of so abstruse a subject, and we forbear. We are willing to allow the brief statement that has been given of the nature and the consequences of his system to stand in juxtaposition and contrast with the opposite theory which he has so vehemently assailed. They are not merely the extremes of opinion on this difficult question; they are, also, the *only* logical and consistent views of it which can be taken, all intermediate doctrines being imperfect and inconsequent. He who rejects either of them cannot consistently stop short of embracing the other to its full extent. Even so acute a philosopher and logician as Mr. Mill has failed, as we have seen, to reconcile his rejection of all free causation in the universe with any doctrine that stops short of the gloomiest extreme of Fatalism. On the other hand, his objections to the theory that volition is the only efficient cause either of

mental or of material phenomena are so feeble, that they tend rather to increase than diminish our confidence in it. The position that has not even been shaken by the assaults of so able an opponent must be in itself impregnable. We have criticized his arguments with freedom, but with no abatement of respect for one who occupies deservedly so high a rank among the English thinkers of the present day.

- ART. V.—1. *LOUIS XVII.: sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple; Ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans.* Par M. A. DE BEAUCHESNE. Paris: Plon frères, Editeurs. 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE, Duchess of Angoulême, the Last of the Dauphines.* By MRS. ROMER, Author of "A Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt," etc. London: Richard Bentley. 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.
3. *An Abridged Account of the Misfortunes of the Dauphin, followed by some Documents in Support of the Facts related by the Prince; with a Supplement.* Translated from the French, by the HON. and REV. C. G. PERCIVAL, Rector of Calverton, Bucks. London: James Fraser. 1838. 8vo. pp. 714.

THE titles of these books will inevitably remind our readers of the ingenious article some time since printed in Putnam's Magazine, in support of the pretensions of the Rev. Eleazer Williams to be the veritable son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., and the present legitimate heir to the crown of France. Shortly after perusing the article in question, M. de Beauchesne's volumes reached us from Paris, and it was our intention to devote an earlier number of this Review to a thorough examination of the subject. But the announcement of a more elaborate treatise by the Rev. Mr. Hanson, the most earnest and able of Mr. Williams's advocates, was a sufficient

inducement to postpone our labors till we could fairly dispose of the whole matter at once. Several months have since elapsed without the appearance of Mr. Hanson's promised volume; and much as we could desire to be assisted in our task by the result of his studies and careful research, we do not feel at liberty to suffer a longer delay to intervene ere we place upon our pages some notice of M. de Beauchesne's indefatigable inquiries during the past twenty years. Justice to our readers demands that his volumes should be examined while yet their contents are fresh, and their merits or demerits generally unknown to the reading world on this side of the water; for the republication of the English translation by Mr. Hazlitt has hardly yet found its way to the shelves of many private libraries. And in doing this, we rejoice that we are not called upon to say much concerning Mr. Hanson or his *protegé*. What will be the nature of his forthcoming book we are of course unable to guess; and it is perfectly *possible*, (though to the last degree *improbable*,) that evidence may be adduced sufficient to establish the claims of the *soi-disant* Dauphin of the Northwest. We are willing, too, to pass over in silence all that has hitherto been put forth in favor of his pretensions; for really, when we consider the magnitude of the stake in controversy, and the fact that every thing in the plaintiff's case, so far, is made to rest, not merely upon Mr. Williams's bare assertion, but likewise, to a certain extent, upon the soundness of his judgment, it seems absurd to affect to treat his story with grave respect. We are told, too, that the Prince de Joinville, through a member of his household, contradicts flatly so much of Mr. Williams's tale as relates to himself; and we are inclined to believe the Prince to be honest. However, as we have already intimated, since we cannot give the least credence to his story on its present evidences, and as we are promised more satisfactory proof, we are content to spare ourselves the pain of pronouncing here upon its individual, isolated merits. Moreover, the case does not now stand as though it were to-day broached for the first time. In the course of our remarks, it will be seen, that, unless the most gratuitous and wicked perjury has been committed, in relation not only to the more important facts, but to solitary and uncon-

nected circumstances, observed by different persons, acting separately from each other and at various times, — the whole forming a perfect chain of circumstantial as well positive evidence, — and this perjury persisted in by numerous witnesses of all degrees of social rank, of every shade of political opinion, not only under the Republican government of France, but during all the intervening period, down to 1851, — under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Monarchy of the Barricades; — unless such a wild and monstrous supposition should turn out to be true, then there is no need of discussing our Indian Dauphin's story at all; its probability, nay, its possibility, may be disposed of in a single paragraph. If it be conclusively proved that Louis XVII. has been dead for over half a century, then, of course, even Mr. Williams will not insist on our believing him to be alive now.

There is, no doubt, a constant tendency of the human mind to believe in the marvellous, and to admit those things to be true which it wishes to be true. *Populus qui vult decipi, decipiat.* The history of nations in all ages furnishes many instances of multitudes of persons abandoning their homes and all that had made life precious to them, to follow the fortunes of a stranger, whom, rightfully or wrongfully, they believed entitled to their support. In no case does this passion more strongly show itself, than when the adventurer at whose beck the domestic hearth was exchanged for the dungeon, and the conjugal pillow for the headsman's block, is supposed to be the representative of a banished line of sovereigns. During how many ages was the return of Arthur, (*quem adhuc verè bruti Britones expectant venturum,**) with his good sword Excalibar by his side, looked for by the credulous children of his native soil! The audacity of the man, who boldly demands as his right those titles which no one can claim but at the peril of his head, goes a great way to establish the validity of his pretensions among the illiterate. England has had its Lambert Simnel and its Perkin Warbeck (whom, by the by, we shrewdly opine to have been all that he claimed to be), Portugal its Don Sebastian, Russia its

* William of Newbury.

Demetrius, and France, never in the rear where personal enterprise is concerned, has furnished, to replace the child who died in the Temple, at least a couple of dozen Dauphins, each of whom, by his own showing and that of his friends, was the true and legitimate son of Louis XVI.

We will trace, step by step, from his cradle to his grave, the life and history of this child; and, without exposing the details of the falsehood of all of his rivals, simply proceed to show how futile, at this late day, must be all attempts to impose upon the public this old deception under a new face. And if we should be tempted to hold up to our readers' scorn one or two of the most conspicuous of these impostors, it will only be on the same charitable principles that impel the farmer to hang up in his fields the carcasses of a slaughtered crow or kite, that other kindred spirits may be deterred by his fate from following his example.

Louis Charles of France and of Bourbon, second son of Louis XVI., King of France, and of Marie Antoinette Joséphe Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was born at the palace of Versailles, at five minutes before seven o'clock, on the evening of the 27th of March, 1785. The same day, he was baptized in the palace chapel, and was created Duke of Normandy, a title which no king's son had borne since the days of Charles VII.; and the event was greeted with the most enthusiastic exhibitions of delight by the whole court and people of France. On the 4th of June, 1789, his elder brother, Louis Joseph Xavier François, Dauphin of France (born October 22d, 1781), died at Versailles. A sister had already been buried in 1787; and the sole offspring of the king now surviving were Louis Charles, by his brother's death become Dauphin, and Marie Thérèse, who in later years was married to her cousin, the Duke of Angoulême.

At the period when the subject of this sketch first became Dauphin of France, he was a graceful, handsome boy of four years of age, with a fine forehead, and large blue eyes, fringed with long chestnut lashes and arched eyebrows; his hair, at this time blonde and curling, was already beginning to assume the light brown hue which afterwards it fully attained. He

had the plump, ruddy lips of his mother, and, like her, a dimple on his chin. From infancy he had been an especial favorite with his parents; no pains had been spared in developing his precocious talents, and he could already read fluently and comment understandingly upon the books which were placed in his hands. The anecdotes that are related of him, even at this early age, betray a degree of delicate and refined comprehension that cannot but interest us. One evening at St. Cloud, his mother was at the harp singing to her children some of the childish melodies of Berquin:—

“Dors, mon enfant, clos ta paupière
Tes cris me déchirent le cœur;
Dors, mon enfant, ta pauvre mère,
A bien assez de sa douleur.”

In an infantile frolic, the Dauphin pretended to be asleep in his chair while the Queen sang. “Ah!” exclaimed Madame Elizabeth, laughingly, “look at Master Charles, gone to sleep!” At the word he sprang up from his feigned slumbers: “*Ah, ma chère tante!*” cried he; “*peut-on dormir quand on entend maman-reine?*” A score of such pleasing little anecdotes are recorded by M. de Beauchesne; but we must not dwell on these records of his earlier years, when his chief pleasures were to sport about the gardens of Versailles, and to gather with the dawn fresh flowers to lay upon his mother’s pillow ere she rose; his only pains, when the severity of the weather prevented him from taking his morning walk in the shrubberies, and gathering his trophies of filial love from the parterres. “Ah,” he would then say, “I am so unfortunate! I have not earned to-day the first kiss of mamma!” This daily custom clung to him through life, and was never abandoned so long as there was ability to put it in practice: even the instinct clung to him in his dying hours. But a darker destiny was at hand; and the bright sunshine in which he had hitherto basked was too soon to be changed for black, lowering clouds and the bursting of the pitiless storm.

The first positive impressions which the Dauphin could have received of the dangers with which his family had become environed were probably on the occasion of the tumults which succeeded the demolition of the Bastille (14th July, 1789): a

measure in which Lafayette and so many friends of liberty, whose thoughts were filled with the past horrors of that gloomy pile, rejoiced with so much fervor. They did not comprehend, that, instead of being a triumph over the king, it was a direct invasion of the sovereignty of the people; for the members of the Assembly, as they and all Paris knew, were at that moment the actual rulers of France. The king's name, so far from being any longer a tower of strength, had become a positive source of danger, as fatal as the breath of the upas-tree to all who sought its protection. The shadow of royal authority was indeed still kept up, but it was the Assembly — or rather those of the people who governed the Assembly — with whom all real power remained.

We will not dwell upon the horrible sights and sounds which attended the memorable journey from Versailles to Paris, in October, 1789, when Lafayette, in the name of the nation, required the king to bring his family to reside within the walls of Paris; nor upon that awful night when Murder, with brandished torch and dagger, roamed wildly through the till then sacred chambers of the queen. We would pass over very briefly the events already sufficiently familiar to our readers, and come to details hitherto not generally, or but imperfectly, known.

Lodged at the Tuileries, the Dauphin knew only in part the manifold causes of uneasiness that disturbed his parents. His education was continued under the direction of M. Hue, a man of cultivated understanding and devoted loyalty; and the gardens attached to the palace furnished some compensation for those of Versailles. Other relaxations were presented to him. A company of lads, forming themselves into a volunteer troop in his honor, were established by the government as the Regiment of the Royal Dauphin; and their accoutrements, discipline, and parades constituted a subject of no little excitement to their titular colonel. But meanwhile his mind was growing and expanding with his body, and the afflictions with which he was so soon to be visited were already shadowed before him. He could not long continue blind to the tears of his mother and the gloomy brow of his father. One day he was entreated by a woman, who ad-

dressed him in his little garden, to procure some favor for her. "If I could only obtain it," said she, "I should be happy as a queen." "Happy as a queen!" slowly repeated he; "I know one queen who does nothing but weep."

Daily suffering more and more from the excesses of the popular party, time passed on leaden wings with the family of the Tuileries, until, on the 20th of June, 1791, the flight to the army of M. de Bouillé, originally suggested by Mirabeau, was, when too late, undertaken by them. We all know how they were overtaken at Varennes, and triumphantly brought back to Paris. From that time, their position was no other than that of prisoners. The proposed flight had never been mentioned to the Dauphin; and it was not until eleven o'clock at night, when he was, half asleep, taken from his couch and dressed as a little girl, that he received any intimation of the attempt which, it was fondly hoped, would remove him and his from the power of their adversaries. His sister asked him, as, but half awake, he gazed wonderingly at the strange preparations, what he thought was going on. "I fancy," was the reply, "that we are going to take part in a comedy, we are all so strangely disguised." He was wrong; it was a tragedy, and one of the most fearful kind, in which he was about to be an actor. Naundorf tells us that the *nom du voyage* borne by the pretended girl was Aglæe; but, as we shall presently see, no credit is to be given to any thing Naundorf has asserted.

Hitherto, we have abstained from expressing any opinion upon the merits or demerits of either of the conflicting parties in the grand struggle that was going on. For all purposes of our present subject, it is not necessary to say which of the rival powers was entitled to the sympathy of our hearts or the approbation of our cooler judgments. But when, in September, 1791, the whole form of the government of the kingdom was changed, and, by a "Constitutional Act," proposed by the people and accepted by the king, a monarchy, limited to a degree hitherto unknown in political history, was adopted, the question becomes much simplified. So long as the king did not transcend the functions therein conferred upon him, the people in their turn were bound, if not to a permanent observance of their duties of submission to the constitution

and laws, at least to an obedience in good faith to so much as should be found reasonable and just, and a peaceful, orderly effort to procure the abrogation of what clauses should in practice be found obnoxious. A violation of this principle was plainly a dishonest and unjust proceeding; but it was precisely the course followed by the French nation, or those who represented it. The 10th of August came, and with it the downfall of the monarchy. In vain had the queen endeavored to interest in the prince royal (such was his title under the new constitution) the sympathies of the sworn supporters and defenders of the government, by enrolling him in the National Guard and causing him to appear in public in that uniform. Nothing could have induced the Assembly to do its duty, — to obey the oaths it had taken to respect and support its own laws, — to preserve the lives and liberty of those to whom it had so solemnly plighted its faith, — save physical coercion. If, on the 10th of August, there had been a thousand men more in defence of the Tuileries, and the mob had been repulsed, the craven legislature would have bowed as reverently before the monarch as they actually did before the ruffians who drove him from the protection of his own roof-tree. Taking shelter with his family in the bosom of the Assembly, Louis XVI. was, by its orders, on the 13th of August, removed to the Temple. His regal authority was in the mean time annulled, and a National Convention was called, to provide for the future government of the people.

The palace of the Temple had been erected about the close of the twelfth century, by the knights of that order stationed at Paris, and was built with a disregard of conveniences and an eye to strength and solidity alone, so that it was more worthy of the name of fortress than palace. It was originally composed of a heavy square tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, with walls in their least solidity nine feet in thickness. Each angle was flanked with a small circular tower, and on the north side was a projecting half-wing, surmounted with two smaller towers. This last portion of the building was commonly called the Little Tower, or, more commonly, the Tower of the Temple; and it was here that the royal family were to spend the remainder of their lives. There

were, as we have said, no conveniences of a dwelling-house to be found in this gloomy fortalice. For a very long time it had been neglected and suffered to fall out of repair; and surely the narrow portals, the heavy frowning doors, the winding staircase, dimly lighted by a few loopholes cut in the thick wall, were enough to deter any man from seeking it as a domicile. A few hasty preparations had been made, on the spur of the moment, for the reception of its new guests; but in the main, the building was as unhealthy, uncomfortable a prison as could, perhaps, be found in France. Lofty walls were speedily erected, to bar the scanty prospect which the grated windows might afford to "the tyrant," and to cut off no inconsiderable portion of light and air. In short, nothing was wanting but fetters to make the condition of the prisoners as cheerless as possible.

In a small antechamber, opening into the apartment allotted to the king, a guard was constantly posted; and a glass door was so arranged between the two chambers as to keep the monarch, by night and day, under continual *surveillance*. In two other chambers, the queen and her son, and Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale (the usual style by which the future Duchess of Angoulême had been known), were confined. It was only at certain times of the day that a meeting of the family was permitted. While yet their fate was undecided, many petty privileges were allowed them that were afterwards revoked. There was some attempt at neatness and propriety in their table; they were permitted, once or twice, to walk outside of the wall, in a neighboring garden, under strict guard; and books were furnished them. But the king mainly occupied himself with continuing the education of his son, who already wrote and composed with some skill and fluency. A more worthy employment he could not have found, or a more apt and intelligent pupil. Foremost of all, he sought to impress the sublime truths of religion upon the mind of the boy; and the daily examples of charity, resignation, forgiveness of enemies, and submission to the Divine Will, were evidently not lost upon him. For it was not long that, even in their dungeons, the royal family were to escape the bayings of their tormentors. Crowds of frantic

ruffians would environ the Temple, and howl forth imprecations upon the heads of their helpless victims. Bursting open the prisons where other captives were detained, and murdering without remorse innocent men, helpless women, and defenceless priests, they would drag the dismembered bodies in triumph to the fatal Tower, and display them merrily before the eyes of their sovereign. It was thus that the head of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe was thrust into the sight of her bosom friend, the queen; whose shrieks of agony, as she fell back swooning at the horrid sight, were answered with yells of laughter from the crowd below. To add to their troubles, the sum allotted by the nation for the support of its prisoners was scantily paid, or not at all; and they began to suffer for want of the common necessities of life; and ere long, the almost total separation of the unfortunate Louis from his wife, his children, and his sister, was decreed. Then ensued the mock trial of the king before the National Convention, and his condemnation. On the night of the 20th of January, 1795, he took his last farewell of his son, embracing him tenderly, and bidding him swear to observe his dying request to obey dutifully and tenderly the behests of his mother, and never to think of avenging his father's death. On the following morning, at twenty-two minutes past ten o'clock, that father perished on the scaffold.

M. de Beauchesne gives a curious account of an attempt to rescue Louis at the very moment of his approach to the guillotine, that we do not remember to have seen in print before. The whole of this daring scheme was the sole conception of the Baron de Batz, a stout loyalist and a most dangerous conspirator against the peace of the new government. This man, while he rivalled in fierce courage his ancestor, Manaud de Batz, who saved the life of Henry of Navarre at the capture of Eauze, and who made it his boast that, in the battles of Cahors and of Coutras, he was never farther distant from his king than the length of his halberd, far excelled the worthy Huguenot in astuteness and cunning. If he had a hand to execute, he had also a head to plan. During the trial of the king, the Baron had concerted his plot, and had taken every possible step to carry it into successful operation.

He had secured the services of fifteen hundred or two thousand sturdy loyalists, and, acquainting each one with the duties assigned him, dismissed him till the day of trial. His idea was a very simple one, and, but for an unforeseen occurrence, would doubtless have been crowned with victory. At a certain point in the route from the Temple to the guillotine, there were several streets all opening into a vacant space; through this open space the procession was to pass. The conspirators, mingling in the crowd, or advancing in scattered groups down the various streets, with such arms as would best answer the purposes of a close combat, or could be most readily concealed about their persons, were to be on the alert for an outcry, and, the instant the signal was given, to fall on the guards immediately surrounding the king's carriage. It seemed almost impossible that, in the turmoil that would inevitably ensue, the monarch should not be rescued and hurried off to an appointed place of concealment, ere the van and rear of the long, unwieldy column of troops, in whose centre he was placed, could arrive to the relief of their comrades. But the plotters reckoned without their host. Although there is no reason to believe that the government had received any intimation of this design, yet there were other causes to put them on their guard; and accordingly, at the eleventh hour, a proclamation was made all over Paris, by which all the young men, without exception, unless otherwise employed by order of the Convention, should assemble at their respective *quartiers*, at a certain time on the morning of the 21st. Two lists were then to be made out, one of the absent, the other of the present; and it was ordained further, that every absentee should, *ipso facto*, be treated as a traitor. Then, under orders of the leaders assigned to them, each body was compelled to assume and retain a certain position till the execution should be completed. This measure utterly disconcerted all the well-laid plan of De Batz.

Though there was no time left to communicate with his coadjutors, and he knew not how many of them would be able to evade the summons they had received, De Batz determined to be at his post. Between the quadruple ranks of armed men that lined the streets, the melancholy *cortège* slowly pro-

ceeded along the Boulevard, till it arrived opposite the Porte Saint-Denis, placed on the highest part of the *boulevard de Bonne-Nouvelle*. Then or never was his opportunity. Suddenly drawing his sabre, and cutting right and left, as he pierced the bristling hedge of bayonets that stood between himself and the royal prize, he shouted fiercely and loudly: "*A nous, Français! à nous, ceux qui veulent sauver leur Roi!*" Alas for his hopes! His friends were scattered here and there at long intervals through the streets of Paris, unable for a moment to quit their posts, or even to hear his words. But three men obeyed his call, and, striking about them like madmen, in frantic desperation sought to save their king. A moment's struggle showed them the futility of their efforts, and, unseconded by another arm, they ceased to combat and strove to make their escape. De Batz, who must have borne a charmed life, and another by the name of Devaux, succeeded, and disappeared in the crowd; but not before they had beheld their two comrades cut down and torn to pieces before their eyes. Who these two gallant young men were, nobody has ever known; De Batz could not ascertain, and their secret has perished with them. Yet surely it was as reckless a feat of hardihood, and for as high a stake, as ever won deathless fame for the names of spirits not more bold and equally unsuccessful!

Immediately upon the reception of the news of the execution of Louis XVI., such of the French loyalists as were in a position to safely avow their sentiments hastened to proclaim his son as lawful heir to the vacant throne; and Monsieur, as the late king's brother, the Comte de Provence, was styled, issued his proclamation from Hamm, in Westphalia, in which he announced that, under existing circumstances, the regency, during the minority of the young prince, was vested in himself; and this decision was generally acquiesced in by the *émigrés*, and by the various courts of Europe. Nor was the expression of sympathy on the part of the foreign powers confined entirely to mere lip service, and to "customary suits of solemn black." The first notice that the Court of St. James took of the notification it received of the catastrophe of the 21st of January, was to present his passports to

M. de Chauvelin, the French ambassador, who left the country upon the moment. But any notice of the struggle about to ensue between these two gigantic rival states would be irrelevant here. Suffice it to say, that the royalty of Louis XVII. was speedily recognized by the chief nations of Christendom. Let us dismiss, then, from our consideration the struggles of the armies of Condé and of Vendée, and the intrigues of foreign diplomacy in support of the royal cause, to contemplate the condition of this unhappy child after his father's death.

During the whole night of suspense and agony on the 20th of January, 1793, the last occasion upon which Louis XVI. was seen by his family, the queen and her daughter and the Princess Elizabeth, crouched together upon a single mattress, passed the time in wailing and in bitter fears. With the earliest dawn, they renewed their efforts to obtain a last interview with the king; the Dauphin, with all the importunity of childhood, besought his gaolers to permit him a single moment with his father. It is needless to say that no favor of this kind was granted. Nor was it long ere the salvos of artillery and the shouts of the populace announced that there was no longer room for even hope. The feet of Louis XVI. were treading that dark valley whither so many of his family were so soon to follow him.

That day was consumed by the captives in giving free scope to their anguish, despite the incessant espionage to which they knew that they were subjected. At nightfall, slumber, that last solace of the wretched, fortunately steeped for a time in oblivion the woes of the child; but no such relief visited the sad eyes of the bereaved wife and sister. Seated together, they watched by the bedside of their charge, on whose face the sweet smiles of pleasant dreams were already playing. Struck by the unwonted sight, his mother's mind reverted to those days, always so precious to a mother's heart, when she held upon her knees her eldest born. "He is just the age of his brother who died at Meudon," cried she. "But happy are those of our family who have gone before! They are spared the misery of the survivors." When, in the morning, Marie Antoinette sought to impress more strongly

upon her son's soul the necessity of placing all his hopes in God, the poor child answered, "Mamma, I have tried my best to think of the good God: but whenever I call up a thought of Him, the image of my father is always present before me."

After her husband's death, the queen, fearful of a renewal of the insults to which she had been hitherto subjected, or, more terrible still, of a rencontre with some of those stern guards whom she had beheld leading forth the king to the hall of judgment, had confined herself entirely to her chamber. There, surrounded by her children, and in the necessary cares which their situation imposed, she spent her days. The Commissaries of the Commune were constantly in attendance; and among their number it was not an unusual thing to find men who, at heart, were not ill-disposed towards their prisoners. One of these, M. Lepitre, had, on the 7th of February, presented secretly to the queen a copy of verses appropriate to her circumstances. Three weeks after, when, on the 1st of March, he resumed his charge, he was astonished to listen to his own words, arranged to music by Madame Cléry, and sung by the Dauphin, while the Princess Royal accompanied him on the harpsichord. The words of this song, it may be premised, are supposed to be spoken by the young prince.

"LA PIÉTÉ FILIALE.

"Et quoi! tu pleures, ô ma mère!

Dans tes regards fixés sur moi

Se peignent l'amour et l'effroi :

J'y vois ton âme tout entière.

Des maux que ton fils a soufferts

Pourquoi te retracer l'image?

Puisque ma mère les partage

Puis-je me plaindre de mes fers?

"Des fers! ô Louis! ton courage

Les ennoblit en les portant.

Ton fils n'a plus, en cet instant,

Que tes vertus pour héritage.

Trône, palais, pouvoir, grandeur,

Tout a fui pour moi sur la terre;

Mais je suis auprès de ma mère,
Je connais encor le bonheur.

“ Un jour, peut-être, l'espérance
Doit être permise au malheur ;
Un jour, en faisant son bonheur,
Je me vengerai de la France !
Un Dieu favorable à ton fils,
Bientôt calmera la tempête :
L'orage qui courbe leur tête
Ne détruira jamais les lis.

“ Helas ! si du poids de nos chaines
Le ciel daigne nous affranchir,
Nos cœurs doubleront le plaisir,
Par le souvenir de nos peines.
Ton fils, plus heureux qu'aujourd'hui,
Saura, dissipant tes alarmes,
Effacer la trace des larmes
Qu'en ces lieux tu verses pour lui ! ”

The prince's voice had not much compass, but its intonation was very good ; and in the occasional relaxation afforded by its exercise, and in the cultivation of the other mental and moral endowments of the two children committed by God to their charge, the queen and Madame Elizabeth found their only solace. Nor is it going too far to say, that, in more than one instance, these faithful women preferred to leave their own lives in the hands of their enemies, rather than abandon the custody of their tender pupils. It was about this period that Toulan, one of the commissaries on duty, a hot republican, but touched with pity at the moving scenes daily enacted before his eyes, formed a plan for the escape of the queen and Madame Elizabeth. By the aid of M. de Jarjayes, a faithful but concealed servant of the crown, a plot was arranged so skilfully that there seems little room to doubt that Marie Antoinette in a few short hours might have disappeared, not only from the Temple, but from the soil of France. But at the eleventh hour, the sight of her son, from whom she was about to be separated, perhaps for ever, recalled her mind to other reflections, and she refused to depart. “ I will remain here, where there can be nothing worse than danger,” said

she: "better death than remorse." The note which she found means, through Toulan, to transmit to M. de Jarjayes, is one of the most interesting memorials of her imprisonment that the care of M. Chauveau-Lagarde has given us.

"Nous avons fait un beau rêve. Voilà tout. Mais nous y avons beaucoup gagné, en trouvant, dans cette occasion, une nouvelle preuve de votre entier dévouement pour moi. Ma confiance en vous est sans bornes. Vous trouverez toujours en moi du caractère et du courage; mais l'intérêt de mon fils est le seul qui me guide. Quelque bonheur que j'eusse éprouvé à être hors d'ici, je ne peux consentir à me séparer de lui. Je ne pourrais jouir de rien sans mes enfants, et cette idée ne me laisse pas même un regret."

But the hour was rapidly approaching when she was to be parted for ever from her son, as she had been from her husband. The rage and jealousy of the actual rulers of France, turning from the corpse of Louis, hesitated for a while which of the survivors to strike next. The avowal of their design by the royalists to elevate Louis XVII., by force of arms, if necessary, to the throne, certainly rendered it natural enough for the Convention to keep a watchful eye upon their prisoner. Various occurrences in Paris itself kept this feeling alive. There is an old volume of prophecies, such as were at one time very popular in Europe, entitled "*Mirabilis Liber, qui prophetias revolutionesque, necnon res mirandas preteritas, presentes, ac futuras, aperte demonstrat*," the authorship of which is variously attributed to St. Césaire, Bishop of Arles, who died A. D. 544, and to Jacques de Nostre-Dame, father of the celebrated Michael Nostredamus, whose predictions and prophecies have long been a theme of popular marvel the world over. Between the years 1498 and 1524, there appear to have been no less than six or eight editions of this *Liber Mirabilis*; so there is no room to suppose it to have been an imposture, trumped up for the occasion, in 1793. Some unlucky *bibliophile* was so imprudent as to call the attention of the public to this passage in the volume, which certainly is curious enough: *Juvenis captivatus qui recuperabit coronam lili, spake the seer, fundatus, destruet filios Bruti*. "The young captive who will recover the crown of the lily, being reëstablished, shall destroy the sons of Brutus." Vague as this language

was, it was sufficient to provoke the proscription of the book and the arrest of its possessors. Van Praët, who seems to have been the original cause of its unexpected notoriety, was obliged to conceal himself from the police until the excitement died away. The records of the period, however, furnish other and more melancholy instances of the dangers that surrounded the partisans of the young king. The *Courrier Français* of April 30th, 1793, mentions the execution of a dentist named Boucher, condemned for having cried, *Vive Louis XVII. ! au diable la République !*

Indeed, every day made the situation of the royal family and their friends more dangerous. The flight of Dumouriez, the execution of his colleagues, Generals Miasinsky and Devaux, the fall of the Girondins, all seemed to tend to the complete triumph of the Mountain, and the consummation of its designs. A new project of escape from the Temple was then set on foot, and it was now intended to embrace all of the captives. The life and soul of this conspiracy was no other than our old acquaintance, the Baron de Batz. With him was joined one of the members of the municipality, charged with the *surveillance* of the Temple, by the name of Michonis.

It is a marvel how De Batz managed to preserve his incognito so successfully in the very heart of the hostile camp. At this epoch, however, he was lodging at the house of one Cortey, a grocer, a man noted throughout Paris for extreme opinions and republican zeal. By means of a golden key, most probably, De Batz not only found a secure resting-place in his dwelling, but gained a knowledge of many of the most secret plans of the government, betrayed to him by his venal host; and he did not even hesitate to communicate to him all the details of his proposed conspiracy, in which Cortey himself was soon inveigled to take a decided share. In time, it became the latter's turn to assume the command of the guard at the Temple. His company, consisting of thirty men, he managed to constitute in such a manner that its members were all prepared to assist in the proposed enterprise. Among them De Batz himself, under the assumed name of Forget, was present. The plan was to smuggle into the royal apartments,

by the intervention of Michonis, equipments similar to those worn by the guard. In these the ladies were to be attired, and, mixing with the soldiery, to depart with them from their prison. The sentries on guard were prepared to see nothing, while Louis XVII., wrapped in a large cloak, was to endeavor to pass unobserved in the midst of the troop. Of course, all this was to take place under cover of the night. Michonis, whose turn it was to watch the royal chamber, was to help the prisoners out of their dungeon, while Cortey, in his capacity of commandant, was to secure their passage through the outer gates. Once in the street, their safety was assured. The patrol in the vicinity was even prepared to suffer the carriages in waiting to pass without interruption.

The eventful night arrived. It was already nearly midnight, and all seemed to go well. For some time Michonis had been left alone on duty in the prisoners' apartment. Four of his colleagues were sitting tranquilly in the council-chamber, and Simon, the sixth and most to be dreaded, had been absent from the Temple for more than an hour. In half an hour the guard was to be changed, and in the ranks of the retiring company the captives were to escape. Suddenly, with hasty steps and loud exclamations, Simon, who seemed born for the destruction of Louis XVII., entered the room. His first words were to command the appearance of all who were on duty. "It is lucky that I see you here," he exclaimed to Cortey; "without your presence, I should have felt ill enough at ease!" He then exhibited an order from the Council that Michonis should surrender his duties on the moment, and immediately present himself before the Commune. With apparent readiness and tranquillity, Michonis at once obeyed the command. In the first court of the building, he encountered Cortey. "What on earth is the matter?" "Make yourself easy," replied the grocer; "Forget is gone."

In fact, the presence of mind of De Batz's landlord had saved his life. The instant that Simon had turned his back on the guards, in order to ascertain the presence of the prisoners, Cortey, on some frivolous pretence, hurried a patrol of eight men into the street, of whom but seven returned. The whole thing was managed so quietly and naturally, that no

one, not even Simon himself, suspected that in that single instant the most dangerous and active conspirator in France had slipped through his fingers.

Who it was that betrayed the plot is still a mystery. The only clew we have to the cause of Simon's suspicions (for, after all, they probably amounted to nothing more) lies in the fact, that, about 9 P. M. that night, a gendarme had picked up near the Temple a note without signature or address, and containing only this language: "Michonis will betray you this night; be on your guard!" Placed in Simon's hands, the latter carried it at once to the Council, and procured the order to which we have referred. But nothing further was discovered at the time: Michonis was shrewdly questioned, but was at last discharged. Simon, disappointed in the result of his accusations, carried his complaints to Robespierre, his patron, and ere long the result of their common machinations was made manifest.

On the 1st of July, 1793, the Committee of Public Safety ordered that "the son of Capet should be separated from his mother, and placed under the control of a guardian, to be chosen by the General Council of the Commune." This measure, sanctioned by the Convention, was carried into execution, July 3d, under circumstances of the greatest barbarity. At ten o'clock at night, as the queen and her sister were seated by the bedside of the slumbering boy, occupied in mending the garments of the family, and the young Maria Theresa, placed between them, was reading aloud, a violent clamor arose at the door. Six municipals at once boisterously entered, and without prelude communicated their order to take away the child. These tidings, totally unexpected, caused the utmost anguish and surprise to the unhappy family. With tears, with prayers, they implored at least a small respite. The Dauphin himself, awakened by the tumult, clung trembling to his mother's bosom, and besought her not to leave him. All was in vain. Violence had already been unsuccessfully offered, when the commissaries, annoyed but unmoved at the resistance they experienced, summoned up a turnkey to separate by main force the child from its mother. At length they succeeded; the poor infant was dressed and

prepared to be removed. Ignorant of his destiny, ignorant even whether they should ever be permitted to see or hear each other again, (for the commissaries, fit executors of such a decree, refused the least answer to her queries,) the mother and queen summoned up all her energies. Her tears ceased to flow; not a sob interrupted her parting words to her son. "My child, we are about to be separated from each other. Be mindful of your duties when I am no longer at your side to recall them to you. Never forget the God who has tried, nor the mother that loves, you. Be wise, patient, and good, and your father's soul in heaven will bless you." Still the poor child clung to her knees, and refused to be taken away, till with harsh words he was dragged violently from the chamber, and the door closed between them for ever.

Escorted by the turnkey and the six commissaries, Louis XVII. was conveyed to that part of the Temple formerly occupied by his father, where, in a half-lighted room, he was left alone with a man of rude appearance and forbidding manners. Antoine Simon was robust and somewhat above the usual height, squarely built, with a swarthy complexion, and wild, dark locks. He was a native of the city of Troyes, and was at this time not far from sixty years of age; his wife, a short, corpulent, coarse creature, was not unworthy of such a mate. It was through the intervention of his patrons, Marat and Robespierre, that his present office, with a salary of five hundred francs a month, was conferred upon Simon: but at the same time, the General Council of the Commune annexed to it the rigorous conditions, that, by day or by night, he should not for a moment lose sight of his prisoner, or on any pretext whatever quit the Tower of the Temple in which the latter was confined. Then, to endure for a period of six months, commenced the most odious and disgusting persecution that is recorded in the history of modern times. There can be no doubt of the object for which a brutal shoemaker was chosen to be the sole guardian and instructor of the only son of the last king of France; it was his complete degradation, mental, moral, and physical. If the child fell under the weight of his new burdens, and yielded up his puny life, so much the better. But if, contrary to their wishes and anticipations, he

should survive, it should be only as an idiot or a madman. To this end all the energies of his keeper were devoted. By day and night, the sound of his clamorous oaths, his drunken orgies, and his harsh blows upon the trembling flesh of his shrinking charge, echoed through the Tower. Louis XVII. had been educated by his parents with an aversion to all intoxicating drinks, equalled only by a purity of language and innocence of ideas remarkable even in a child. One of the earliest tasks of Simon was to force him, even by blows, into a state of drunkenness, and to compel him to repeat and sing the most loathsome and obscene words and songs. All knowledge of their mutual fate was carefully kept from the prince and the rest of the royal family. To his dying hour, Louis had never been told of the execution of his mother, but believed her still locked up in the chamber whence he had been torn from her bosom.

All the world is acquainted with the story of the trial of Marie Antoinette. Though her death was a foregone conclusion, it was considered necessary by her murderers to preserve some appearance of legal forms in the process of her conviction. Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, informed the Convention, on the 5th of October, 1793, that he possessed not a tittle of evidence upon which to base the least charge against her. Being as thirsty for the blood of "the Austrian she-wolf" (as the queen was now styled) as the most ferocious *sans-culotte* in the Hall of the Jacobins, this unscrupulous man resorted to a scheme unparalleled, let us hope, in the annals of crime. On the 6th of October, by the means of his keeper, Louis was made intoxicated at an early hour. A committee to take his deposition was introduced; a series of questions, prepared by a scoundrel named Daujon, the import of which was plainly unknown to the prisoner, were addressed to him, which he was forced to answer "Yes" or "No," as he was bade, and to subscribe as his persecutors commanded. To the nature of this paper, we will not even allude. When, on her trial, it was produced and read against the queen, shame, decency, and indignation sealed her mouth. But when the prosecution adverted to the fact of her silence, and sought therefrom to infer her admission of the truth of the monstrous

crimes with which she was therein charged, she glanced like an angry lioness at her judges. "If I did not answer," she exclaimed, "it was because Nature refuses to reply to such an accusation: I summon as a witness every mother in this hall!" Condemned and sentenced, almost her last moments were passed in writing to Madame Elizabeth, adjuring her not to cherish any feelings of unkindness towards her son for the horrible falsehoods to which he had so unwittingly put his name. Dragged to the place of public execution, she maintained in every gesture, in every look, the dignity of the daughter of Maria Theresa of Hungary. The "constitutional priest" in attendance sought to use the usual forms of speech employed on such occasions. "Your death will expiate—" "Many faults, sir," interrupted the queen, "but not a single crime." And when he bade her summon up her courage, "Ah," she answered, "I have served for too many years a hard apprenticeship, to believe that my courage will fail just at the moment when my sufferings are to end." Her hands ignominiously and painfully bound, her beautiful tresses, once the pride of the two mightiest courts of the Continent, now white with sorrows and shorn by the hangman's shears, she was still every inch a queen. Once only did her firmness give way. As the procession passed through the *Rue Saint-Honoré*, an infant, raised aloft in its mother's arms, merrily nodded its head at her, and, in child fashion, blew kisses to her from its baby hand. At this scene, the queen burst into tears. Kneeling on the place where her husband had died before her, she gazed for one instant upon the palace of the Tuileries, then murmured fervently her dying prayers. A moment more, and her "gray, discrowned head" rolled upon the scaffold.

After his mother's death, which was studiously concealed from him, Louis continued to undergo the same iniquitous treatment from Simon as before. When in a good humor, this monster would entertain himself by teaching the child to curse and swear, to smoke tobacco, to sing obscene songs, or to get drunk upon brandy or fiery wines. But when, as was more frequently the case, he was angry or intoxicated, only blows and kicks marked his notice of the child. Once Simon detected him saying his prayers, as he knelt in his couch.

Stealing slyly behind him, he inundated the bed and child with a pail of cold water. Then, with blows and jeers, he compelled him to lie down again, and sob through the winter's night as best he could. To obey the commands of his gaolers without hesitation, and tamely to perform the menial duties of the apartment, even to blacking the shoes of Simon and his wife, was all the education that the French Republic could afford to Louis XVII. To learn to read and write was not among the objects for which he had been incarcerated.

At last, his health gave way, and his strength was no longer sufficient to perform the servile tasks to which he had become accustomed. Simon also was discontented with the enforced confinement of his post. Under these circumstances, it was determined to effect a change. It was decreed that Simon should be permitted to surrender his charge, and that no successor should be appointed. Accordingly, on the 19th of January, 1794, this wretch, in company with his wife, after formally bestowing his parting curse upon his prisoner, finally left him and the Tower that had so long been the uncomplaining victim and the silent witness of his sin.

The Council did not attempt to find a successor to Simon. They had hit upon a plan far better calculated to accomplish their malevolent designs. On the 21st of January, 1794, — the anniversary of the day of his father's death, — Louis was formally subjected to solitary imprisonment for the remainder of his fading life. His cell was the chamber formerly occupied by Cléry. The entrance was from an antechamber, through a low, small door, breast-high, heavily bolted and locked, with a wicket of stout iron bars, secured by an enormous padlock, through which was thrust his daily food. The air of heaven never penetrated his gloomy dungeon. The light of day faintly made its way through the barred windows over the dense skylight. Fire and lights were never allowed to the prisoner. The pipe of a stove in the antechamber, passing through his cell, furnished all the warmth it ever received; the reflection of a lantern through the wicket of the door was the only ray that cheered its gloom. The occasional glimpse of his keeper's face was the only aspect of humanity that greeted his eyes.

Outside of his prison, events were succeeding each other in such startling and awful rapidity, as for a season to withdraw public attention from his condition. On the 24th of March, Hébert and eighteen of his companions were sent to the guillotine by their brother assassins. On the 16th of April, Danton and fourteen of his leading partisans succeeded them. Dillon, and a score more of the spirits that had hitherto exercised such a controlling influence over the lives and liberties of others, had already paid the penalty of their crimes. The universal offence alleged against all was the design to restore the monarchy. Then commenced the Reign of Terror. Blood flowed like water among "the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France," and thousands of her children fell before the all-devouring axe. Young men and maidens, gray heads tottering to the grave, fair young children, innocent even of the comprehension of the allegations under which they died, all were swept along in one indiscriminate slaughter. The dogs of Paris literally fed upon the streams of human blood that ran in its kennels. In contemplating this hideous picture, however, one is struck with its constant exhibitions of retributive justice. The tyrant of to-day is the victim of to-morrow. In the language of Madame de Staël, a progressive gulf yawned behind each leader of the people; the instant that he halted or took a step backwards, he was swallowed up. Among the thousands who were slain as royalists, there was a large proportion of men to whom royalism should never have been attributed; men whose hands were steeped in the life-blood of the king and the queen, and whose arms were wearied with slaying the adherents of the exiled house. On the 9th of May, 1794, about seven o'clock in the evening, (it will be noticed how careful was the Convention to make even the hours of the day subservient to its barbarity, by selecting the most unusual times for dragging its victims to the altar,) Madame Elizabeth was taken from her prison. No satisfaction was given her, by those who separated her from her niece, as to the fate destined for either of them. Commending the child to the care of the Almighty, the princess departed. With twenty-four others, many of them of her own sex, and all, we believe, royalists, she was sent to the guillotine. The records

of the time tell how, as each rose to go to execution, he or she made a profound obeisance to the sister of their late sovereign. At the last, her own turn came, and her sufferings found their end.

In his silent, dark dungeon, Louis XVII. knew nothing of all this. Of the death of his mother he was still kept profoundly ignorant. He heard not the shouts of the mob that led his aunt to her death, nor the yells that greeted that famous *cortège* of the 17th of June, 1794, when Robespierre and Fouquier-Tinville condemned to death *par amalgame et en masse*, to use their own phrase, almost every suspected royalist of note that they could lay their hands upon. Nothing transpired to break the cruel monotony of his afflictions. No books, no useful or idle toys or employments to wile away his time, were permitted him. His sole occupation was to make up, as best he might, the straw bed from which he rose in the morning, and to remove from the wicket the daily pittance of food provided him. His allowance consisted of a miserable sort of coarse broth, of which he received a scanty quantity twice a day, a piece of bread, a slice of meat, and a jug of water. No one entered his apartment to inquire into his wants. The Commissary charged by the Commune to visit the Temple, and report the presence of the prisoner, would come to his wicket and satisfy himself in silence, or, if he spoke at all, it would only be to pour obscene imprecations upon that youthful head. Other persons, even the turnkey who carried to and fro the coarse earthen-ware vessels that contained his food, were forbidden under pain of death to have any conversation with the captive.

The condition into which Louis XVII. fell, under these circumstances, was truly horrible. His already debilitated frame soon found itself unable to bear up against the new tortures to which it was subjected, and it sank beneath the load. Erelong, sickness laid its cold hand upon him; his strength began to fail; even the task of cleansing his chamber, and of arranging the garments upon his person or his bed, was not always within the compass of his feeble powers. Oftentimes, burning with fever, he would lie stretched upon the couch from which he had not vigor to rise, his lips

parched with thirst, his eyes vainly fixed upon the water-jug placed at the wicket. Oftentimes, in the attempt to drag his trembling limbs to procure the food or drink for which he had languished for hours, he would fall senseless upon the cold floor. Day by day, his body was succumbing beneath the strokes that, constant and heavy, fell upon it; day by day, alas! his mind was giving way beneath the weight of this unnatural, inhuman solitude. He no longer sought to contend with the rats and the mice that played fearlessly upon his bed, and ravished his food from his very hands. Odious vermin increased in his filthy chamber: great black spiders crawled unheeded over his person. "Every thing is alive in that room," said Caron, the cook, who brought his food; every thing but perhaps the only human being it contained; he possessed there but a brute existence. His body had not been washed for months, his clothes and his bed-linen were in the same foul state. If ever it has happened to a man, ere yet the soul hath left the body, to taste of all the horrors of the grave and the loathsomeness of decay,—to say unto corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister,—such was the lot of this royal child.

But a term was drawing nigh to the tyranny of Robespierre. On the 27th of July, 1794, Barras, appointed commander of the armed force which had on the evening before repulsed Henriot and the supporters of Robespierre, visited in form the different posts of the city. At the Temple, he paused to double the guards, and to recommend the strictest fidelity in their duty. It was then and there that he selected Laurent, a native of St. Domingo and a member of the Revolutionary Committee of the Section of the Temple, to be the special guardian of the children of the late king. Aged but about thirty-five years, Laurent was not at heart a bad man. His republican zeal, it is true, was too apt to blind him to the existence of a single good quality in one not of his own way of thinking; but his manners were good, his understanding far from feeble, and in the main, he was infinitely superior to most of his associates. But this same 27th of July—known in history as the 10th Thermidor—

was signalized by events far more startling than the mere changing or doubling of the keepers of the Temple. It was on this day that Robespierre, Couthon, Henriot, and St. Just, with many other minor celebrities, were hurried to their doom amid the hootings and execrations of that very populace by whom they had been so lately adored. Among their names appears that of Antoine Simon: this infamous ruffian, clothed in the identical *carmagnole* in which he had so often appeared at the Temple, survived the commission of his barbarities only long enough to behold the man that raised him from his native muck-heap as powerless to defend himself as he was to protect his supporters. As the fatal car slowly wound its way through the throng that surrounded it, a man decently clad burst through the crowd. Seizing hold of the car, he contemplated for some moments and in silence the hideous spectacle of Robespierre, covered with dirt and with blood, his jawbone broken in the ineffectual attempt at suicide, and one eye hanging from its socket. He uttered no reproaches to the culprit, but in solemn, calm tones repeated these words, fraught with terrible meaning to the guilty soul so soon to appear before its offended Master, — “*Oui, il est un Dieu!*”

Thus, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, justly perished Maximilian Robespierre. Danton and Marat had preceded him. It is a curious circumstance, that so many of the most important victims of the French Revolution were persons young in years, though old in suffering or in sin. Madame Elizabeth was but thirty years of age when she was slain; Marie Antoinette but thirty-eight; Louis XVI. himself but thirty-nine. How short their span of life would have appeared, had its confines been known at the commencement of their career! how long, ere they reached its close!

Let us return to the Tower. The first duties of Laurent, on entering upon his office, were to visit his youthful charge: and the effect produced upon his mind by the condition in which he found the prisoner and his dungeon was overpowering. He at once demanded of his masters an official inquest into the case. On the 31st of July, a deputation from the Committee of Public Safety visited the Temple. Through

the wicket, they called upon their captive. He made no reply. They then ordered the wicket to be opened. A workman forced away the bars, and ere long the keys arrived and the door was unfastened. With strong disgust they entered the filthy cell, reeking with putridity. There, crouched on a bed of dirty rags, they discovered a child of scarcely nine years of age, scantily clad in foul, tattered raiment, his face wan and pale with misery, his shoulders and head bowed down towards his breast, his discolored lips and his wrinkled cheeks giving still greater prominence to his wan, lustreless eyes, sunk deep in their hollow sockets, and every ray of animation or intelligence banished from his countenance. His head and his neck were covered with purulent sores; his legs, thighs, and arms, crooked and meagre, were unnaturally long at the expense of his body; his wrists and knees were swollen with discolored tumors; his feet and hands, with nails as hard as horn and long as talons, no longer resembled those of a human being. Every thing that pertained to his person bore the seal of squalor and degradation.

For the first time, Louis had fallen into the hands of a keeper who was disposed to exercise some degree of humanity. Laurent caused him to be conveyed to another chamber, whilst this one should be purified and measures taken to procure a better ventilation. "Why do you take so much trouble with me?" murmured the child; "I have but one wish, and that is to die." The aid of the physician and the nurse was invoked to cleanse his body from its disgusting parasites, but the touch of the comb or of the finger applying unguents was too painful to be endured. Another circumstance evinces the humanity of Laurent's feelings. Since the days of Simon, the child had been called by no other name than Capet, a name which certainly did not belong to him, and which could only serve to induce ill-will: his new guardian, from the first, addressed him as M. Charles, and this form was thenceforth generally followed. Still, it must not be supposed that Laurent's ability to serve his charge extended beyond the mere increase of his personal comforts. Occasionally, it is true, as a great favor, he was allowed to take him for a short time in the evening to walk upon the platform of

the Tower. There he once or twice discerned a few scattered weeds growing from the soil lodged in the interstices of the walls; with eager, trembling hands he culled their yellow blossoms, and, mindful of his early hours at Versailles, sought to form a little nosegay for his mother. On descending the staircase, in lieu of proceeding, as usual, to his own room, he hurried to the closed door of the chamber in which he believed the queen to be still confined; Laurent had not the heart to tell him of her fate, and the child was led back to his own room. These little courtesies of their agent were hardly known to the Committee of Safety: it was sufficient for them, however, that the prisoner still survived, for until he should cease to exist, they knew he would be a nucleus and a rallying-point for the most dangerous part of the royalist faction,—who, remaining in France with professions of democracy on their lips, were at heart, either from principle or feeling, devoted to a monarchical government. The prince was therefore kept as carefully immured as ever; only his downward path to the grave was no longer strewn so thickly with briers and thorns.

Wearied out with the incessant fatigue of his novel duties, Laurent ere long applied for an assistant; and on the 8th of November, 1794, through the unsuspected intrigues of the Marquis de Fenouil, M. Gomin, a loyalist at heart, though a man of a character too weak to be aught else to the outside world than a good republican, was appointed to the post. Gomin and Laurent were thus enabled often to relieve each other in their duties, and, under their care, every thing in their power was done to promote the prince's comfort. Once Gomin managed to smuggle to him four little pots of flowers in full bloom; once,—on the 25th of January, 1795,—so violent a storm of wind and rain prevailing as to drive the smoke down the chimneys of the upper rooms and make the atmosphere in the chamber of Louis XVII. almost unbearable, it was agreed by his guardians and the other commissaries, for their own comfort, to bring the little prince down stairs to dine with them all in the council-chamber of the Temple. It is true, that on this occasion, as on many others when members of the Convention visited him in their official

capacity, he was subjected to reproaches and brutal language on account of his origin and his resemblance to his mother, as well as for the unconquerable aversion he ever testified to the songs and toasts in which he was commanded to join, and of which, of course, the burden was the wickedness of his father and the impurity of his mother; but, nevertheless, the change was intended by Gomin as a relaxation.

In the Convention, however, the death of the son of Louis XVI. was resolved upon. Spain, Sardinia, Tuscany, in vain made fruitless efforts for his release, and that of his sister. The tribune resounded with the fiercest invectives against him; and it is only a wonder that he was not despatched as had been his parents and aunt. Nothing, probably, but a perfect conviction that a few months more passed in his rigorous confinement would inevitably bring him to his bier, prevented the leaders of the Convention from taking this atrocious step. When, on the 23d of March, Collot paid him a visit of inspection, he turned about to his comrades, after a minute examination of the physical state of the boy, and coolly observed that he had not two months longer to live. Laurent and Gomin, shocked at such a speech made in the hearing of its subject, endeavored to turn aside its meaning. "I repeat," said Collot, "that within two months this lad will be an idiot, if he be not a corpse!" A bitter smile played upon the child's lips, and his eyes filled with tears; turning to Gomin, he only remarked, "And yet I have never done any injury to a single person." A few days after this, March 31st, 1795, Laurent retired from his office, and Etienne Lasne, an ancient member of the National Guard, was appointed in his place. Fortune again befriended the captive in giving him a gaoler who at least would treat him like a human being. Lasne was not a stranger to the Dauphin's person; he had often, when on guard at the Tuileries, beheld the royal infant sporting on the terrace or playing in his little garden. Fortunately, this man, as well as Gomin, survived to our own days,—the former dying only in 1841, and the latter about the same date,—and we are enabled to rely upon their testimony as upon that of eyewitnesses.

"On entering the chamber," said Lasne, "I recognized his

Majesty instantly: his head was not changed; it was marked by the same beauty that had always distinguished it: but his complexion was pale and sallow, his chest narrow, his arms and legs long and thin, and huge swellings disfigured his right knee and his left wrist." From that time, while Gomin attended more particularly to Madame Royale, Lasne devoted himself, less as a gaoler than as a servant, to the Dauphin. He caused the bed furniture to be removed and cleansed; he sought to divert the loneliness of the Tower with music. Gomin was but an indifferent performer, but he produced his old violin, and gayly played an accompaniment to his comrade's songs. One of the chief favorites with the prince was the ballad supposed to be sung by the faithful Blondel to his captive lord, in the then popular opera of Richard Cœur-de-Lion:—

" O Richard, ô mon Roi,
L'univers t'abandonne."

At other times, Lasne would turn the conversation to the scenes of earlier and happy days. They spoke of the little regiment called the Royal Dauphin, in whose manœuvres the prince formerly so much delighted, and of the box of dominos, beautifully carved from the ruins of the Bastille, which, on the 21st of May, 1791, his fellow-soldiers presented to their youthful colonel. On the back of each piece was engraved a letter in gold, so that, arranged together, the whole presented the words: *Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine et M. le Dauphin!* The case was made of a single piece of marble, and on its lid appeared this quatrain:—

" De ces affreux cachots, la terreur des Français,
Vous voyez les débris transformés en hochets;
Puissent-ils, en servant aux jeux de votre enfance,
Du peuple vous prouver l'amour et la puissance!"

Poor child! he had been since taught bitterly how great was the power of the people; but as for their love, the less said on that subject the better. By such souvenirs of the past, an occasional smile was brought to the languid lips of the dying boy; but nothing could now serve permanently to dispel the gloom that had settled on his soul, and those lips

were soon to be sealed for evermore. Lasne and Gomin had not ceased for several days to apprise the government of the failing strength of their charge, but no attention was paid to their reports. At last, when they declared that there was every probability of his dying on their hands, M. Desault, a distinguished physician, was, on the 6th of May, 1795, authorized to visit him professionally. The only means which, to this practitioner, appeared at all likely to produce even a temporary improvement in his patient's health, were to transport him forthwith to some retired, tranquil spot in the country. This proposition was held inadmissible by government, and all that remained was to pursue a course of treatment which could do neither good nor harm, beyond perhaps relieving for a few short hours his sufferings. His sister, and his ancient tutor, M. Hue, were both apprised of his state; but their urgent applications to be with him and to assist him were obstinately denied. Desault, however, continued to attend him faithfully and daily, although he was not permitted to follow any procedure in his treatment inconsistent with the closest confinement. It was about this time that a commissary, named Bellanger, took an opportunity of sketching a portrait of Louis XVII., an engraving from which ornaments M. Beauchesne's volumes. Shortly after his death, the likeness was reproduced by Beaumont, and, twenty years after, by the royal factory of porcelain at Sèvres.

At this crisis happened an event which so many of the pretended Dauphins have made the groundwork of their fables. On the 1st of June, M. Desault died suddenly at his residence. The cause of his death was a very natural one; yet rumor and scandal have delighted to whisper, that, having administered a slow poison to the prisoner in the Temple, he was poisoned himself by those who had commanded the crime. To refute such a ridiculous story would be running a tilt at a windmill. But one thing remains certain. Desault had formerly attended the royal family and was familiar with the children; and he not only recognized the Dauphin on his first introduction into the Tower, but never, to his dying moments, entertained the least suspicion that the person whom he was attending was not the veritable son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

In consequence, however, of Desault's demise, M. Pelletan, the most distinguished surgeon in Paris, was charged, June 5th, with his late duties. All that this gentleman could effect, however, was the removal of the child, now scarcely able to move his limbs without assistance, into a better chamber. Pelletan continued the mild prescriptions of his predecessor, and doubtless wisely. From day to day, they saw the oil gradually exhausted from the lamp of life, and the flame burning dimmer and dimmer. The long, lonely nights,—for from 8 P. M. to 8 A. M. no one was allowed to be with him,—more than any thing else, depressed the spirits of the patient. “Always alone,” he sobbed, “always alone; my mother is locked up in the other tower.” Gomin turned the discourse on the misfortunes of others. Naming a commissary who had made himself particularly obnoxious to the prince, he mentioned that he was now in prison and in danger of his life. “I am very sorry for him,” was the reply, “he is so much more unhappy than I; he has *deserved* his misfortunes.”

The 8th of June, 1795, arrived, the last day of his life. The bulletins of the physicians during the morning announced that there was no reason to expect that he would survive the day. Towards afternoon, he appeared to be quietly sinking into the arms of death. Gomin knelt by his side, and poured forth his sympathizing soul in long and silent prayer. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips. When Gomin raised his face, he found his hand still closely pressed in its fond embrace; but on the face of the Dauphin there rested an air of such celestial beatitude, his features so rapt in immovable attention, that for a moment he hesitated to speak. At length he whispered, “You do not any longer suffer so much pain?” “O yes, I suffer still; but I do not mind it so much, the music is so lovely!” There had been no music either in the Temple or its neighborhood; not a sound had disturbed the repose of the lonely, sequestered chamber in that summer noontide. With a sudden convulsive movement, the boy raised himself up on his fevered hands, his large blue eyes expanded to their utmost limits and sparkling with ecstasy. Gomin, scarce daring to breathe, gazed wonderingly at the

spectacle. After some moments of absorbed attention, the child again trembled all over with emotion; his eyes fairly danced with delight, and in accents of unbounded transport he cried out, "*Au milieu de toutes les voix, j'ai reconnu celle de ma mère!*" Lasne entered to relieve Gomin. The prince lay absorbed in thought. "Do you think my sister could have heard the music?" whispered he; then, suddenly beckoning Lasne's ear down to his lips, he added, "I have one thing to tell you —." These were his last words. At a quarter past two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the 8th of June, 1795, the heart of Louis XVII. ceased to beat.

Between the dates of his death and burial, many members of the government and the Committee of Public Safety came and examined the corpse, to verify the fact. On the 9th of June, a *post-mortem* examination was made by Dumangin, Pelletan, Jeanroy, and Lassus (the most distinguished of the Parisian faculty), by order of the Convention. They reported carefully all the symptoms which characterized the case, and pronounced the death of the child to have been caused by a long-seated scrofulous disorder. But their phraseology is in one place so ambiguous, as to demand a moment's attention. "We examined," say they, "the corpse of a child apparently about ten years of age, which the commissaries informed us was that of the son of the late Louis Capet, and which two of us (Dumangin and Pelletan) recognized as that of the child whom we had attended for some days." On this point, the argument that Louis did not really expire at the time and place above mentioned has frequently been made to rest. The physicians, it is urged, would else have plainly stated the body to be his, without all this circumlocution. We frankly admit, that, under ordinary circumstances, such a beating about the bush in the statement of a simple fact would look suspicious; but we must remember that, in those days, it was as much as a man's neck was worth to make any positive assertions on this subject. Suppose the surgeons had simply avowed their knowledge that the corpse was that of the Dauphin. The next question might have been, How did they know it? The inference that they must have had secret inter-

views with him through his confinement might have brought their heads to the guillotine. What was the construction put on their language at the time, by the Convention, by the Royalists, by the Republicans, by all the foreign powers? Without exception, they all believed it to signify nothing short of the death of the young Louis. The connection of M. Lassus with the royal family of France, and of M. Jeanroy with the house of Lorraine, certainly leaves no room for doubt, that, if they had entertained any suspicions of the identity of the corpse, they would, when succeeding times had made it perfectly safe for them to do so, have communicated their sentiments to persons so nearly interested in the truth. Still further, MM. Dumangin and Pelletan were men of the first reputation; they both survived till after the Restoration; they had both attended the prince in his last sickness, and had minutely observed his conduct and appearance; and neither of them, throughout his career, entertained or expressed the least notion that their patient had been any other than Louis XVII. In performing the autopsy, Pelletan had secreted and carried away the child's heart, and Dumangin saw him do it; and twenty years after, the one avowed the fact, and the other his complicity. These things show conclusively, that nothing can be deduced from the report of the physicians in support of the pretensions of the tribe of pseudo-Dauphins.

Our narrative respecting Louis XVII. is now drawing to a close. The "last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history," alone remains to be told. The tidings of the death in the Temple had spread far and wide; everybody in Paris had the news, save only the sister of the dead child, the sole survivor of his family. Whilst his corpse was hurried, under cover of the night, to its nameless grave, this fair young girl in dreams, perchance, beheld herself united to the brother whose last words had borne her name to the father, to the mother, and the scarcely less beloved aunt, whom she still believed to be alive. Whatever sympathy the fate of her brother excited, there was but little manifestation of it. A solitary woman, with a bunch of faded flowers in her hands, weeping, sought the gates of the Temple, and entreated permission to place upon his bier the blossoms the prince had

given her when he made her sit down, years before, in his little garden at the Tuileries. She was driven away.* On the 10th of June, after darkness had fallen upon the city, a small *cortège* escorted the mean coffin which contained his remains to the burial-ground of the church of Sainte-Marguerite; there, in an unknown grave, was inhumed the corpse of the boy-king. His earthly crown had been but one of thorns; let us believe that, among the just made perfect, he changed it for a heavenly one, of a lustre unfading and that passeth not away.

We have spoken of the belief of the physicians that Louis XVII. had died; to this might be added the convictions of everybody who had any thing to do with the captive in the Temple. Louis XVIII. and his government never entertained the shadow of a doubt upon the question. Gomin, the faithful and attached commissary, who had charge of him for nearly a year, until he died, and who, on account of this fidelity, became a favored servant of Maria Theresa, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, was satisfied of the fact. Lasne solemnly confirmed these views in his statement made but a few years since. He had long been familiar with the person of the Dauphin, he says, before he became his keeper; his acquaintance dated back to a period antecedent to his confinement; and he never for a moment doubted that the unfortunate prince had died in his arms. Even the inscriptions upon the walls of his cell testify, circumstantially, it is true, but with some force, to the fact of the identity of the prisoner with the son of Marie Antoinette. Under Napoleon's reign, the scene of so much wickedness and oppression was removed from the sight of men; in 1811, the tower of the Temple was destroyed, and the main building was materially altered and appropriated to other purposes than those of a prison. Immediately after the release of Maria Theresa, however, and her surrender by the French government to that of Austria, a throng of visitors sought the chambers where she and her family had so long

* Next the heart of an aged officer, shot for being engaged in the Quiberon affair, was found a locket containing a withered rose, almost reduced to dust. The locket bore this inscription: "*Donné par Monseigneur le Dauphin, à Paris, le 1^{er} Août, 1790.*"

been immured. On the walls of the Dauphin's chamber were plainly visible these words, written in his own hand, though the trembling letters betrayed the writer's debility. "*Maman, je vous pr—*" The remainder of this childish prayer was effaced by the rude hand of Simon.* As a little piece of corroborative testimony, this is worth something. Surely there is little reason to suppose that a supposititious child, of immature reasoning powers, and but a few days old in his part, could have so well imitated the writing and the turn of thought of the son of Marie Antoinette.

It must not be thought, however, that all France has continued to acquiesce in the belief of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and of all the royal family, that her brother had perished in his captivity. Neither must it be supposed that Mr. Williams stands alone in his pretensions. At various intervals, there have sprung up nearly a score of interesting claimants to the honors and dignities of Louis XVII. Mr. Williams has had at least eighteen predecessors; and if the public has any doubts as to the fact of the death in the Temple, it is certainly at full liberty to pick and choose for itself among the ranks of the whole troop; and we are free to confess that some of them present a far more imposing aspect in their tales than the *protégé* of Mr. Hanson. To the career of one or two of the most conspicuous of these pretenders, we purpose devoting a few pages.

* We have rarely heard of more touching inscriptions than those left in their cells by the different members of the royal family. In that of Maria Theresa was found the following: "*O mon père, veillez sur moi du haut du ciel.*" And in the embrasure of a window where she was wont to sit, "*Mère de douleurs, priez pour nous*"; and a little lower, "*Regina martyrum, ora pro nobis.*" In Madame Elizabeth's chamber, she had written these invocations from the Litany:—

*"Per agoniam et passionem tuam,
Libera nos!
Per mortem et sepulturam tuam,
Libera nos!"*

In the apartment of Marie Antoinette were these verses, from the *Imitation de Jésus Christ*, written on a panel of the door:—

"La gloire que le monde donne et reçoit passe en un moment, et elle est toujours suivie de tristesse.

"La gloire des bons est dans le fond de leur cœur, et non dans la bouche des hommes.

"La joye des justes est de Dieu et en Dieu; leur joye est dans la vérité."

The first, in order of time, of these aspirants to regal honors, was the son of a petty tailor of the hamlet of St. Lo, in the department of La Manche, named Hervagault. This lad, a dissipated, insubordinate fellow, had run away from his parents in September, 1796, and for some time succeeded in palming himself off on the credulity of the loyalists of the neighborhood of Cherbourg as the son of an *émigré* noble, till at last he was thrown into gaol as a vagabond. Being thence reclaimed by his father, in October, 1797, he again made a "moonlight flitting," and on this occasion, arriving at Châlons, he boldly announced himself as the Dauphin. His story was received with abundant faith by the simple-hearted portion of the royalists in that town, and he was loaded with gifts. Unfortunately, however, for himself, he came under the cognizance of the ministers of justice, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, as a vagabond and rogue. Nevertheless his votaries still clung to his story, even in despite of a sentence at Vire to two years in gaol on the same grounds that had wrought his conviction at Châlons. A certain Madame Seignes, a lady of some quality, was his main stand-by. At her house he fairly held a little court, and in every respect lived *en prince*. The story put forward by this impudent impostor was as follows.

Under the *régime* of Laurent, he said, his health was so materially impaired by the treatment he had undergone at the hands of the barbarous Simon, that the nurse in charge of him determined on smuggling him out of the Temple enveloped in a huge bundle of linen, leaving in his stead an infant purchased for the purpose from venal parents. From Passy, whither he was at first taken, he was speedily removed, in female garb, to Belleville, the head-quarters of the Vendéan army, constantly preserving a strict incognito. In the mean time, the fraudulent Dauphin left in his stead at the Temple was discovered by M. Desault the physician: and in consequence of this inopportune revelation, both doctor and patient were drugged by those interested in preserving a concealment of the evasion, and died off-hand. And to set this story upon perfectly safe ground, the pretender assured his auditory that the base man who had so unpaternally sold his

offspring to a lingering captivity, or to assured death, was no other than a very rascally little tailor at St. Lo, by the name of Hervagault!

From La Vendée, our fortunate Dauphin, according to his story, crossed over to England, where he was the favored guest of George III., who after a season furnished him with a national vessel to bear him to Ostia, armed with an introductory letter from that Protestant monarch to his Holiness the Pope. The Sovereign Pontiff gave him the kindest reception, declared his willingness to crown him on the spot as King of France and Navarre, and, by way of taking a bond of fate and fixing his identity beyond all future cavil, branded him with a hot iron in the presence of no less than thirty cardinals, who contemplated this ingenious proceeding with unspeakable emotions of religious fervor and holy joy. On his right leg was thus sacredly impressed the royal shield of France, with the three *fleurs-de-lis*; on his left arm, the initial letter of his name, and the device, *Vive le Roi!* Leaving Rome, he passed by way of Leghorn and Barcelona into Portugal, where the queen of Portugal received him no less graciously than old King George had done. A match was speedily projected for him with a so-called Lady Benedictine, of the blood-royal of Braganza, and widow of the Prince of Brazil. A coalition of nine sovereign powers was likewise brought about by this useful queen, with no other object than the restoration of the Dauphin to the throne of his ancestors.

At this moment, continued our hero, he was called by his partisans at home to repair to France, to head the rebellion of the 18th Fructidor. Hastily taking leave of his betrothed, he flew to his native land. There, finding the hopes of his friends blasted, he sought to pass from the coast of Normandy to the English isle of Jersey. Wandering about the country the while, he was seized and thrown into the Cherbourg gaol, from which time his adventures were known to all the world.

When the first report of this cock-and-bull story reached the ears of the princess Maria Theresa, at that time sojourning at the Austrian court, it caused her a momentary anxiety. She was herself fresh from her dungeon; it was just

possible that her brother might have been equally fortunate. One little circumstance in his story, however, soon sufficed to convince her of the falsity of the whole. After the events of the 9th Thermidor, he declared that his condition had been much improved; he was no longer separated from his sister, but Madame Royale was permitted to share his confinement and participate in his amusements. Of course, that lady knew too well how utterly untrue all this was, to attach the least importance to the rest of his story, every syllable of which was, beyond doubt, absurdly false. Still, in spite of the cold incredulity of his relatives, a host of believers in the *soi-disant* Dauphin thronged about him, many of them of much respectability, and he was treated by them as "every inch a king." Finally, he was so unlucky as to attract the attention of the First Consul. It is known that Bonaparte was disposed to deal with the impostor summarily, as a state criminal; but acting on shrewder advice, he caused him to be prosecuted merely as a swindler. The trial took place before the Tribunal of Justice, February 17th, 1802, and the prisoner was declared to be no other than one Jean Marie Hervagault, and was condemned to four years' imprisonment, from which sentence he appealed. The most earnest and important of Hervagault's adherents was M. de Savines, ex-Bishop of Viviers, a visionary, credulous, wrong-headed man. This person undertook to find for his newly-discovered sovereign a bride worthy of his rank, and found one in a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Dauphiné, the daughter of a legitimated son of Louis XV., and therefore of tolerably pure Bourbon blood. The condescending bridegroom, forgetful of his ancient troth plighted to the Princess of Brazil, gave his consent. But his wooing was cut short by an insupportable calamity; his sentence was confirmed, and he was locked up within the prison of Rheims.

It is needless to follow the history of Monsieur Hervagault much further. His adherents, headed by the Bishop of Viviers, kept up such a commotion about him that, at one time, according to M. Alphonse de Beauchamp in his *Life of Hervagault*, even the astute Fouché thought it worth while to recommend to Bonaparte to acknowledge his claims, and

cajole or extort from him, at the same time, a solemn renunciation thereof in the Emperor's favor. Another policy was followed; the Bishop was seized and shut up in a madhouse for the rest of his life, and Hervagault was transferred to the Bicêtre, the foulest common gaol of Paris. His term of imprisonment having expired, he served for some time with credit on board of a man-of-war; but again running away to play his old *rôle* of the wandering prince in Lower Brittany, he was once more arrested by government, and sent to the Bicêtre for life. On his dying pallet, the priest in attendance adjured him to make his peace with Heaven by confessing the impostures of which he had been guilty. "I shall not appear as a vile impostor in the eyes of the Great Judge of the universe," was the answer. These were his last words. So far as persistence in a story goes, his is entitled to due weight, for he brazened it out to the end.

"Playing at Dauphin" was evidently a lively trade, and the tailor's lad did not lack imitators. One of the most successful of these was Maturin Bruneau, the son of a maker of *sabots* (wooden shoes for the peasantry), dwelling at Vezin, in the Department of the Maine and Loire. He was born in 1784; in 1795, he had already become a vagrant and dissolute outcast: his parents were dead, and his nearest kindred had turned him out of doors. His first feat was to obtain charity according to the well-known system of those days, by representing himself to be the son of an *émigré* noble. The chateau of the Seigneur de Vezin had been plundered and burned, and the Baron's son was at that moment actually in England. Bruneau straightway made free with the name of the young exile, and in that capacity was entertained and nurtured for a year in the chateau of Angrie, belonging to the Vicomtesse de Turpin de Crissé. The arrival of M. Charles de Vezin, the Baron's brother, put an end to this imposture; and about the year 1797, Maturin disappeared from the neighborhood. In 1799 and 1800, we find him engaged with the Chouan Royalists in their rash undertakings. In 1803, he turns up again in gaol, whence he procured his discharge by entering into the marine artillery. In 1806, being on the American coast, he deserted from his ship,

and worked in Philadelphia for a season, as a journeyman baker; and finally, after various wanderings in both the Americas, returned to France, under the assumed name of Charles de Navarre, in 1815. Shortly after his arrival at St. Malo's, he found himself mistaken for a young soldier named Philippeaux, supposed to have died or been captured in Spain. Favoring the blunder, he hailed the widow Philippeaux as his mother, made himself welcome in her house, and ere long squandered the bulk of her little fortune. The success of this enterprise encouraged him to fly at higher game. Deserting the Philippeaux family, he boldly proclaimed himself to be Louis XVII. Fortunately, this point is susceptible of easy demonstration. Bruneau declared he was present at the Vendéan fight of Aubiers. This took place in 1793, at which date we *know* the Dauphin was in the Temple. This circumstance, however, did not prevent a large accession of true believers; and while the police took the impostor off to prison, his friends spared no effort to make his confinement as comfortable as possible. Gifts poured in from every side, and vows of adhesion. Violent efforts were made to drag the Duchesse d'Angoulême into the controversy; but, assured in her own mind of the audacity of the hoax, that princess refused even to examine the tale, or to grant an interview to her would-be brother. The upshot of the matter was, that, after having deluded no inconsiderable number of persons, and to a pretty handsome tune, our adventurer's identity was settled by means of the Vicomtesse de Turpin, who at once recognized him as the scapegrace that had formerly so successfully abused her hospitality. He was tried and condemned as a swindler and a cheat, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment;—and this is the last we know of the adventures of Maturin Bruneau.

The history of Naundorf, a third claimant, (an account of whom, edited by Mr. Percival, is now before us,) is the most curious of all. If there were no other reasons, the reception he met with in Paris and London, from many of the most distinguished gentry, would suffice to call attention to his case. This person had, for some time, been publishing his tale with little success; and it was not until 1832, when

the house of Bourbon had been for the third time hurled from the throne, and Charles X. and his family were quietly sojourning at Prague, that it began to make much noise in the world. Naundorf's story was to this effect. He declared, in the first place, that he was the Dauphin Louis Charles, who had been confined in the Temple; that in November, 1794, he had been smuggled out of his cell in a basket of linen, and concealed in another chamber, while a wooden effigy, made to resemble him, was left in his place; and that this image was subsequently exchanged for a deaf and dumb child, provided by Barras and Madame Beauharnais, afterwards the Empress Josephine! Naundorf said he finally made his escape from the Temple in the hearse which conveyed the body of the poor child who had been put in his place. In support of his pretensions, he produced many letters, some of them doubtless genuine, from his immediate supporters; others, of doubtful authenticity, from historical characters who had passed from the stage; whilst some of the most important were plainly forgeries. His story contained many particulars that might have excited the suspicions even of the credulous. He subsequently enlisted in the army, and was terribly wounded in the head at Stralsund, in 1810. At last he settled down to watch-making — a trade at which he possessed some skill — at Brandenburg, in Prussia, where he occupied his leisure in concocting letters to the Duchesse d'Angoulême (his alleged sister), the Duchesse de Berri, and the king, and in wedding the daughter of a Prussian corporal. At length, in May, 1832, he found his way, in a destitute condition, to Paris. Being recommended to apply for charity to the old Comtesse de Richemont, he announced himself to this zealous old lady as the Duke of Normandy. With very slight cavil, his story was received. He was installed in magnificent apartments, his wife and children were sent for by his partisans, and throngs of the ultra-loyal votaries of the *ancien régime* hastened to avow their faith in his pretensions. Whatever evidence he brought to support them, he must have managed his game well. Spontaneous tribute, at the rate of a quarter of a million of dollars *per annum*, was laid at his feet by many of the most respectable inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain; and for a sea-

son the "Duke of Normandy" was all the rage in Paris. After a time, however, the bubble burst. Escorted in a very arbitrary style by the police to Calais, he was, in 1838, dismissed from France, and took up his residence at Camberwell, near London. Here he employed himself in making experimental essays in pyrotechnics, and invented some improvements in destructive missiles, which elicited warm approbation from the Woolwich Board of Ordnance. He never desisted, however, from the assertion of his legitimate right to the throne of France, and was very indignant at the manner in which he had been treated by Louis Philippe. To add to the doubts excited by his reception in Paris, the repeated attempts made to assassinate him in England came with puzzling effect upon the minds of those who took an interest in his history. On the 10th of August, 1844, however, he died at Delft, in Holland, whither he had previously retired.

There is a very ready way of exposing the falsity of Naundorf's tale. He alleged, that, when he was confined with his family in the Temple, Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth had written together some lines upon a paper, which they then severed, giving one part to the Duchesse d'Angoulême (then Madame Royale) and the other to himself, with an injunction to preserve the pledge carefully, as a means of mutual recognition should they ever be separated. "When we meet," wrote Naundorf to the Duchess, "I will produce the half corresponding to that which you possess. It has never been out of my possession since our fatal separation!" It is needless to say, that the whole story of such a paper having been written, if there is any faith to be placed in the asseverations of the Duchess, was utterly and impudently false. In fact, it is by means of this lady that the fortunes of the mock Dauphins have invariably been wrecked. Marie Thérèse Charlotte, the eldest child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born on the 19th of December, 1778, and died on the 15th of October, 1851. Distinguished through life for her religious zeal, her charities, her clear understanding, and the almost bigoted veneration she entertained for the memory of her fellow-captives in the Temple, it is impossible for us to believe this woman would have stooped, on any occasion, to a

falsehood which would have given the lie to the inmost principle of her life. An unflinching believer in "the right divine" of kings, an earnest — nay, almost fanatical — worshipper of the Church of Rome, she could not have wished to defraud her brother of his inheritance.

What, then, are the facts of the case? We know that, on the 14th of October, 1793, at the trial of his mother, the Dauphin was, in the presence of the whole Convention, confronted with his family. Up to that date, therefore, we clearly trace his presence in the Temple. It has never been denied, or even doubted, so far as we are aware, that he continued to remain under the custody of Simon until January 21st, 1794, when he was subjected to solitary imprisonment. If ever any child was substituted in his place, and the Dauphin surreptitiously removed from the Temple, it must have been during this period of seclusion. But we have never found reason to believe that such an evasion was possible. We firmly believe that the child whom Laurent took charge of on the 28th of July, 1794, was the same that had been locked up in the cell on the 21st of the preceding January, and was no other than the son of Louis XVI. Had Laurent entertained a doubt on the subject, it would not have remained unperceived by his assistant, Gomin, the devoted servant of the royal children, who came into office November 8th, 1794. It is true, Naundorf published a letter from Laurent, avowing his complicity in a proposed plan of escape for the prince; but Laurent had died long before this story was told, and the letter itself bears internal evidence of being a forgery. Even the name subscribed is not spelt correctly. On the 31st of March, 1795, Lasne took Laurent's place, and he and Gomin remained with the prince till his death. As we have before said, the one was familiar with his person; the other was the trusted, though secret friend of Marie Thérèse, and both survived to a recent day. Is it likely that these men should have been deceived, or that, in their turn, they should have persisted in deceiving the person most interested in knowing the truth? Setting aside the possible change that, in later years, *might* have taken place in her feelings, certainly, at that time, his sister would have rejoiced more than any other person at the escape of the

Dauphin. But his conversation, his appearance, his manners, all preclude the idea that the prisoner whom Lasne and Gomin attended from November, 1794, to the 8th of June, 1795, was any other than Louis Charles of France and of Bourbon, then the only son of Louis XVI.

The conclusion, therefore, to which, in common, we doubt not, with every intelligent and impartial observer, we must inevitably come, is, that there is not one syllable of truth in all the stories of all the Dauphins. In saying this, we do not desire to impeach the good faith of the last of this tribe. We have no reason to suppose Mr. Williams does not devoutly believe in the truth of his own pretensions. He is, probably, the victim of a hallucination harmless in itself, and perhaps productive of some satisfaction to its subject. If this be the case, we are content to leave him in the full enjoyment of all the supposititious honors that attend his barren heritage, and venture to assure him that no one more readily than ourselves will welcome the appearance of proof sufficient to induce us to alter our present convictions.

ART. VI. — *History of Greece.* By GEORGE GROTE, ESQ.
London: John Murray. New York: Harpers. (Vols. I.—XI.)

DURING the past century, the history of antiquity has been investigated with a zeal before unknown. Men have become aware that such investigation is not merely a dull research among the mouldering bones of a lifeless past, but an inquiry full of interest and advantage to the more important present. As the idea of political liberty is more widely diffused, and acquires every day new force and energy, the histories of the ancient republics, Athens and Rome, assume an especial interest. We need them, both as a warning and as an encouragement. They have, however, been presented to us too exclusively in the former light. Especially has the dark side of Athenian liberty been held up by able historians, to exhibit

the rashness of the people and the ingratitude of republics, while the brighter and more pleasing side has been left to be profaned and rendered odious by unprincipled demagogues, who may have found it available, as in the French Revolution, to swell the flame of popular fury.

It is this brighter side of Athenian liberty which Mr. Grote has endeavored to present, and to clothe with the dignity of history. He has ventured to retouch with a new purpose some of the lines which still remain as they were originally drawn by the comic pen of Aristophanes, and as they have been reflected by hundreds of succeeding historians. Mr. Grote is peculiarly well fitted for the task. In his threefold experience, as a man of business, a politician, and a scholar, he has acquired a more enlarged view of history and historical criticism than the mere scholar can usually attain. The volumes before us are particularly valuable as coming from the pen of an Englishman. Instead of drawing, like too many of his countrymen, an illiberal conservatism from his mother earth, Mr. Grote seems to have imbibed a truly liberal spirit, which never yet was wholly extinguished in the English mind, however much it may have been smothered by prejudice.

There are some who deny, not only to Englishmen, but to any one at the present day, the power of reproducing the history of Greece. "Our modern histories," it has been well said, "are in great measure a series of essays," hardly belonging to the same species with the history of Thucydides. We must consider, as Mr. Grote has said, that "our knowledge of the ancient world is only what has drifted ashore from the wreck of a stranded vessel"; and the wonder should be, not that we present it so imperfectly, but that we are able to reproduce it at all.

One of the leading characteristics of Mr. Grote's work is his view of the early myths, "the Grecian foretime." The beautiful background of poetry and legend from which flows, almost imperceptibly, the pure stream of Grecian history, in which the religion of Greece took its rise, and in which the gods and the sons of gods walked among men, has usually been regarded by historians as furnishing at least the frame-

work of an authentic history of that early period. By the simple process of stripping the demigods and heroes of all that made them more than men, by rationalizing some miracles into highly colored statements of plain, every-day facts, and explaining others as later additions to accounts originally of perfect credibility, the Heroic Age has been reduced to a very tame and commonplace reality, remarkable only for its barrenness. Every individual and every incident, which could possibly inspire awe or awaken interest, have been carefully sifted out; the chaff has been preserved as the basis of history, while the more valuable myths, so important in the history of the Hellenic mind, have been suffered to lie neglected, or to occupy a place in the catalogue of heathen superstitions. We may, for example, find in the preface of Thucydides what would be called the "historic basis" of the Trojan war of the *Iliad*; and we may see the effect of the rationalizing process upon Herodotus, when we find him yielding to the arguments of the Egyptian priests so far as to accept the war of Troy in its general details, with the great exception that Helen was not present in the city, but remained in the hands of King Proteus during the ten years' siege, and at last was carried ingloriously back to Sparta by her victorious husband. Thucydides is even more unsparing in his treatment of the legend. He does not hesitate to give his opinion that the Trojan war was a private expedition of Agamemnon, the various princes engaging in it rather in obedience to the king of men, than as disappointed suitors of Helen, bound by the oath imposed by Tyndarus. The Helen of the historians, we must also remember, is no daughter of Zeus, but the child of a human father, and displaying only human charms.

It was with no such scenes as these that the poets and their true followers filled up the "divine foretime" of the Heroic Age. The ages of gold, silver, and brass had not given place directly to that of iron; but the earth had been visited by a fourth, an heroic race, before it was given up at last to frail humanity and the degenerate offspring of the iron age. This divine race of heroes had fought under the walls of Thebes and Troy. Their divine descent, their gigantic strength, their miraculous exploits, were as much realities to the faith of an

unphilosophic age, as were their names or their existence. Divested of their miraculous attributes, they would have appeared as strangers to the very poets whose lives were spent in celebrating their exploits; they could have claimed no place in tradition, and none of their proud posterity would have recognized in them the superhuman ancestors whom they had been taught to venerate. And yet these heroes existed only on the authority of these very poets and these very traditions. Can we be justified in setting aside the only form in which they appeared to those who believed in them, and substituting in its place some interpretation given by later historians, or perhaps some plausible idea of our own? This is the point upon which Mr. Grote comes to an issue with his predecessors.

“We are not warranted in applying to the mythical world the rules either of historical credibility or chronological sequence. Its personages are gods, heroes, and men, in constant juxtaposition and reciprocal sympathy; men, too, of whom we know a large proportion to be fictitious, and of whom we can never ascertain how many have been real. . . . The myths were originally produced in an age which had no records, no philosophy, no criticism, no canon of belief, and scarcely any tincture of astronomy or geography,—but which, on the other hand, was full of religious faith, distinguished for quick and susceptible imagination, seeing personal agents where we look only for objects and connecting laws;—an age, moreover, eager for new narrative, accepting with the unconscious impressibility of children (the question of truth or falsehood being never formally raised) all which ran in harmony with its preëxisting feeling, and penetrable by inspired prophets and poets in the same proportion that it was indifferent to positive evidence. To such hearers did the primitive poet or storyteller address himself; it was the glory of his productive genius to provide suitable narrative expression for the faith and emotion which he shared in common with them, and the rich stock of Grecian myths attests how admirably he performed his task. As the gods and the heroes formed the conspicuous objects of national reverence, so the myths were partly divine, partly heroic, partly both in one. The adventures of Achilles, Helen, and Diomedes, of Œdipus and Adrastus, of Meleager and Althæa, of Jason and the Argo, were recounted by the same tongues, and accepted with the same unsuspecting confidence, as those of Apollo and Artemis, of Ares and Aphrodite, of Poseidon and Herakles.

"The time, however, came, when this plausibility ceased to be complete. The Grecian mind made an important advance, socially, ethically, and intellectually. Philosophy and history were constituted, prose writing and chronological records became familiar; a canon of belief more or less critical came to be tacitly recognized. . . . Into the new intellectual medium, thus altered in its elements and no longer uniform in its quality, the myths descended by inheritance; but they were found, to a certain extent, out of harmony even with the feelings of the people, and altogether dissonant with those of instructed men. But the most superior Greek was still a Greek, and cherished the common reverential sentiment towards the foretime of his country. Though he could neither believe nor respect the myths as they then stood, he was under an imperious mental necessity to transform them into a state worthy of his belief and respect. While the literal myth still continued to float among the poets and the people, critical men interpreted, altered, decomposed, and added, until they found something that satisfied their minds as a supposed real basis. They manufactured some dogmas of supposed original philosophy, and a long series of fancied history and chronology, retaining the mythical names and generations even when they were obliged to discard or recast the mythical events. The interpreted myth was thus promoted into a reality, while the literal myth was degraded into a fiction." — Vol. I. pp. 604, 605.

The preceding extracts contain a general statement of Mr. Grote's theory of the Grecian myths. It will be seen that he recognizes a mythopœic age; an age of poetry, when the primitive uncritical faith would accept whatever the poet might offer, to fill the shadowy background of the past with objects of veneration. It was an age of *faith*; the age of *belief* and the age of scepticism (which begin together) had not yet arrived.

It must be borne in mind, that Mr. Grote does not absolutely deny the existence of any historical basis to all the Grecian myths. It is simply his aim to show that myths without foundation were often created by the imagination of the bard, and accepted by the faith of the hearer. This is a point not sufficiently noticed by those who oppose Mr. Grote's theory. Nothing could be more natural, than that many historical facts, so prominent as to be held in the memory of many generations, should be selected by the poet as appropriate objects upon which to exercise his mythopœic faculty.

This may have happened even in the majority of cases; that is to say, *we* know nothing to the contrary; the great and only trouble in the question is, to determine how much of the whole mass of mythical and poetical legend has clustered around a point of real history, and then to ascertain what that point of history is in itself. This, in most cases, is absolutely impossible, unless we can obtain information in regard to early Grecian history from sources not at present accessible, and not open to the earlier historians of Greece itself. In speaking of the amended, rationalized version of the Trojan war given by Thucydides, Mr. Grote says:—

“Historical truth it would doubtless have been, if any independent evidence could have been found to sustain it. Had Thucydides been able to produce such new testimony, we should have been pleased to satisfy ourselves that the war of Troy, as he recounted it, was the real event; of which the war of Troy, as sung by the epic poets, was a misrepresented, exaggerated, and ornamented recital. But in this case, the poets are the only real witnesses, and the narrative of Thucydides is a mere extract and distillation from their incredibilities.”

The only course open, then, and the one which Mr. Grote has adopted, is to relate the myths as they were related to the Greeks themselves, and as they appeared to the eye of primitive faith. They must not be neglected, as they form an important chapter in the history of Grecian development. If they are simply related, with all their charm of poetry and romance, they present the Grecian foretime in the only manner in which it appeared to the Greeks themselves, while every one is at liberty to discover or imagine any traces that he can of an historical basis. Any such point of history, however, which may be discovered or imagined in the legend, must not be considered as investing with credibility even the plausible circumstances associated with it by the poets, still less as supplying an historical or even an allegorical foundation to the various legends which time has collected around it. It must only be considered as the point around which, perhaps accidentally, the mythopœic age has collected its legends, directed to one grand centre of interest. The war of Troy, for example, seems to us an actual fact, in its general statement,

“Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello”;

but it is not upon the authority (strictly speaking) of Homer, Thucydides, or Herodotus, that we accept it, nor should we consider any one guilty of unwarrantable scepticism, or of disrespect to the ancient writers, who should deny its existence altogether. We accept it simply because we believe that such a clustering of myths, both divine and heroic, around a single point, such a concentration of interest, transferred from the world below to the immortals on Olympus, must have been *directed in its course* by some memorable collision between Europe and Asia, which would awaken a more intense and more continued interest than any mere creation of the poet's imagination could excite. We do not intend to abandon Mr. Grote's principle, or to make any exception to it in favor of the Trojan war. We consider the testimony of Homer *to the fact*, as of no more value than his evidence in regard to the councils of Olympus, or the rearing of the god of war. And if any one thinks it more probable that Homer and the cyclic poets adapted their rhapsodies to a purely imaginary war, rather than to one of the many actual conflicts which must have been known to them by the traditions of the past, he differs from us on a question only of probability, not of theory. To accept some actual fact, not as an historical basis of the myths of Troy, but as a point of direction by which its formation was guided, seems to us the more probable of two plausible probabilities.

A cry is often raised against the mythical theory, on the ground that it destroys all the early history of antiquity. This is the cry which assailed Niebuhr, and which those who follow in his path need not fear to meet. Instead of destroying the early Roman history, Niebuhr was the first to inspire it with life and reality, — the first to enable us to behold, through the fables and legends of the kings and the early commonwealth, the gradual formation of the Roman constitution. Mr. Grote has followed his great predecessor in most of his principles of historical criticism, while in other respects he has adopted a somewhat different course. He rarely, if ever, admits allegory into his interpretation of the Grecian myths, excluding in his later edition many traces which appeared in

the former. Niebuhr, on the other hand, is often inclined to allegorize the Roman legends, even where he despairs of finding a literal historic basis. He suggests that Remus leaping over his brother's wall may be a "personification of the plebs leaping across the ditch from the side of the Aventine"; the contest of the Horatii and the Curiatii indicates, he says, that Rome and Alba were each divided into three tribes, while the statement that they were the sons of two sisters, and all born on the same day, "contains a suggestion of a perfect equality" between the two states.* We need not state what criticism Mr. Grote would make upon these suggestions. On the other hand, we shall find instances, when we come to the more authentic history of Greece, where our historian even retreats from points of scepticism maintained by Niebuhr.

After the early history of Rome had been placed in its true light by Niebuhr, the effect of his criticism was felt in all investigations of ancient history. His own researches into Greek history, to which much of his earlier labor was devoted, and the results of which are preserved in his Lectures, opened the way to more enlightened views and a more philosophical criticism. The early Hellenic world, however, possesses one advantage over the Roman as a field for investigation, where it has often been supposed to labor under peculiar difficulties. In regard to the early ages of Greece, we are sometimes told, we have only poems and acknowledged legends to rely upon, while Roman history from the earliest times has been transmitted to us on the high authority of Livy. If this were so, Rome might well claim the advantage; but since Niebuhr has shown us that the fancied early history of Livy is mostly rationalized from a body of ancient poetry, afterwards forgotten or ignored, we find the advantage belongs wholly to the other side. Here we have the Grecian epic, preserved to us in two immortal specimens, bearing witness of others without number, which have not survived the hand of time. If these had all perished, and we possessed merely the rationalized "historic basis" found in the historians, then would the two

* *Lectures on Roman History*, Vol. I. pp. 43, 45.

cases of Greece and Rome appear on the same ground. The first book of Livy has always appeared plausible, because it presents, to a common observer, no appearance of having existed in a poetical form. But if we could obtain the history of Livy's predecessor, Fabius Pictor, and also the poetical lays and legends upon which that early work was mainly founded, we could then criticize Livy upon the same principles by which Herodotus and Thucydides are now criticized by the aid of Homer. This Niebuhr could do. He could reconstruct Fabius Pictor to his mind's eye; he could read even in Livy the extracts from the Roman epics, and could tell us their names, while he quoted their very verses. We possess, then, in the case of Greece, the accounts of later historians accompanied by their original authorities, so that we can judge by the latter how much credit is due to the former; in the case of Rome, we have simply the accounts of the historians, apparently relying upon some authentic basis, but really depending upon the same support of poetical legend as those of Greece. In the case of Greece, then, there is less room for deception, even though her legends were afterwards interpreted into facts by her historians, as we may always appeal from the historian to his original authority.

Mr Grote begins his account of "Historical Greece" with the first Olympiad, B. C. 776. This date he selects as being the earliest point to which any system of chronology can be traced. As there are many events below this date which partake largely of the mythical, so there are others previous to it which must be included in authentic history. The first individual whom Mr. Grote admits upon his stage, *as a man*, is the great Spartan lawgiver, Lycurgus. In his sixth chapter, he gives a brief account of the institutions of Sparta usually ascribed to Lycurgus, valiantly fighting his way through the mass of fable that surrounds the lawgiver, and striving to gain a sight of the great man himself, the first he has found since he began his history with Zeus on Olympus. Our account of Lycurgus, as is well known, depends almost entirely on the authority of Plutarch, whose historical accuracy never could be called his greatest virtue. Among the innovations introduced by Lycurgus, the redivision of the lands of Sparta and

Laconia among the Spartans and the Perioeci has usually maintained its ground in history as a well-authenticated anomaly. This is a piece of ancient Socialism which we have always regretted, and we have only consoled ourselves by remembering that the scheme proved utterly abortive, and of little authority as a precedent. Mr. Grote removes the difficulty by denying the reality of any such institution of Lycurgus. He says:—

“Now we shall find on consideration that this new and equal partition of land by Lycurgus is still more at variance with fact and probability than the two former alleged proceedings. All the historical evidences exhibit decided inequalities of property among the Spartans,—inequalities which tended constantly to increase; moreover, the earliest authors do not conceive this evil as having grown up by way of abuse out of a primeval system of perfect equality, *nor do they know any thing of the original equal redivision by Lycurgus.*”—Vol. II. p. 530.

In support of this last statement he cites various passages from Hellanicus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plato, showing that these writers recognized no division of the Spartan land subsequent to that made at the time of the Doric conquest.

“Lastly,” he says, “Aristotle clearly did not believe that Lycurgus had redivided the soil. For he informs us, first, that, ‘both in Lacedæmon and in Krète, the legislator had rendered the enjoyment of property common through the establishment of the Syssitia or public mess.’ Now this remark (if read in the chapter of which it forms part, a refutation of the scheme of Communism for the select guardians in the Platonic Republic) will be seen to tell little for its point, if we assume that Lycurgus at the same time equalized all individual possessions. Had Aristotle known the fact, he could not have failed to notice it; nor could he have assimilated the legislators in Lacedæmon and Krète, seeing that in the latter no one pretends that any such equalization was ever brought about.

“It appears, then, that none of the authors down to Aristotle ascribe to Lycurgus a redivision of the lands, either of Sparta or Laconia.”

The silence of so many writers, to say nothing of their positive testimony, is certainly an important consideration against accepting so remarkable a statement on authority so late as that of Plutarch. It seems evident that the story first be-

came generally known between the time of Aristotle and that of Plutarch. It is hardly credible that, during that period of literary inactivity in Greece, any such important fact in Spartan history should have been rescued from the oblivion of so many centuries. Our only alternative seems to be, to reject the story, as a fiction which had become current in the later centuries before Christ, and which was accepted by Plutarch as authentic history. If we wish to proceed further, and ascertain the foundation of the story in Plutarch, we have a large field open for speculation and conjecture. Mr. Grote, partially supported by Lachmann, ascribes the idea to the circumstances existing in the reign of Agis III. and Cleomenes III., and especially to the famous dream of Agis, related in Plutarch. We would refer those interested in the question, and in the whole subject of Lycurgus, to Mr. Grote's sixth chapter in his second volume.

In the third volume, we have a fine delineation of Solon, as a poet, as a lawgiver, and as a man. The mark which he made upon his age was no transient impression; it has survived the race who first received it, and, transmitted through the ages of Rome's rise and decline, is still felt in its effect on the jurisprudence of Modern Europe. The character of such a man can never be presented to the world in too brilliant a light. His life should be studied wherever stern integrity and unwavering patriotism are honored, and his warning voice against approaching despotism, though addressed to Athens in vain, should never be suffered to be silent. Mr. Grote has done full justice to the subject. His description of the Solonian constitution is full and clear, and nothing is omitted which could tend to give a vivid impression of this portion of Athenian history. The alleged interview between Solon and Cræsus at Sardis he rejects, as irreconcilable with chronology, and he proposes the following explanation of the narrative in Herodotus.

“In my judgment, this is an illustrative tale, in which certain real characters, — Cræsus and Solon, — and certain real facts, — the great power and succeeding ruin of the former by the victorious arm of Cyrus, — together with certain facts probably altogether fictitious, such as the two sons of Cræsus, the Phrygian Adrastus and his history, the

hunting of the mischievous wild boar on Mount Olympus, the ultimate preservation of Cræsus, &c., are put together so as to convey an impressive moral lesson." — Vol II. p. 200, *note*.

He adds :—

"But even if no chronological objections existed, the moral purpose of the tale is so prominent, and pervades it so systematically from beginning to end, that these internal grounds are of themselves sufficiently strong to impeach its credibility as a matter of fact, unless such doubts happen to be outweighed — which in this case they are not — by good contemporary testimony. The narrative of Solon and Cræsus can be taken for nothing else but an illustrative fiction, borrowed by Herodotus from some philosopher, and clothed in his own peculiar beauty of expression, which on this occasion is more decidedly poetical than is habitual with him."

We quote these passages as an instance where Mr. Grote strives to detect a dramatic element in Herodotus. Many other striking instances occur, such as the dream of Xerxes, and the conversations with Demaratus, where a similar tendency seems to be visible. But it seems unnecessary to imagine for these any different origin from that which is universally conceded to the whole class of speeches both in Herodotus and Thucydides. In all cases, the historian seems to have accepted as a fact the occasion which called forth the speech or the conversation, and then to have supplied the words, as the case may have been, from recollection, from hearsay, or tradition, or, where these failed, from imagination. There seems hardly sufficient evidence to convince us that either historian ever manufactured the occasion as well as the speech, for dramatic effect. Those, however, who would exclude the exercise of the imagination wholly from the speeches of Thucydides, must be referred to Mr. Grote's remark, on the dialogue in the fifth book of Thucydides between the Athenian embassy and the oligarchy of Melos (Vol. VII. p. 157). Even if we do not agree with him so far as to consider this a dramatic fragment, entitled to the name of *Μήλου Ἀλωσις*, in parody of the title of the last tragedy of Phrynichus, yet we must acknowledge the evidence of a dramatic design in the historian, in expressing the atrocious sentiments of the Athenian envoy in such vivid language, in antithesis to the overwhelming disaster

and ruin of Athens upon which he is about to enter. These alternate questions and answers must have been drawn principally from the imagination of the historian; for none of the Melian oligarchy could have escaped the final massacre, to report the controversy which preceded, and surely no Athenian, who had either uttered such sentiments or suffered them to be uttered in his name, would have been anxious to repeat them, and certainly not when coupled with the Melian replies, as they stand in Thucydides.

We must hasten with a mere glance over the interesting chapters containing the administration of the Pisistratidæ, the reforms of Cleisthenes, the Ionic revolt, and the Persian wars. We have several ample chapters devoted to the Greek colonies in Asia Minor, Italy, and Sicily, and to the various nations with whom the Hellenic race came in contact by migration or by war. We are glad to find that, as we advance into the historical period, Mr. Grote follows Herodotus with almost unwavering fidelity. It was once the fashion to decry this writer, as little better than a fabulist, and his venerable title of "father of history" has sometimes even been changed to that of "father of lies." This unscrupulous, ignorant libel is now almost forgotten, and it is perhaps unpardonable in us to recall it from its oblivion. Every year's investigation adds new weight to the authority of Herodotus; and even the statements which were once thought to be the strongest proofs of his credulity and extravagance, have now become the most convincing evidence of his scrupulous veracity. The world may now safely be challenged to produce a single statement, made by Herodotus *upon his own authority*, and where he had the means of forming an opinion, which can be proved to be false. We could hardly ask more even for Thucydides.

We are glad to see that Mr. Grote has even accepted some points, on the authority of Herodotus, which Niebuhr thought it necessary to reject. One instance of this may be seen in regard to the battle of Marathon. Niebuhr says of the narrative in Herodotus, "The particulars of the battle are uncertain; most of them resemble the well-known deed of Cynegirus, who madly seized a Persian galley and wanted to hold it back. All this is poetical, and may serve to rejoice and warm

us, but we cannot take it as history.”* Mr. Grote, however, less suspicious of Herodotus, and more in the spirit of modern criticism on that historian, accepts even the story of Cynegirus, which certainly has in it nothing impossible, and which might have been related upon the best authority, as the hero was a well-known man, and a brother of the poet Æschylus.

“His [Herodotus’s] account of the battle of Marathon presents him in honorable contrast with the loose and boastful assertors who followed him; for though he does not tell us much, and falls lamentably short of what we should like to know, yet all that he does say is reasonable and probable as to the proceedings of both armies; and the little which he states becomes more trustworthy on that very account, — because it is a little, — showing that he keeps strictly within his authorities.” — Vol. IV. p. 469.

It must be remembered, however, that the large numbers usually associated with the battle of Marathon, and which Niebuhr considers too large for the plain to hold, are not taken from Herodotus, but from later historians.

To give another instance, Mr. Grote says: —

“The canal dug by order of Xerxes across the promontory of Mount Athos, and the sailing of the Persian fleet through it, is a fact which I believe, because it is well attested, — notwithstanding its remarkable improbability, which so far misled Juvenal as to induce him to single out the narrative as a glaring example of Grecian mendacity.” — Vol. I. p. 575.

Niebuhr, on the other hand, after saying that “history is here so interwoven with poetry, that they can no longer be separated,” adds: “But Mount Athos assuredly was not cut through; it seems inconceivable why he should have done so, although the Greeks themselves state that even in later times traces were visible near Sane.” Mr. Grote has in this case, as an authority in support of himself and Herodotus, the researches of Colonel Leake, who found even at this day evident traces of the great canal of Xerxes on the isthmus of Mount Athos. He even suggests the possibility of reopening the passage, and as an evidence of its advantage, and of the danger of circumnavigating the promontory, he states that he found

* *Lectures*, Vol. I. p. 327.

it impossible to persuade a boatman to carry him from the eastern side to the western, even by offering a high price. This is only one of the many instances in which modern research has established the authority of the "father of history."

The period from the expulsion of the Persians to the Peloponnesian war is one of peculiar interest, and is of especial importance in our author's work. He is avowedly an advocate of the Athenian democracy, and strives in every way to defend it against the various misrepresentations to which it has been subject. He does not accept Aristophanes's picture of the waspish old man Demus, of Pnyx, and he endeavors to show the other side of his friend's character, which the satirist never notices. Like his modern successor, John Bull, the old man held certain possessions beyond the sea, acquired in a way sometimes considered of doubtful morality, and whose treatment often excited scandal among his meddlesome neighbors. As it is all important to begin with a strong foundation, Mr. Grote endeavors at the outset to justify the position of imperial Athens during the time of her maritime empire, previous to its dissolution by means of the Peloponnesian war. He draws an important distinction, often overlooked, between Athens as president of the confederacy of Delos, and imperial Athens at the head of a number of *subject* islands and states. The confederacy of Delos was formed no less for the benefit of the allies than for that of Athens, to maintain a common war against a common enemy. The quota of ships and men which each state was to furnish was apportioned by the just Aristides, and the purpose for which they had associated was completely answered. The independence of the numerous islands in the Ægean was secured and maintained by their alliance, and by the dignity and power of the presiding city. During this period of *hegemony*, no greater dissatisfaction existed in the confederacy than is usual in such associations for mutual benefit. But an important change had taken place in the mean time. As the more imminent danger of attack diminished, and as the confederacy became employed more and more in offensive operations, the more indolent islanders were soon glad to compound with the active Athenians to supply the whole number of ships and men, on condition of

receiving an annual contribution in money. This arrangement was equally agreeable to both parties; to the smaller states, as it enabled them to enjoy all the security afforded by the protection of Athens, without exposing their persons to actual danger; and to Athens, as it gave her a more exclusive control of the confederacy, and enabled her to establish her own power on a solid and permanent foundation. The whole system was still voluntary. The periodical synods at Delos were still continued, and the position of Athens was considered changed only by those who saw the ultimate result of the blind policy of the confederates.

Down to the time of the revolt of Naxos, in 466 B. C., we have no evidence of any violent dissatisfaction or complaint against Athens, greater than was to be expected among states thus associated by mutual consent. When this first violent breach of harmony took place, a new aspect of the case was presented. The confederacy had been formed for a specific object, and that object still continued to be carried out in the manner selected by the large majority of the confederates. It was plainly the duty which the presiding city owed both to herself and to the other allies, to coerce the unwilling members into obedience. If ever there could be a case where the power intrusted to Athens could be justly exercised, it was when a state which had been enjoying the protection of the confederacy refused to contribute its stipulated amount to the common support. The revolt of Naxos was the first instance of a kind of nullification, which it was highly dangerous for the confederacy to countenance or overlook. The example of revolt was, however, contagious. Associated action was opposed to one of the first principles of the Hellenic mind, which was inclined to carry the idea of independence even to an absurdity; and under the peace and prosperity secured by the alliance, they were likely to value less the advantages which they gained by it, and to grudge the contributions by which it was maintained. It was these successive revolts, followed by subjection, which gradually changed the Athenian *hegemony* into the Athenian empire. No particular step could be blamed, — each was probably taken with great reluctance; but the result was the cause of the excessive unpopularity, and at last of the

ruin, of Athens. At the time of the thirty years' truce (B. C. 445), the only allies remaining upon the old footing of equality with Athens were Chios, Lesbos, and Samos. All the others had at some time revolted, and had been reduced to the condition of subjects. A tribute was imposed upon the subject states, and every precaution was taken against future revolt.

This is the view which Mr. Grote has taken of the gradual formation of the Athenian empire. He is far from defending all the proceedings of Athens in regard to her subjects, after they were acquired, much less the cruelties inflicted, on various occasions, during the Peloponnesian war. It is principally in the acquisition of her power that he would defend her, and here we think he is successful.

"But though the Athenians were both disposed and qualified to push all the advantages offered, and even to look out for new, we must not forget that the foundations of their empire were laid in the most honorable causes; voluntary invitation, efforts both unwearied and successful against a common enemy, unpopularity incurred in discharge of an imperative duty, and inability to break up the confederacy without endangering themselves, as well as laying open the *Ægean* Sea to the Persians." — Vol. V. p. 504.

This view is in accordance with the brief narrative in Thucydides, who clearly marks the distinction observed by Mr. Grote between the two periods of Athenian supremacy. The presiding character assumed in the time of Aristides was totally different from the imperial character assumed under Pericles. The latter statesman discarded all ideas of a return to the ancient equality. His doctrine upon the subject, according to Mr. Grote, was this:—

"He maintained that Athens owed to her subject allies no account of the money received from them, so long as she performed her contract by keeping away the Persian enemy and maintaining the safety of the *Ægean* waters. This was, as he represented, the obligation which Athens had undertaken; and, provided it were faithfully discharged, the allies had no right to ask questions or institute control. That it was faithfully discharged, no one could deny. No ship of war, except that of Athens and her allies, was ever seen between the eastern and the western shores of the *Ægean*." — Vol. VI. p. 5.

This doctrine of Pericles was extremely popular with the

people ; the idea of " a despot city," however odious was its name among other states of Greece, was conceived by the Athenians without repugnance, and their pride was flattered by the appellation. As long as the great statesman, its life and soul, remained to guide it in its difficult course, it continued well worthy of the pride which it awakened. When his directing hand was removed, none of the smaller race who aspired to its control could preserve it from disastrous shipwreck.

In an account of the Peloponnesian war, under the positive guidance of Thucydides, there is little room for historical discussion as to matters of fact. It is especially in this department of his work that Mr. Grote has shown himself, not merely acquainted with the substance of his Greek authorities, but eminently able to criticize the language and construction of perhaps the most difficult among them. In the notes to his sixth and seventh volumes, materials might almost be collected for a new edition of Thucydides, which, although they aid in swelling the work to an unprecedented size, must yet be regarded as valuable contributions towards an interpretation of that historian. He is, however, not above correction, and is ever ready to abandon his erroneous opinions in deference to those who have distinguished themselves in classical learning, although he can often maintain his own ground with the ablest of them. We cannot help noticing his courteous reply to the criticisms of Mr. Scott upon his interpretations of Thucydides, and also his cool and dignified rejoinder to the insolent pamphlet of Mr. Shiletto, who seemed to consider Mr. Grote's classical criticism as a daring trespass of an outsider upon some private property of the University of Cambridge.

We now come to a more unpleasant subject, the leather-dresser Cleon. We had always supposed that, from Thucydides until the book of history should be closed, no two opinions were possible concerning this offspring of the Athenian democracy. But now we find Mr. Grote, in a long and elaborate panegyric, soberly endeavoring to prove that our opinions are all to be recast, and that Cleon is really the great man of his age. Even those who cannot fully agree with Mr. Grote in

his estimate of Cleon, must admit that he has succeeded in exhibiting a new side of his character, and in showing reasons why we should at least suspend our judgment upon some points of the evidence that we have. It must be allowed that our ideas of Cleon are mostly derived from two authors who had good reason to be prejudiced against him, and one of whom would not have hesitated to make his prejudice severely felt in comedy. Aristophanes did not spare even Socrates. He could not be expected to spare Cleon. Cleon might have been the best man in the world, and yet have appeared in comedy as he is represented in "The Knights." As to Thucydides, Mr. Grote says:—

"I repeat with reluctance, though not without belief, the statement made by one of the biographers of Thucydides, that Kleon was the cause of the banishment of the latter as a general, and has therefore received from him harder measure than was due in his capacity of historian. But though this sentiment is probably not without influence in dictating the unaccountable judgment which I have just been criticizing, I nevertheless look upon that judgment not as peculiar to Thucydides, but as common to him with Nikias and those whom we must call, for want of a better name, the oligarchical party of the time at Athens."—Vol. VI. p. 476.

It is, of course, *primâ facie* evidence against a theory, that it is opposed to Thucydides on a question of fact. But we may be more liberal in our ideas of Cleon, and especially we may amply acknowledge his ability, without denying any actual statement of fact in the great historian, or impugning his impartiality. We cannot accuse a historian of partiality merely because we form a different opinion from him in regard to the same facts. Mr. Grote himself says:—

"The general attributes set forth by Thucydides, (apart from Aristophanes, who does not profess to write history,) we may well accept,—the powerful and violent invective of Kleon, *often dishonest*,—together with his self-confidence and audacity in the public assembly. Men of the middling class, like Kleon and Hyperbolus, who persevered in addressing the public assembly, and trying to take a leading part in it against persons of greater family pretensions than themselves, were pretty sure to be men of more than usual audacity. Unhappily, we have no specimens to enable us to appreciate the invective of Kleon.

We cannot determine whether it was more virulent than that of Demosthenes and Æschines, seventy years afterwards, each of these eminent orators imputing to each other the grossest impudence, calumny, perjury, corruption, loud voice and revolting audacity of manner, in language which Kleon can hardly have surpassed in intensity of vituperation, though he doubtless fell immeasurably short of it in classical finish." — Vol. VI. p. 332.

We may accept this statement, and yet maintain the impartiality of Thucydides.

Cleon seems to have been an unusually developed specimen of that class of men who are always found, in a republic, among the favorites of the populace. They have suddenly left their trades at some fancied call of the public good, and they possess no more elegance and courtesy than they brought with them from the tan-yard. Like Cleon, they "smell of the leather" wherever they appear. There is always a large amount of public fault-finding and accusation, very necessary to be performed, with which well-bred politicians are not anxious to soil their mouths. This class of patriots, with the best intentions in the world, stand always ready to undertake such business, and they are loudly applauded by the populace, who are equally interested in exposing petty corruption and injustice. Scenes of factious contention, such as they always produce, are what their nature craves, and therefore they cannot be expected to avoid or prevent them. They become excited and embittered in attacking abuses, and at last they deem every thing an abuse which their opponents honor and respect. They must be men of ability, for otherwise they could never have gained their power over the popular mind. Cleon, according to Thucydides, was at the same time "the most violent of the citizens," and "the most influential with the populace."

It is, indeed, against Aristophanes, more than against Thucydides, that Mr. Grote attempts to defend Cleon. He is willing to accept the "general attributes" set forth by the historian, and he merely supposes that Thucydides was prejudiced in his opinion of facts which he has related with faithful accuracy. We all know how much the wisest and the most impartial in our own day may be influenced in their

view of the notions of a violent popular leader by private animosity excited by some personal attack. The great point of which the experience of our own day should convince us is, that such demagogues usually act from the best of motives, with the best intentions; that their extravagances arise from their excitement and their mistaken notions of public interest, while their want of courtesy may be traced to the fact, that their code of politeness contains but few principles, and those peculiar to themselves.

Mr. Grote's remarks upon the affairs of Cleon and the Spartans in Sphacteria seem just, and consistent with the *facts* stated in Thucydides. Demosthenes had sent home for reinforcements at a time when the Athenians were confident that the siege was terminated, and that the enemy were in their power. Full of this hope, they had recently dismissed with insult the Lacedæmonian embassy which came with proposals of peace and alliance. Cleon, who had been foremost in rejecting the offer, was now especially forward in condemning the conduct of the war and the delay in capturing the island. He gave his opinion freely as to what might have been done, "if the generals had been *men*," (at the same time giving a significant look at Nicias, who was present,) and concluded with a declaration of what he himself would have done, if he had been general. Nicias offers to resign his own place to him; thinking it a joke, Cleon accepts, but at last, finding that he is held to his promise, he tries to escape, telling Nicias very properly, "It is your place to sail; you are the general, not I." As he cannot avoid accepting, his friends urging it in good faith, and his enemies insisting upon it, in the hope of ruining him by failure or of getting rid of him by death, he makes the best of the matter, and promises to return with the garrison as prisoners, or to leave them dead in Sphacteria, within twenty days. The affair ended, as is well known, by the appearance of Cleon and Demosthenes within the time specified, accompanied by 292 Lacedæmonian prisoners, including 120 full-blooded Spartans. This is usually considered as a famous farce; but if it be so, the most ridiculous characters in it (as Mr. Grote observes) are Nicias and the enemies of Cleon, who urged him, though an incompetent

man in their estimation, to undertake such an important enterprise.

“If we intend fairly to compare the behaviour of Kleon with that of his political adversaries, we must distinguish between the two occasions: first, that in which he had frustrated the pacific mission of the Lacedæmonian envoys; next, the subsequent delay and dilemma which has been recently described. On the first occasion, his advice appears to have been mistaken in policy, as well as offensive in manner, &c. But the case was entirely altered when the mission for peace (wisely, or unwisely) had been broken up, and when the fate of Sphacteria had been committed to the chances of war. There were then imperative reasons for prosecuting the war vigorously, and for employing all the force requisite to insure the capture of that island. And looking to this end, we shall find that there was nothing in the conduct of Kleon either to blame or to deride; while his political adversaries (Nicias among them) are deplorably timid, ignorant, and reckless of the public interest; seeking only to turn the existing disappointment and dilemma into a party opportunity for ruining him.” — Vol. VI. p. 459.

“Though the military attack of Sphacteria — one of the ablest specimens of generalship in the whole war, and distinguished not less by the dexterous employment of different descriptions of troops than by care to spare the lives of the assailants — belongs wholly to Demosthenes; yet if Kleon had not been competent to stand up in the Athenian assembly and defy those gloomy predictions which we see attested in Thucydides, Demosthenes would never have been reinforced, nor placed in condition to land on the island. The glory of the enterprise, therefore, belongs jointly to both; and Kleon, far from stealing away the laurels of Demosthenes, (as Aristophanes represents him in the *Knights*,) was really the means of placing them on his head, though he at the same time deservedly shared them.” — Vol. VI. p. 476.

Although the character of Cleon is one for which we can feel little admiration or sympathy, it yet seems to have been open, and for the most part honest. Though his natural rudeness and strong popular principles made him odious to the refined and the conservative, his ability and eloquence rendered him a favorite with the large majority of citizens. Even his enemy Aristophanes represents him as pleading the causes of poor persons before the *dikasteries*, if Mr. Grote's inference from a passage in “*The Frogs*” can be allowed. On the whole, Cleon seems to have agreed with Cicero's short

description;—*turbulentum quidem civem, sed tamen eloquentem.*

A large part of Mr. Grote's seventh volume is filled with a detailed account of the Sicilian expedition. The failure of that enterprise is ascribed to the utter incapacity and inaction of Nicias, to whom the sole direction of affairs was left, upon the death of Lamachus and the arrest and flight of Alcibiades. In the eighth volume, after the closing scenes of the Peloponnesian war, the capture, subjugation, and liberation of Athens, we have a long and able review of the life and philosophy of Socrates. From this we shall attempt no extracts in the small space remaining to us; indeed, it would be impossible to do the chapter justice by quotations. Mr. Grote's whole account of Greek philosophy, beginning with the Ionic school of Thales, is one of the most valuable portions of his work, and it will be especially so, when enriched by the review of Plato and Aristotle, promised for the twelfth volume. We should not omit, in this connection, the argument for the Athenian Sophists, who, after bearing the accumulated abuse and malediction of more than twenty centuries, have at last found an able champion. We quote the following passage, which Mr. Grote himself cites from the "Quarterly Review," as containing the general drift of his remarks on the Sophists.

"According to Mr. Grote, they were regular teachers of Greek morality, neither above nor below the standard of the age. According to the common view, Socrates was the great opponent of the Sophists, and Plato his natural successor in the same combat. According to Mr. Grote, Socrates was the great representative of the Sophists, distinguished from them only by his higher eminence, and by the peculiarity of his life and teaching. According to the common view, Plato and his followers were the authorized teachers, *the established clergy* of the Greek nation,—and the Sophists the dissenters. According to Mr. Grote, the Sophists were the *established clergy*, and Plato was the *dissenter*,—the Socialist, who attacked the Sophists (as he attacked the poets and the statesmen), not as a particular sect, but as one of the existing orders of society."—See Grote, Vol. VIII. p. 549, note 2, 2d ed.

The ninth volume contains the expedition of Cyrus, and a continuation of the affairs of Greece and the operations in

Asia Minor down to the peace of Antalcidas. In the tenth, we come at last to Epaminondas.

“Scarcely any character in Grecian history,” says Mr. Grote, “has been judged with so much unanimity as Epaminondas. He has obtained a meed of admiration, — from all, sincere and hearty, from some, enthusiastic. Cicero pronounces him to be the first man in Greece.” — Vol. X. p. 483.

“Looking through all Grecian history, it is only in Perikles that we find the like many-sided excellence: for though much inferior to Epaminondas as a general, Perikles must be held superior to him as a statesman. But it is alike true of both, — and the remark tends much to illustrate the sources of Grecian excellence, — that neither sprang exclusively from the school of practice and experience. They both brought to that school minds exercised in the conversation of the most instructed philosophers and sophists accessible to them, — trained to varied intellectual combinations and to a larger range of subjects than came before the public assembly, — familiarized with reasonings which the scrupulous piety of Nikias forswore, and which the devoted military patriotism of Pelopidas disdained.” — Vol. X. p. 491.

We must here conclude our extracts from Mr. Grote. His eleventh volume has not been noticed, as it seems to be incomplete without its successor. The life of Demosthenes is left unfinished, and but one of the men of Macedon has appeared upon the stage. We may remark, that the limits which, for historical reasons, Mr. Grote has assigned to his work, are also peculiarly adapted to increase its dramatic interest. On one side we have the “Grecian foretime,” interwoven with its wreath of poetry and legend, as it came from the poet’s hand; on the other side, we are to conclude with the generation of Alexander, with which our peculiar interest in Greek history ceases, and with which the drama is brought to an appropriate close in a scene of fatal splendor.

That Mr. Grote’s History is faultless, no one will pretend; that it will in due time be superseded, is only the natural consequence of the advance of human wisdom; but the varied learning and the eminent ability which have been bestowed upon these volumes render their publication an important era in the history of Grecian research.

ART. VII. — *Memoirs and Correspondence of FRANCIS HORNER, M.P.* Edited by his Brother, LEONARD HORNER, Esq., F.R.S. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS work is something more than a reprint of the *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, which was first published in London about ten years ago. It embraces a further selection from Mr. Horner's correspondence, about forty or fifty of his letters being now first given to the world; and many of these, we may add, are equal or superior in interest to those included in the former edition. One of them contains a curious memorandum, drawn from the unpublished papers of John Locke, relative to the student Aikenhead, who was tried and executed in Edinburgh, as late as 1697, for denying, perhaps for ridiculing, the doctrine of the Trinity. Certainly, there is little reason for sharply censuring the founders of a small colony here in New England, because they were so ignorant of the principles of religious toleration as to hang mad Quakers in 1659, if those principles were so little known in the mother country forty years afterwards, that, under the mild government of William of Orange, a man could be legally put to death for no other alleged crime than his speculative belief concerning the nature of the Godhead. Such a "judicial murder," as Mr. Horner calls it, occurring in the lifetime of John Locke, could not fail to attract his notice, and he seems to have made a collection of the documents relating to it, including a copy of the indictment, notes of the evidence, and some private letters, in order either to bring the matter to the notice of the government in England, or to use it as an illustration in his writings upon toleration. It is not easy to see why Lord King, into whose possession these documents came among the other papers of Locke, made no allusion to the case in his biography of that sound philosopher and excellent man. As a descendant of Locke's sister, and the heir of his papers, he ought also to have inherited his principles, which would have inclined him to give to so abominable a transaction all the notoriety which he who first collected the documents intended it should ac-

quire. Mr. Horner, while yet a very young man, had an opportunity allowed him, while in London, to examine Locke's manuscripts, and was so much struck with the papers relating to this case, that he wrote to Malcolm Laing, the historian of Scotland, urging him to give an account of it in one of his forthcoming volumes. He quotes a letter of Lord Anstruther, who visited Aikenhead in prison, and describes him as "eighteen years of age, not vicious, and extremely studious." Lord Anstruther pleaded in the Council for a remission of the sentence, but "was told it could not be granted unless the ministers would intercede." Whereupon he remarks:—

"I am not for consulting the Church in state affairs. I do not think he would have proven an eminent Christian had he lived; but the ministers, out of a pious, though I think ignorant zeal, spoke and preached for cutting him off. I find capital punishment inflicted most against crimes that disturb the society and government, and not against the heinousness of the sin against God, for lawyers say in that case, '*Satis est Deum habere ultorem.*' And so stealing a sheep, when one is hungry, or speaking against the king, are punished by death; whereas cursing, lying, slander, drunkenness, &c. are scarcely taken notice of by our law; but our ministers generally are of a narrow set of thoughts, and confined principles, and not able to bear things of this nature. I have sent you inclosed his speech." — Vol. I. pp. 201, 202.

It was characteristic of Francis Horner to be deeply interested in such a case, not so much from his fondness for historical research, as from the liberality of his principles and the vehemence of his indignation against wrong. The purity and excellence of his moral character contributed quite as much as the vigor of his understanding and the largeness of his attainments to give him the eminence which he acquired at a very early age among English statesmen. There was something in Horner which the most vehement of his political opponents felt compelled to respect, and before which any thing like duplicity, meanness, or profligacy stood ashamed. He was not a wit, he did not excel in oratory, and his talents were rather solid than brilliant. He had not the advantages of hereditary rank or ample fortune, and he first appeared in Parliament under the character, there peculiarly exposed to suspicion and dislike, of a young Scotch lawyer, who had

abandoned the bar at Edinburgh in order to seek his fortune on the broader theatre of London. A prejudice of the English people, especially of those connected with the government, against a person coming into political life under such circumstances, may be traced as far back, perhaps, as the times of James I.; and it had certainly been strengthened of late years by a recollection of the lives and characters of Lord Loughborough, the Earl of Bute, and even the great Lord Mansfield. Yet even Brougham, who was of English parentage, with all the variety of his talents, the ardor of his temperament, and the splendid irregularity of his genius, did not acquire political distinction so soon, and never gained so much weight and authority of opinion, as Horner, who was his contemporary and intimate friend. The latter died of consumption, at the early age of thirty-nine, before he had held any public office, or had appeared before the public in any character but that of a diligent, but not obtrusive, member of the House of Commons, and a stanch adherent of that Whig party which, throughout his career, was in a hopeless minority. Yet his premature death was regarded as a public calamity. All parties in the House of Commons united in paying a respectful and affectionate tribute to his memory; and with the concurrence of the whole nation, a noble statue of him, by Chantrey, was erected in Westminster Abbey, as worthy to stand there by the side of the numerous memorials of the other illustrious dead whose fame is a portion of the national inheritance. When his decease was announced in Parliament, one of his political opponents, Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Speaker of the House, remarked, with much feeling, "In my conscience I believe there never lived the man of whom it could more truly be said, that, whenever he was found in public life, he was respected and admired; whenever he was known in private life, he was most affectionately beloved."

Before the publication of his *Memoirs and Correspondence*, it was difficult to account for this warmth and unanimity of public and private eulogy. There were no striking incidents in Mr. Horner's life; he had not accomplished any one great work; and though his career had evidently been active and

laborious, there were few or no permanent tokens of it in the history or the fortunes of the country. His name was identified with only one memorable passage in the political history of England, — that relating to the Bullion Report and Debate in the House of Commons in 1810. Even in that remarkable discussion, though it originated with him and he performed most of the labor, Canning eclipsed him in the rhetorical, and Ricardo in the scientific, treatment of the question, and he was perhaps equalled by Huskisson, Thornton, and Baring. Besides, the debate, important as it was for the evolution of scientific principles, and for its effect on public opinion, had no immediate result in legislation. Horner and his brilliant associates — the theorists, as their opponents sneeringly called them — were steadily voted down by a strong Parliamentary majority, who did not hesitate to declare that black was white, or to pass a formal resolution that the notes of the Bank of England had not undergone any depreciation whatever, though specie was then at a premium of about fourteen per cent. Not till 1819 did Mr. Peel succeed in inducing Parliament to order the restoration of cash payments by the Bank, thus reaping the harvest of which Mr. Horner had sown the seeds nine years before.

In this affair, as well as on most other occasions in which he directly came before the public, Mr. Horner appeared as a scientific Political Economist, — a character by no means as popular then as it has since become, through the success of Mr. Cobden and the Corn Law League. Every tyro in the House of Commons, and every contributor to the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*, can now cite Ricardo and Adam Smith, and prate about the laws of wages and the theory of rent; in fact, he must do so, or John Bull will not listen to him. The Economists now govern the commercial legislation of England, and sway the destinies of her colonies. They can point to the New Poor Law, to Peel's Bank Act of 1844, to the repeal of the Corn Law and the Navigation Laws, and to the general establishment of Free Trade, as exclusively their work. The most general qualifications of an English statesman, at the present day, are a moderate knowledge of Adam Smith and an immoderate zeal for the abolition of

slavery. Any other training is ornamental or merely auxiliary; these are necessary preparations for the course. It was far otherwise at the beginning of the present century, when Ricardo and Malthus, Horner and Huskisson, were just entering upon their labors. A Political Economist was then regarded pretty nearly in the same light in which men now look upon an Owenite, a Fourierite, or any other rabid theorist. He was thought to be hopelessly infected with the spirit of system. His arguments were not answered, but his conclusions were brought to the test of common sense and old prejudices, and found wanting. Though Mr. Horner does not rank, like Malthus and Ricardo, among the improvers of the science, he did more than any of his contemporaries to apply it to practice. Most of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and most of his speeches in Parliament, were devoted to an application of its principles to the mooted questions of the day. But he did not become eminent because he was a Political Economist, but rather in spite of it. He rendered more to the science than he received from it. He obtained assent to its doctrines more because they were *his* doctrines, than because they were principles of science. He avoided the two common errors of political theorists; he did not dogmatize, and he did not bend his doctrines to suit the occasions of his party. His candor and fairness preserved him from the one fault, and his scrupulous integrity from the other. His understanding was naturally vigorous, but it would not have had half so much influence, if it had not been interpenetrated and warmed by the glow of his moral principles and by the amiability of his character. Perfectly free from cant and from the desire of display, he enlisted the sympathies of men because he did not shock their taste or needlessly alarm their prejudices. His modesty equalled his earnestness, and his candor never yielded to the fond desire of triumphing in debate. He thus preserved the moral elevation that he obtained at the outset, both in Parliament and before the public, and was enabled to command attention and respect even when he could not enforce assent to his opinions.

The influence and distinction acquired by such a character were as honorable to those who gave or acknowledged them

as to himself. His talents were not showy and brilliant enough, his manners were too quiet and modest, and his principles too inflexible, to enable him soon to acquire favor with the multitude. He did not come into Parliament as the representative of a great constituency, but the high estimation in which he was held by his friends procured him a seat as a member for a close borough. Mr. Canning, as an opponent of Parliamentary reform, very fairly alluded to this circumstance when he came to add his testimonial of respect for the virtues of the departed. Mr. Windham, who was also a member by nomination, as it may be termed, having died not long before Mr. Horner, Canning remarked, —

“ When, for the second time within a short course of years, the name of an obscure borough is brought before us as vacated by the loss of conspicuous talents and character, it may be permitted to me, with my avowed and notorious opinions on the subject of our Parliamentary constitution, to state, without offence, that it is at least some consolation for the imputed theoretical defects of that constitution, that in practice it works so well. A system of representation cannot be wholly vicious and altogether inadequate to its purposes, which sends to this House a succession of such men as those whom we have now in our remembrance, here to develop the talents with which God has endowed them, and to attain that eminence in the view of their country, from which they may be one day called to aid her counsels and to sustain her greatness and her glory.”

Thus much, we fear, must be admitted by the most strenuous advocates of democratic institutions, that, in the United States, a man like Mr. Horner, whatever eminence he might have acquired through the press, could not have gained political distinction and influence so soon, or held them so firmly, as he did in England. Even there, his early success seemed remarkable, and, before the publication of his correspondence, almost inexplicable. Sir James Mackintosh surpassed him in reputation for learning and philosophy, in wit and brilliancy of composition and agreeableness of manners, and was certainly not inferior to him in political integrity and private virtue. But he did not even obtain a seat in Parliament till he was nearly fifty, and though he remained there over twenty years, he seems to have had hardly a tithe of the influence

over the House, or of the weight of opinion, which Horner had long enjoyed, who died at the early age of thirty-nine. But these letters and extracts from the other writings of Horner explain the problem of the great difference between the two men in point of success. Horner possessed in an eminent degree the steadiness of purpose and systematic diligence in which Mackintosh was woefully deficient. He had none of the little weaknesses or petty defects which so often abridge the influence, though to the inconsiderate they may seem even to enhance the brilliancy, of great talents and commanding virtues. Constancy in his aims, system in his employments, and indefatigable industry, were characteristic of him from early boyhood. Before he attained the age of manhood, he marked out for himself both the goal of his future endeavors and the precise path along which he was to proceed. From that path he never deviated a hair's breadth, and only a premature death prevented him from reaching the goal. Mackintosh was successively a physician, a political essayist, a lawyer, an Indian judge, a member of Parliament, a professor in college, and a historian. He coquetted all his life with philosophy, politics, and history, sharing his attentions so equally among them, that he never became a highly favored suitor of either. In reviewing his life and works, we do not think so much of what he actually accomplished, as of what he might have performed if he had been faithful to himself and persevering in his designs. His brilliant conversational powers were a fatal gift; he sacrificed to the ephemeral pleasures and triumphs of social intercourse his best opportunities of affording delight and instruction to future generations.

The first volume of Horner's Memoirs and Correspondence derives most of its interest from the very full view that is given in it of the studies, and the carefully elaborated habits of thought and conduct, by which he prepared himself for active life, and insured as well as merited the success that attended all his future undertakings. It is an instructive commentary on the truth, which young men are far more willing to acknowledge in words than to act upon, that moderate natural endowments, controlled by a strong sense of duty,

laboriously and systematically cultivated, and directed with unflinching perseverance to a single object, though that object be both distant and lofty, are far more likely to be rewarded with success, than the untrained and spasmodic efforts of the most brilliant genius. Mr. Horner had not, it is true, to contend with the formidable external obstacles which sometimes frustrate the best attempts at systematic self-culture. He had not penury to struggle against; he was abundantly supplied with books, instructors, and the other means and appliances of learning. But the work which he performed for himself was one in reference to which books and instructors are not so often a help as a hinderance; they are but crutches, which sloth and cowardice so often tempt us to lean upon, and the use of which may consequently even postpone the period at which we shall be able to walk alone. Mr. Horner fairly met and vanquished the insidious and dangerous foes to self-education which every man finds in his own love of ease and amusement, in his occasional fits of despondency and frequent vacillations of purpose. His plan of life was no better or higher than that which is formed by hundreds of students some time during their university career. But he had firmness and resolution enough to pursue it to the end, without halt or wavering; and thus his few years were crowned with some of the best fruits of a long life.

The leading incidents in Mr. Horner's life may be very briefly told. He was born in Edinburgh, on the 12th of August, 1778. His father, a respectable and successful merchant, had good natural abilities and respectable attainments, so that he was well qualified to superintend the earlier portion of his son's education, and to sympathize with him in his later studies and pursuits. From his mother he inherited a gentle disposition, a delicate taste, and the purity and firmness of moral principle which was his prominent characteristic through life. He was educated at the High School and in the University of Edinburgh, then in the zenith of their fame and influence, the former being under the charge of Dr. Adam, and the latter ranking among its professors such men as Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Robison, Black, and Dr. Hugh Blair. The reputation of these men, united

with the disturbances on the Continent of Europe, which induced many persons to send their sons to a distance for an education, attracted a throng of students from other lands to Edinburgh, thus giving variety and animation to the society of the place, and new vigor and warmth to its intellectual action. It was, indeed, an exciting period. The French Revolution was agitating every part of the civilized world, not only with its diplomacy, its wars, and the intestine disturbances that it occasioned, but with a general fermentation of opinion and the shock of conflicting theories. Society was kept in a state of feverish excitement by the news of startling events and the mingled dread and hope of what was to come. Nothing appeared stable; old kingdoms were subverted, old institutions were crumbling, and doctrines were vehemently advocated that went far beyond the old landmarks of opinion, and threatened to upheave the moral basis of every thing which had escaped external violence. All departments of thought received a new and strong impulse; poetry and philosophy were nearly as much affected as politics. Men speculated about every thing, — about science, morals, and religion, as much as government and laws. Lecturers harangued, public and secret associations were formed for the propagation of peculiar opinions, debating societies rivalled legislative assemblies in turmoil and heat of speech. Government acted with unwonted vigor and sternness, being cheered on by one faction, and execrated by the other which felt its blows. Men were transported or hanged for seditious practices, though their actions would not, in ordinary times, have subjected them even to a fine. Professors in the universities adapted their lectures to the occasion, and spoke with unusual warmth the language of animation, warning, or reproof. Students hurried from the lecture to their club-rooms, where they debated about the rights of man and the organization of society. The effect was not all evil; amid much bluster, error, and noise, were felt the light and heat of true intellectual activity and life. Genius is born and nursed amid political throes and convulsions, as the central fires of our globe make themselves known and felt through earthquakes and volcanoes. The youth who were receiving their

education at this exciting epoch showed afterwards far more energy and power than the generations which immediately preceded or followed them. Ambition was roused, at the same time that the restraint of moral principle was relaxed, and the benumbing effect of old customs and fixed institutions was passing away.

If a quiet and thoughtful boy like Horner had not entered into this stir and tumult of his own accord, he would soon have imbibed a liking for it from his associates. Henry Brougham was his playmate and schoolfellow almost from infancy. "In May, 1780," says his mother, "they used to run together on the pavement before our house." Jeffrey, Murray, John Allen, and Sydney Smith were among his earliest friends; and he was associated with them in the memorable undertaking, half a frolic at its commencement, of the *Edinburgh Review*. It was one striking proof, among many, of the intellectual activity of the period, that a journal, which exercised from the first a commanding influence on the literature and politics of Great Britain, should have been started, partly as a joke, by half a dozen briefless lawyers and unbeneficed clergymen in Edinburgh, not one of whom had attained the age of thirty. These persons, also, were Horner's associates and rivals in the "*Speculative Society*," the debates in which probably did more to widen the range of his ideas, and develop his powers of thought and expression, than all his studies in the University, or his practice at the bar. He was a careful, though not a brilliant scholar, and when he left Dr. Adam's tuition to enter college, he was *Dux* of the rector's class, or the acknowledged head of the school.

With all its advantages as a place of education and residence, Edinburgh is still only a provincial city; and its inhabitants show their consciousness of the fact in nothing so strongly as their nervous anxiety to get rid of provincial peculiarities. Hume and Robertson were haunted by the fear of Gallicisms in their style; and Lord Loughborough, in the opening of his career, made a violent attempt to correct his Scotch accent by taking lessons of the elder Sheridan, who, in a rich Irish brogue, undertook to teach all the delicacies of English intonation. In like manner, Horner, who was destined first for

the Scotch and afterwards for the English bar, was sent by his father to prosecute his studies for a year in England, in order to perfect his pronunciation. He was placed under the care of the Rev. John Hewlett, at Shacklewell, a small village in Middlesex. After he had been there a short time, he writes to his father, "With respect to one great object for which you were at the expense and trouble of placing me here, I think I am beginning to *pronounce* some words as Englishmen do, and just to *feel* the difference between the *rhythm* of their conversation and mine." At Shacklewell, he was allowed a degree of liberty in the disposition of his time which would have been hazardous to any boy of seventeen except one who had already been denominated by his schoolfellows "the sage," and "the ancient Horner." He occupied lodgings in the village, where his instructor visited him only one hour in the day, to render aid in such studies as the youth might select. He read Greek and Latin every morning, and devoted the afternoon to mathematics and the formation of an English style by translating from the French and reading Bolingbroke and Junius. He kept up a full correspondence, also, with his former associates at Edinburgh, writing at great length on metaphysical questions and other academical subjects. It is amusing to find a youth, who yet lacked several years of his majority, gravely discussing in his familiar letters the freedom of the will, and passing sentence with much gravity "against the absurd and trifling metaphysics of the schoolmen, and the dangerous refinements of modern materialists." His anxious and persevering attempts to master the niceties of English idiom had an injurious effect for a while upon his style, which became insufferably formal and stiff. These qualities wore off in time, but he never became a master of easy and graceful English prose.

Never was a course of self-discipline more thorough and painstaking than that to which Horner subjected himself for the next ten years of his life. He read not much, but very thoroughly, keeping the pen constantly in his hand, starting doubts and difficulties, or hunting up illustrations, for every page, and anxiously questioning himself every little while as to the amount and value of the accessions which he had

made to his stock of ideas. In this way, he read the principal works of Lord Bacon, Adam Smith, and the leading Economists of France. Sometimes he was lucky enough to find an associate, of similar tastes, and equal ardor and diligence; and then they read together, entering into a discussion of every question or criticism which the text suggested to either. The only relaxation which he permitted himself was the study of chemistry, the experiments in which offered an agreeable diversion from the painful processes of abstract thought. In the choice of his studies, as well as in the general character of his opinions, may be traced the influence of Dugald Stewart, whom he revered as an instructor while he was strongly attached to him as a friend. As he kept a diary and wrote numerous letters while this process of self-culture was going on, we are enabled to trace the progress of his studies and the formation of his mind with greater particularity than is usual. Modest as he was by nature, the accuracy of his judgment and his careful habit of self-examination disclosed to him the extent of his powers, and the aims which he cherished were so lofty, that in any other person they would have savored of conceit.

“Political *virtue*, political *sagacity*, political *science*, are three great branches of habit to be cultivated; and so, that by being blended together in the mind, they may strengthen as well as purify each other.”

“It is to give myself a chance for *acting* in public life, that I shall laboriously devote myself to the law; if I succeed in which, I have two chances for a public scene; either as a judge, which, if in a supreme situation, I should consider as the most dignified, and in which a beneficial and permanent influence might be impressed; or, secondly, upon the foundation of an independence acquired professionally, *place myself* in a public situation, where the results of political philosophy may be applied to the exercise of the great duties of legislation.” — Vol. I. p. 362.

If it seems strange that a man under thirty, and favored by no adventitious aids, should cherish so lofty purposes as these, it is stranger still, that, before ten years had elapsed, he should have fulfilled a large portion of them. He never attained eminence at the bar; he had not the keen and quick intellect, the fluency of speech and ardor of temperament, which are the

requisites of marked success in that profession. He would have made a better judge than lawyer, and he was too rigid a moralist to become a thorough-paced politician. In almost every respect, he was the opposite of his friend Brougham; and notwithstanding their early and long-continued intimacy, this essential diversity of character led to events which caused a suspension of intercourse between them during the most active years of their political life. The fault must have been entirely Brougham's; for Horner was amiable as well as rigidly just, and was peculiarly happy in making friends and attaching them to himself with the cords of a strong and lasting affection.

Among these friends was one, nearly of the same age as Horner, and cut off prematurely, like him, by pulmonary complaints, when he had hardly reached the middle period of life, whose character, as it is not generally known, deserves more than a passing notice. Lord Webb Seymour, a brother of the present Duke of Somerset, after passing the usual period at Christ Church, Oxford, went to Edinburgh in 1797, at the age of twenty, to pursue his studies at the University there, being attracted by its high reputation as a school for moral and physical philosophy. From a brief and affectionate memoir of him, written by his friend Hallam, the historian, and appended to this work, we take the following sketch of his life at Oxford.

“His character developed itself in a steadiness of purpose and an unshaken determination to cultivate his mind according to a preconceived scheme of improvement, rare in a young man of his rank, and much more so at that time than in the present age. The habits of his natural associates, those in college language called *gold tufts* and *silk gowns*, were any thing rather than studious, estimable as many of those young men were in private life, and have since shown themselves in the world. Lord Webb Seymour soon adopted a plan, which even the reading men at Oxford seldom thought it necessary to pursue. He resolutely declined all invitations, and during the whole remainder of his stay at Christ Church was never seen at a wine party. Such a course, whatever in this more studious age may be thought, brought down at that time on his head the imputation of great singularity; but his remarkable urbanity of manners, and the entire absence of affectation,

preserved to him the respect and regard of those from whose society he thus seemed to withdraw. The reason which Lord Webb gave for thus sacrificing all convivial intercourse was characteristic of his modesty. He felt, he said, that his parts were slow; that he acquired knowledge with less facility than many of his contemporaries; and that he could not hope to compass the objects which he had in view, if he gave up the evening hours, as was then customary, to the pleasures of conversation. The dignity of his mind, always intent on future and even distant schemes of improvement, and hence superior to all momentary emulation, which it is perhaps too much the habit of those who guide our academical studies to encourage, can only be appreciated by those who remember him at this period, and who remember also the frivolous and superficial tone of conversation from which, relatively at least to him, few of his fellow-students, even though not deficient in mental quickness or school learning, were exempt.

“Lord Webb Seymour was neither a very good scholar, in the common sense of the word, nor by any means the contrary. He knew well, on every subject, what he knew at all, and his character rendered him averse to spread his reading over a large surface. He read slowly and carefully, possibly too much so; but as on this account he forgot little, he was by this means uninformed on many subjects of general literature. But his peculiar quality was the love of truth, and, as is perhaps the case with all true lovers, he loved that mistress the more in proportion as she was slow in favoring his suit. It was said of him that he would rather get at any thing by the longest process; and, in fact, not having a quick intuition, and well knowing that those who decide instantly are apt not to understand what they decide, he felt a reluctance to acquiesce in what the world call a common-sense view of any philosophical question.” — Vol. I. pp. 533, 534.

Attracted by similarity of pursuits and character, he soon became Horner's intimate friend. They read Bacon and Adam Smith together, with a conversational commentary on every paragraph, tried chemical experiments, and formed a magnificent scheme for instituting a Philological Society, with an ultimate view to the invention of a real character. The project was rather a presumptuous one for two very young men, whose knowledge of languages was probably confined to a modicum of Latin, Greek, and French, in addition to their mother tongue; and though patronized by the Duke of Somerset himself, we are not surprised to learn that

it failed to be carried out. Lord Webb Seymour had a stronger taste for natural science than his friend; he travelled over Scotland and part of England, in company with Mr. Playfair, that he might have the benefit of his geological instructions in the field. He also studied mathematics under the same teacher, though he had little taste or aptitude for the science; but he believed it would be a useful discipline for his habits of thought. Though constantly learning, and committing the results of his inquiries to paper, he was too distrustful of himself, and too deaf to the voice of ambition, ever to publish any thing, or to enter public life. After a while, he purchased a beautiful estate in Scotland, and there passed most of the remainder of his days, still keeping up a correspondence with his early friends, and manifesting the warmest sympathy in their plans and welfare. He visited Edinburgh occasionally, that he might have the pleasure of a metaphysical discussion with Dr. Thomas Brown; but nature had formed him to be a philosophical recluse, and he soon hastened back to his books in his solitary home. "It is not only the time engrossed by society," he wrote to his friend Hallam, "that I find to be the loss in a town; there is a still more serious obstacle to any independent pursuit in the sympathy excited by the occupations of other men, who are continually thrusting in upon you political discussion, the business of the world, and the novelties of literature." It is not every young nobleman of ample fortune, we imagine, who is afraid of having such topics and amusements "thrust upon" him as Lord Webb Seymour here complains of. Perhaps there was something morbid in the state of mind or moral principle which created so strong a dislike of what the world generally considers as innocent relaxation. He was not a misanthrope, however, and he had considerable power of pleasing in general society. His affection for his friends led him to entertain a nice regard for their moral well-being, as well as for their success in life. After he had been separated from Horner for several years, and when the latter was in the full tide of Parliamentary success, he wrote him a long letter on the danger of allowing his judgment to be warped and his moral sense to be blunted by the excitements of politics and

the influence of party connections and party views. Here is a lesson in toleration which parties in a monarchy or a republic might profit by, though it be preached by a young nobleman who never had a voice in legislation.

“Opposition in Parliament is generally conducted upon one very false principle, namely, that the measures of ministers must, in every case, be so far wrong, as to deserve, upon the whole, very severe reprobation. I will not suppose this principle to be speculatively recognized; but it seems, at least, to be practically adopted. Now it is plain, that, where a set of men have the good of the country mainly at heart, and have tolerable capacities for business, though their talents be neither profound nor brilliant, and though their principles lean rather more than is right in favor of the Crown, yet their measures must, in all probability, be often as good as circumstances will admit of, and sometimes entitled to praise for unusual prudence or magnanimity. On such occasions, justice is, for the most part, denied them altogether by the opposition side of the House; or, if praise is bestowed at all, it is bestowed in feeble terms, and with reservations much insisted on; but what is denied them in Parliament is granted by an impartial public without doors, with proportionate disgust at the bitter and unremitting censures of factious enmity.”—Vol. II. p. 352.

We subjoin an entry from Mr. Horner's diary, written at the time when he was about parting from his excellent friend in order to try his fortunes at the English bar.

“This day Lord Webb and I read Lord Bacon, I am afraid for the last time; I go to London in a few days, and by the time I return, he will be prepared to bid farewell to Scotland. We have not finished the *Novum Organum*, having got no farther than that part of the second book in which the author begins to illustrate the *prerogativæ instantiarum*; but we have worked very accurately through the whole of what we have read, and prepared ourselves tolerably well for the study of the Baconian logic upon an enlarged plan, by an attentive study of what may be called its grammar or rudiments. I must take some future opportunity of examining, retrospectively, the kind as well as degree of improvement which these studies with Seymour have purchased; that it is considerable, I cannot entertain a doubt. Independent of the noble subject to which it directed my attention for so considerable a space of time, I must have learned something from the manner and habits of my companion. He is indeed very slow in apprehension, partly from what may be called a want of energy, or at least imagina-

tion, partly too from principle and voluntary habit; but then he possesses, in an eminent degree, the truly philosophic qualities of scrupulous caution, unconquerable patience, unclouded candor. From this crisis of our studies, what different roads we are to follow! His life devoted to speculative labor and scientific accumulation; mine immersed, *si sic fata*, in the passing ephemeral details of professional activity. He has the prospect, and the resolution, before him, of persevering through all the general reasonings of Lord Bacon's philosophy, and all the pleasing illustrations that can be culled from every field of science. I must content myself in that department with imperfect knowledge, and with the chance of assimilating some portion of philosophy to the mass of practical information, and of infusing something of the spirit of liberal science into the gross and unformed details of business." — Vol. I. pp. 177, 178.

The short time, little over two years, that Mr. Horner remained in Edinburgh, after his admission to the bar, was not unprofitably spent, though he met the usual fate of young advocates, in obtaining very little professional business. His own phrase, that he was "entirely immersed in law, political economy, and history," does not express the whole truth; for the first of these three studies, though it should have been his chief object, occupied the smallest share of his attention. He had some taste for the antiquities, and what may be called the philosophy, of the law; but its details and practice were excessively irksome to him. But he diligently traversed the broad fields of philosophical and political disquisition, and wrote several articles on Political Economy for the Edinburgh Review. In March, 1802, he made a preliminary visit to London, where, favored by letters of introduction from Lord Webb Seymour, by his intimacy with Sydney Smith and John Allen, and his own reputation as an Edinburgh Reviewer and a young lawyer of great abilities and liberal politics, he was received with open arms by the Whigs, and at once admitted into the most select circle of the wits and talents of their party. The doors of Holland House opened to him, as it were, of their own accord, and before a fortnight had elapsed, he had dined at the King of Clubs, in company with Mackintosh, Romilly, Abercromby, "Conversation" Sharp, and Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger. Horner's account of this dinner, as given in his diary, shows that he was not dazzled by the

literary or social reputation of these stars of the Whig faction, but that he judged them very coolly and with much fairness.

“The conversation was very pleasing; it consisted chiefly of literary reminiscences, anecdotes of authors, criticisms of books, &c. I had been taught to expect a very different scene; a display of argument, wit, and all the flourishes of intellectual gladiatorship: which, though less permanently pleasing, is for the time more striking. This expectation was not answered; partly, as I am given to understand, from the absence of Smith, and partly from the presence of Romilly, who evidently received from all an unaffected deference, and imposed a certain degree of restraint. I may take notice of one or two particulars, which struck me as the characteristic defects of this day’s conversation. There was too little of present activity; the memory alone was put to work; no efforts of original production, either by imagination or the reasoning powers. All discussion of opinions was studiously avoided; this could not proceed from any apprehension of unpleasant discord of sentiment, for upon the fundamental doctrines in religion and politics the whole company were certainly biassed to the same side; neither could it arise from a want of difference in opinion, in deductions farther removed from first principles; that can never be the case with powerful understandings that have been separately employed: I can only explain the circumstance, therefore, from an erroneous fashion or taste in conversation. I shall only remark farther in this place, that between Sharp and Mackintosh, for example, there seems to me to be too much of assentation with respect to canons of criticisms, &c.; as if they lived too much together; as if they belonged to a kind of sect; or as if there was something of compromise between them. Their principles of criticism and taste appear to me quite just, and formed very much upon the French school; Racine and Virgil the models of poetical composition, and Cicero the prince of prose writers: at the same time, they do not carry the principles, upon which this judgment is founded, to that cold and dull extreme, which limits all excellence to correctness, and allows no relish for the wildness of untamed imagination, or the flights of extravagant eccentric genius. I rather apprehend that they even suffer this indulgence a little farther than is quite consistent with the other ruling principle; their admiration of Burke, for example, is not qualified enough; and their appetite for the nervous or flowing passages that may with toil be detected in the obscure folios of some of our old English writers, ‘*apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,’ betrays unquestionably a palate not fully gratified with the milder relish of chastened excellence.” — Vol. I. pp. 183–185.

Horner himself appears to have made a very agreeable impression on these men, partly perhaps because he was not a wit, and the inherent modesty and amiableness of his disposition prevented him from entering into any rivalry with them as accomplished conversers, and partly because his excellent abilities and extensive information were manifest enough to prove that he was a very desirable accession to the party. He also made the acquaintance of Sir Humphrey Davy and the poet Campbell, and, on the whole, passed the time in London so much to his satisfaction, that we are not surprised to learn that he shortened by one year his intended future stay in Scotland, so that he might the sooner make his home in the midst of so many attractions. It is amusing to be informed from his own confession, made not long after his final settlement in the great metropolis, that he soon found the necessity of unlearning some of the habits which he had formed in "the metaphysical climate of Edinburgh; such as the inclination to theorize, and to present general principles or rules in a scholastic dress." Some frank confessions were also made to him, as when Mackintosh admitted his recent discovery, forced upon him by his practice at the Cockpit, that he knew almost nothing about international law, though he had lectured upon it with great *éclat* some years before in Lincoln's Inn.

Success at the bar was evidently a secondary object with Horner, though he had some show of business in the Scotch law cases before the House of Lords, and though he entered his name at Lincoln's Inn with the intention, afterwards fulfilled, of regularly going the circuit. But an opening into political life was the great aim of his endeavors; and with this view he attended Whig meetings, and frequented the strangers' gallery in the House of Commons, to hear the debates, with much greater enjoyment than he found in the courts. A political crisis had arrived, and the debates were unusually interesting. "Doctor" Addington, as he was called, had presumed to think and act for himself, and to keep his post at the head of the ministry, after William Pitt, who had regarded him only as a warming-pan, had signified a wish that he should retire, and thus open the way for his own return

to power. Strong in the personal favor of the king, and in a very respectable "political connection," the Doctor turned a deaf ear to the mandate; and Pitt, in great wrath, formed a sort of league with Fox and the Whig opposition, in order that their united forces might compel him to retire. As the country was greatly excited from the imminent prospect of an invasion by Napoleon, and the whole conduct of the war was at stake, the leaders in Parliament mustered their forces and put forth all their strength for the encounter. Horner and Mackintosh often waited seven or eight hours to secure a seat in the gallery, and did not always succeed. The following is an account by the former of one of the great debates.

"Fox's opening speech was not eloquent; on the contrary, slovenly as to manner, and languid; probably from an express intention to restrain himself on personal topics, that he might not anticipate Pitt in this respect; he did not allude to ministers, but confined himself to the inadequacy of the present arrangements for national defence, and the means of improving them into a permanent system by a better plan of recruiting, and by regulations for military exercises among the peasantry. All the substance of his speech was excellent. Pitt gave us both substance and manner, as a debater of the highest powers; most explicit in his declaration against ministers, which he delivered, however, as if at last after much consideration and reluctance; but he enforced it with a good deal of grave vehement declamation in his way, and some touches of that bitter, freezing sarcasm, which everybody agrees is his most original talent, and appears indeed most natural to him. His speech was very argumentative and full of details; throughout, the impression he left was, and he disguised very successfully his anxiety to make this impression, that every measure government had adopted for the national defence originated from his suggestions, which they had marred, however, by adopting them imperfectly, and carrying them still worse into execution. The speeches of ministers were confined, till the Attorney-General rose, to the defence of the different parts of their military measures that had been attacked; Percival took a much more judicious view of the debate, and treated the motion as if it had been in terms for the dismissal of ministers. This was the true mode of treating it, if he could have executed his idea with skill; but his want of talent drove him to violence and extreme personality, so as to betray the fury and despair of his friends, or rather their convulsions in death. His personal abuse of Fox and Windham was vul-

gar and gross in the extreme. But we in the gallery were much indebted to him, for it produced a masterly speech from each in their very different styles. Windham repelled the personality, chiefly by the contrast of his own manner; with great fire, but perfect temper, a very polite contempt, and exquisite wit; he spoke not more than ten minutes, but he refreshed one's mind from all the bad feelings that Percival had given us. Fox treated him after a different regimen; condemning, with much vehemence and indignation, the faction and ribaldry which he had introduced into the debate; and defending his own political connections and conduct with all the manliness and simplicity of his best manner." — Vol. I. pp. 261, 262.

We add an account of two other distinguished speakers, whom Horner heard on a subsequent occasion, as the criticism upon one of them shows very plainly the sagacity and excellent judgment to which he owed much of his own success in Parliament. Dr. Lawrence will be best remembered as the intimate friend and literary executor of Edmund Burke, though we can hardly pardon his remissness in the duties of the latter office.

"The best hints as to the real substance of the case gleamed through the darkness and turbidness of Dr. Lawrence, who would fairly have talked his audience to death, if they had not coughed him to silence; his expectoration (to use a delicate phrase of Lord Ellenborough's) was dreadful to the hearer, but seemed to be full of knowledge and sense and acuteness, as I have always found him whenever I have had self-command sufficient to listen. There was one extraordinary oration that night, — Sir William Grant's; quite a masterpiece of his peculiar and miraculous manner: conceive an hour and a half of syllogisms strung together in the closest tissue, so artfully clear that you think every successive inference unavoidable; so rapid that you have no leisure to reflect where you have been brought from, or to see where you are to be carried, and so dry of ornament or illustration or refreshment, that the attention is stretched — stretched — racked. All this is done without a single note. And yet, while I acknowledge the great vigor of understanding displayed in such performances, I have a heresy of my own about Grant's speaking; it does not appear to me of a parliamentary cast, nor suited to the discussions of a political assembly. The effect he produces is amazement at his power, not the impression of his subject; now this is a mortal symptom. Besides this, he gives me a suspicion of sophistry, which haunts me through his whole de-

duction; though I have nothing immediately to produce, I feel dissatisfied, as if there were something that might be said. And after all, there are no trains of syllogism nor processes of intricate distinctions in subjects that are properly political. The wisdom, as well as the common feelings that belong to such subjects, lies upon the surface in a few plain and broad lines; there is a want of genius in being very ingenious about them, and it belongs to talents of the second order to proceed with a great apparatus of reasoning." — Vol. I. pp. 307, 308.

Horner was soon to enter the arena of which he had so long been a wishful spectator. When he had been little more than a year in London, he was formally invited by Lord Fitzwilliam, with whom he had had no previous acquaintance, to attend a dinner-party at his house, at which many of the Whig leaders were to be present, in order to consult about some new move on the political chessboard. Such an invitation kindled his hopes anew; but his diary shows that, with his usual conscientiousness, he entered into a severe examination of himself, his opinions and principles, to learn whether he could, by accepting it, honestly join Mr. Fox's party. The result of this scrutiny being favorable, he attended the dinner, and found, to his great disgust, that the grand project which they were called together to consider was only "that some association might be formed, for writing pamphlets, squibs, epigrams, &c. against the administration." The epigrams were evidently considered more important than the pamphlets; and the only result of the meeting was, that Jekyll wrote half a dozen very good ones. This first view of the petty manœuvres of a great political party almost sickened an ingenuous neophyte like Horner. He tried to smooth the plumes of his ruffled dignity by gravely recording this lofty purpose in his diary:—"I shall *perhaps* look out for some opportunities, *of my own accord*, for writing constitutional tracts, such as those opportunities which my Lord Somers, in his earlier days, thought no improper temptations from the general career which he pursued." Bravo, young Scotch philosopher! But perhaps it was quite as well that the "constitutional tracts," after the manner of "my Lord Somers in his earlier days," were never written; Lord Fitzwilliam and the other veteran Whig schemers would only have shrugged their shoulders at them.

When Horner came to be better understood, as not a wit, not an intriguer, not a catspaw in dirty or fiery business, but as a person of immense industry, large attainments, and scrupulous uprightness, and as therefore not only a sound but a safe man, the party soon found fitting employment for him. He judges himself very fairly in a letter which he wrote about this period to his friend Murray.

“As for the splendid, hazardous pursuits of foreign policy and ministerial intrigue, into which our friend Brougham is plunging himself with a resolution to succeed that seems to insure success, and will at all events secure distinction, they are as unsuitable to the habits of my mind as to its powers; too bustling for the indolent predilection (which grows upon me hourly) for domestic and confined society, and not of magnitude, I will acknowledge, adequate to my idea of the highest sort of ambition. Lord Bacon and Dugald Stewart have made me a little of a visionary, as I believe you have sometimes thought; I am sure Brougham must have thought so always. But I have not yet reasoned myself out of those shades; the ‘fantastic spell’ is unbroken, so I must even go on still ‘*perque domos vacuas et inania regna.*’” — Vol. I. p. 279.

The first honorable application made for Mr. Horner’s political services was by the Chairman of the East India Company, that he should write an exposition of the views of the Directors with respect to the extension of their Eastern dominions. It is not known that any thing came of this proposal, though he accepted it for the dignified reason stated in his journal, that, “in advocating a cause which is congenial to my own principles and feelings, *I shall have to illustrate the high rules of political virtue, to assert the rights of remote nations of men, and to prescribe maxims to the government of England,* for the preservation and improvement of her empire in Asia.” Pretty well for a youth of twenty-six! Two years afterwards, when the Whigs were in power, and the famous administration of “All the Talents” was formed, Horner received an offer from Lord Minto of a seat, vacated by the resignation of Lord Harrowby’s brother, at the Board of Commissioners appointed to adjust the long-disputed claims of the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot. With some misgivings on his own part, and a great many on that of his

friends, for he was endangering his chance of earning an independence at the bar, this offer was accepted. It is honorable both to Mr. Horner and his advisers to be able to say, that their scruples entirely vanished only when it was ascertained that the Commissionership, though a highly respectable office, was attended with no emolument whatever. It was a post of hard work and no pay; but it was an earnest of better things. Hardly four weeks had elapsed before he received a proposal from Lord Kinnaird to bring him into Parliament as member for his Lordship's rotten borough of St. Ives. Horner's immediate reply was characteristic. He told Lord Henry Petty, who communicated the offer, that he must have some days to reflect; that he could himself afford no expense; that he never would come into Parliament under instructions from *any* man; that his political attachment was to Mr. Fox's party; and that he must be satisfied that Lord Kinnaird held the same views, and was likely to be steady in them. The assurances given on all these points were satisfactory; and then, though he had received a letter of affectionate warning and remonstrance from his philosophic friend, Lord Webb Seymour, the young Scotchman accepted the dazzling proposal, and came into the House of Commons just after his friends the Whigs left the ministry. As all expectations of obtaining office or emolument were thus dissipated, we may suppose that even Lord Webb Seymour's scruples were dissipated also.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Horner's Parliamentary career, as it is a part of the history of the times, and is sufficiently familiar to all. Indeed, our object all along has been, to show rather what he was, than what he accomplished. It is not often that such a character appears on the political stage, — not, as we hope, because the character itself is rare, but because it is usually manifested only in private life. We shall think better of professed politicians in future, because one such man deigned to take service, and even found favor, among them. Mr. Horner's part in the House of Commons was not showy or bustling, but it was eminently discreet, laborious, and honorable. On such subjects as the currency and the corn laws, he soon became an authority, and his opinions

were received with much deference. On another important point, the resumption of cash payments by the Bank, as we have seen, he had the honor of leading the public opinion of England. If his party adopted measures about the policy of which he was doubtful, he was silent, or he absented himself from the House ; if they swerved a hair's breadth from what he conceived to be the true line of uprightness and magnanimity, he opposed them.

A striking proof of such independence was given by him immediately after Napoleon's return from Elba. He had fully shared his countrymen's intense dislike of England's great enemy, with whom she had waged a furious war for fourteen years, broken only by one brief and hollow truce, — who had almost constantly foiled her on the land, while he had been regularly beaten by her at sea. No one had been more despondent than Horner, at the time when, after the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon appeared almost as the undisputed sovereign of Continental Europe ; and no one uttered more fervent thanksgivings after the campaign of 1813 – 14 had dashed this mighty empire into fragments, and left the great conqueror as master only of a petty islet in the Mediterranean. And his imagination was not kindled or his judgment warped by the most astounding feat recorded in modern history, — by Napoleon's landing at Frejus, and his unresisted march to Paris. He still detested the Corsican's character and policy, and grieved to see him restored to the throne of France. But here he stopped, for the circumstances had changed. Napoleon was no longer a usurper, for when destitute of power, he had been reinstated, as it were, by acclamation, — by what seemed to be the free and unanimous voice of the French people ; and as a consistent Whig, Mr. Horner could not deny the right of a nation to choose its own ruler without foreign interference. Moreover, Napoleon was now a constitutional sovereign, having conciliated the republican party by the grant of the *acte additionnel*, which confined the imperial power within comparatively narrow limits ; and this act had been accepted by a popular vote of over 1,500,000 to 5,000. Probably not another monarch in Europe could have obtained the free vote of so large a majority of his people for his own con-

tinuance on the throne. But more than all, Napoleon now appeared as a suitor for peace, while the allies proposed to put him under the ban of nations, and to wage interminable war against him as an enemy of the human race. If England was again to engage in the conflict, the war on her part was to be unquestionably an aggressive one. Entirely unprovoked, and rejecting an humble offer of peace, England was to invade France for the sole purpose of dethroning one who had just been raised to the throne with unparalleled unanimity by his own subjects.

If Mr. Horner had disliked Napoleon less, these considerations might have had less weight with him. They would not have appeared so formidable, moreover, if his own interests—the good-will of his friends, his popularity with all parties, and even the chance of retaining his seat in Parliament—had not plainly required him to disregard them. But suspecting that his judgment might be biassed by these two reasons, he anxiously pondered over the arguments against renewing the war till they appeared irresistible; and then, nobly disregarding the astonishment and reproaches of those who knew him best, the suspicions of the still larger number of persons who always impute ill motives to those who differ from them in opinion, and the opposition of his own party, he formed one of the very small minority who voted against the declaration of hostilities. Immediately after the division, he wrote to the Marquis of Buckingham, to whom he owed his seat in the House, and offered to resign it, as he was no longer able to reconcile his sense of duty to the public with the support of that line of public policy which the Marquis had adopted. And this was not merely a formal offer, made with a good hope that it would not be accepted; for though his patron handsomely declined to take immediate advantage of it, he said very plainly in his reply, that if the difference of opinion between them, which had as yet been manifested only upon one topic and in one vote, should lead “to a *continued* difference in our public line of conduct,” he would then accept Mr. Horner’s honorable proposal. There still remained the difficult task of satisfying his father, his scrupulous philosophic friend, Lord Webb Seymour, and even his old asso-

ciates, Murray and Jeffrey, not merely that his vote was founded on sincere conviction, — for that they never doubted, — but that it did not imply any dereliction of principles formerly avowed, or any change of opinion respecting the character and policy of Napoleon. To Murray he wrote: —

“If we are to open a new Iliad of war against the military power of France, it is of the last importance that we should so commence it, as to stamp upon it, in the opinion of the people of the Continent, its true character of a war of defence merely against aggrandizement. By going to war now, we go to war for the Bourbons, to force that feeble, worn-out race upon the French; we go to war too upon a still more hopeless, and in my sentiments unjustifiable principle, that of proscribing an individual, and, through him, the nation which has adopted him, as incapable of peace or truce. It is obvious, that, proceeding in that manner, we do what we can to inspire into the French soldiery all the fire of enthusiasm, every feeling of pride for their national independence, and the utmost devotion for their great chief. The argument used on the other side is, that in prudence it must be assumed that he will act over again his old part as soon as he has collected sufficient means, and that the interval should not be let slip of overbearing him, while he is unprepared, with the whole combined numbers of the allies. Even if these things could be taken for granted, I question if it would not still be but a short-sighted prudence, to reject the opportunity which his professions of peace and moderation might afford of confirming in the public mind of Europe, an impression of the justice of our cause in that war, which, if it be renewed, will be one of no short duration, and must, in the course of it, involve in all the vicissitudes of fortune the best parts of the world. For England, I own, I cannot see, if we are to have another period of war, that ultimate success abroad, if to be hoped, would compensate our sure and irreparable losses at home; the inevitable insolvency of the Exchequer must, in one disguised shape or other, bring on a dreadful convulsion of property, with the ruin of all those families, whom the Courier (resuming the ancient Jacobinical phrase of its editor when he was the hireling of violence of another sort) stigmatizes as the *drones* of society, the annuitants, those who live on the savings of former industry; and in addition to this calamity, we shall witness the acceleration of that change, which is already begun, of our old civil system of freedom and law, for a military government. Such are my present melancholy dreams; sleeping or waking, they are about my bed, and about my path, speaking most literally; for since this devil incarnate rose again from the dead, I have known no comfortable day.” — Vol. II. pp. 246–248.

The battle of Waterloo relieved Mr. Horner from one perplexity only to throw him into another. The war was over, but Napoleon gave himself up to the English, declaring that he had terminated his political career, and that he came, like Themistocles, to seat himself at the hearth of the British people, and to claim the protection of its laws; and Mr. Horner could not see, under these circumstances, how it was either just or magnanimous to send "this devil incarnate" as a prisoner for life to St. Helena. Nearly all England, it is true, ratified this conduct of its government by acclamation; and the unanimity of opinion did not allow the subject to come up for debate, or even for a division, in Parliament, so that Mr. Horner had no opportunity to express his dissent. But he communicated his scruples to his friends, among others to Mr. Hallam, and was good-naturedly scolded by him for being so wrong-headed.

The termination of Mr. Horner's own career was at hand. As early as June, 1816, we find him writing to his father that he was "a little plagued with a cough, in which there is nothing at all material, except the circumstance of its continuing so long, which, I think, is owing to the cold weather." The physicians thought otherwise; in a few weeks, they ordered him to give up public speaking, to suspend all professional engagements, and to pass the ensuing winter in a warmer climate. Then appeared the strength of the attachment which bound his friends to him. Inquiries and expressions of sympathy came from all quarters; and as he was especially reluctant to leave England, Lord and Lady Holland invited him to take a suit of rooms at their house, where he might live all the winter within doors, and be tended by her Ladyship as carefully as by a mother. But this course was not held by the physicians to be expedient, and Mr. Horner went to Italy to die. He expired at Pisa, on the 8th of February, 1817, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn.

We ought not to close without expressing our thanks to the American publishers, for the liberality and good taste which they have evinced in this very handsome reprint of an excellent work. It is decidedly superior to the English edition, not only on account of the valuable additional matter

which it contains, but in its mechanical style and execution. Hitherto, the superiority of an English to an American book, in point of paper and typography, has been taken for granted; but the recent publications of the firm to which we are indebted for the *Memoirs of Horner* go far towards justifying a reversal of this opinion.

ART. VIII. — *Collections of the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society. Volume II. The Frontier Missionary: a Memoir of the Life of the REV. JACOB BAILEY, A.M., Missionary at Pownalborough, Maine; Cornwallis and Annapolis, N. S.; with Illustrations, Notes, and an Appendix.* By WILLIAM S. BARTLET, A.M., Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass., and a Corresponding Member of the Maine Historical Society. With a Preface by RIGHT REV. GEORGE BURGESS, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Maine. Boston: Ide & Dutton. 1853. 8vo. pp. 365.

THE man who puts pen to paper, and spares that paper from the flames, is at the mercy of posterity. *Litera scripta manet.* Be it a recipe, or an orderly's book; an undigested mass of memoranda, or a treatise completed for the press; files of letters never seen except by two pairs of tender eyes, or heaps of sermons familiar to the ears of more congregations than one; juvenile poetry, or autobiography laid by and forgotten; secret, religious diaries, or treasonable correspondence; the doubtful books of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, the Greek prayers of Bishop Andrews, the Latin ones of Dr. Johnson, the love-letters of Doddridge, the journal in cipher of Pepys, the unfinished Tales of Crabbe, or the corrected and recorrected originals of the polished verse of Pope, — all must come forth before a gazing world, if no careful executor or hasty housewife has removed them out of the way of that search which, sooner or later, will be attempted. The antiquarian temperament is exceedingly common; and the mere accident of pres-

ervation creates a real value. Obscure persons become important when they can tell us, under their own hand, what no living man has seen, and give us back, just as it was, the picture of an age which has left, or has not left, a history;—a picture, precious if it adds to the history that exists, most precious if it restores a history that had else been lost!

The “Frontier Missionary” of the book before us was one of those who write much which a deliberate judgment might very well sentence to the flames, but who preserve it, such as it is, from the same fondness which led them to write at all. The result in this instance appears to have been a chaos of papers, out of which the biographer, with evident industry, accuracy, and discretion, has prepared a volume which the Historical Society of the Episcopal Church did well in incorporating with its Collections, and which merits its own peculiar place amongst the books that illustrate the annals, manners, and character of New England.

In the Harvard class of 1755, a bashful young man, twenty-five years old, named Jacob Bailey, of Rowley, received his diploma, along with John Adams, John Wentworth, Tristram Dalton, President Locke, and several other youths who attained a subsequent eminence. Bailey, though of course one of the oldest of the class, yet, from his humble origin, was placed at the foot of the Catalogue, in accordance with the academic heraldry of our fathers. His story may be briefly told. The son of a farmer in narrow circumstances, he had attracted by his facility of composition the notice of the minister of the parish, who assisted him, and obtained for him the assistance of wealthier men, in working out his education. By school-keeping, he sustained himself through a period of preparation for the Congregationalist ministry, and was duly licensed; but in 1760 went to England for Episcopal ordination, and returned, as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to the settlers at Pownalborough on the Kennebec. There the Revolution found him, after fifteen years of labor amongst a people generally poor and not seldom rough, with his humble church and parsonage, his admirable garden, and his ever fertile writing-table. A Loyalist in principle and in heart, and dependent on a stipend from England, he rather

broke than bent before the tempest; and, after enduring much, found his way in great poverty to Halifax. The residue of his days were passed in the charge of missions at Cornwallis and Annapolis in Nova Scotia; and at Annapolis he died, in 1808, an old man of manifold experience.

Along the thread of this Life of Mr. Bailey, his biographer has arranged, from his manuscripts and from other sources, a variety of curious and interesting details, relating chiefly to the religious observances of the voyagers and colonists who landed in the northern regions of North America before the permanent settlement at Plymouth; the manners of the age which preceded the Revolution; the fortunes of the Loyalists; and the early history of Episcopacy and the Episcopal clergy in the Eastern States.

It was a striking feature of the exploring expeditions of England from the first, that Christianity and its ordinances went with the voyagers. We have admired the same noble union of faith and high enterprise in the characters and deeds of some of her later discoverers, like Parry and Franklin. But with those of the days of Elizabeth and James the First, the very forms of Christian usage and worship were a part of the enterprise itself. Every discoverer set up a cross for his sovereign and for Christendom, on the land which he touched with his keel. Mr. Bartlet has disinterred from Hakluyt the following particulars of the voyage of Frobisher, in 1578, to the icy coasts of the North.

“Articles and orders to be observed for the Fleete, set down by Capt. Frobisher, Generall, &c.

“I. Imprimis, to banish swearing, dice and card playing and filthy communication and to serue God twice a day with the ordinary seruice of usuall in the Churches of England, and to clear the glasse [hour-glass] according to the old order of England.”

“They arrived at their destination ‘upon the one and thirtieth of July.’ ‘Here every man greatly rejoiced of their happie meeting and welcomed one another after the sea manner with their great Ordinance; and when each partie had ripped up their sundry fortunes and perils past, they highly praysed God, and altogether upon their knees gaue him due, humble and hearty thanks, and Maister Wollfall, a learned man and appointed by her Maieties Councell to be their Minister and

Preacher, made unto them a godly sermon, exhorting them especially to be thankfull to God for their strange and miraculous deliuerance in those so dangerous places, and putting them in mind of the uncertaintie of man's life, willed them to make themselues always readie as resolute men to enjoy and accept thankfully whatsoever aduenture his diuine Prouidence should appoint. This Maister Wolfall, being well seated and settled at home in his owne Countrey, with a good and large liuing, hauing a good honest woman to wife and very towardly children, being of good reputation among the best, refused not to take in hand this painfull voyage, for the only care he had to saue soules, and to reform those Infidels, if it were possible, to Christianitie: and also partly for the great desire he had that this notable voyage so well begunne, might be brought to perfection: and therefore he was contented to stay there the whole yeare if occasion had serued, being in every necessary action as forward as the resoluteest man of all. Wherefore in this behalfe he may rightly be called a true Pastor and Minister of God's word, which for the profite of his flocke spared not to venture his owne life.'

"On the 30th of August, 'Maister Wolfall preached a godly sermon, which, being ended, he celebrated also a Communion upon the land, at the partaking whereof was the Captaine of the Anne Francis, and many other Gentlemen and Souldiers, Mariners and Miners with him. This celebration of the diuine mystery was the first signe, seale and confirmation of Christ's name death and passion euer known in these quarters. The said M. made sermons, and celebrated the Communion at sundry other times in seueraille and sundry ships, because the whole company could neuer meet together at any one place.' — pp. 244, 245.

The colony of De Monts, in 1604, was under Huguenot leaders. They literally planted the cross on the banks of the Kennebec and the Penobscot. Settled on an island in the St. Croix for the winter, they had their "little chapell, built after the sauage fashion"; and L'Escarbot, one of their chiefs, instructed and exhorted his companions.

The colony of Popham, which passed a year at the mouth of the Kennebec, arriving in August, 1607, included men of the worthiest stock which then flourished in the West of England. Popham, the President, was a brother or near kinsman of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the great patron of the colony. The chief in the naval command was Raleigh Gilbert, who united the names of his two illustrious uncles, Sir

Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh. There appears to have been no other printed authority for the history of this expedition, except a brief statement in Purchas, till a very recent period. No other was known to Mr. Bartlet till his book, some three years since, was ready for the press. But a year before, in 1849, the Hakluyt Society had published at London, in one of their volumes, a manuscript from the British Museum, the work of William Strachey, who was Secretary of the Colony of Virginia, under Lord Delawar. A part of this document consisted of an account "of the Northern Colony, seated upon the River of Sachadehoc." Mr. Bartlet obtained a copy of the volume from England; and portions of it, as contributed by him, have since appeared in the collections of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts and Maine. The narrative is evidently taken from the journal of some of the colonists. It names the chaplain or pastor of the expedition, Richard Seymour, who, landing on Sunday, the 9th of August, 1607, on "the Island where the crosse stood, the which they called St. George's Island," preached then and there the first sermon ever heard in the United States north of Virginia. Ten days after, they organized their colonial government on the Sagadahoc, which is the name of the Kennebec, after it has received the Androscoggin; and on that occasion, they again listened to a sermon from Seymour. In the succeeding autumn, they built their fort, which was so large as to contain "fifty houses, besides a church and a storehouse," and "framed a pretty pynname of about some fifty tonne, which they called the Virginia." The President died in the depth of the winter; the Lord Chief Justice Popham died about the same time; Raleigh Gilbert was called home by the death of his own brother, Sir John; and the adventurers determined to return in a body, with their leaders, in the following summer. Relying upon the express words of Purchas, "in a westerly peninsula," and those of the Strachey journal, "on the west side, being almost an island of a good bigness," Mr. Bartlet decides, against Sullivan and tradition, that the old foundations of houses and a fort upon Stage island, just at the mouth of the river, cannot be the work of this colony. He plants it at Atkins's Bay, on the western bank, where he finds a site suitable in various respects, but no foundations.

Following down the early history of Maine, the author at length arrives at the German settlement, called Frankfort, which formed, under the name of Pownalborough, a part of the charge of Mr. Bailey. Here, we are on ground which is not yet ancient; and the pictures of ante-Revolutionary manners which are interspersed through the memoir are amongst its choicest portions. The youth of Bailey fell in the period which immediately preceded the great war with France; a war which, like that of the Revolution, introduced, along with many of the ills of camps, some military and foreign influences, which were of a mixed nature, refining as well as corrupting. Before the entrance of these, there was, if we may believe Mr. Bailey, in moral communities at least, an exceeding tenacity of adherence to hereditary usages, united with not a little grossness in social intercourse. The rigidity of the early Puritans had given way in certain, probably well defined, particulars. Cards, dancing, and private theatrical performances were not excluded from the families of the clergy. While he was a licentiate, we find Mr. Bailey taking a leading part in "the play of the Scapin." After the performance, says he, and "after taking a dish of tea, we all walked down to the meeting-house, and there diverted ourselves till dusk; then returning, we had an agreeable dance." This was at Rowley; and four days after, at Hampton, he "ascended the pulpit with the utmost agitation of spirit, but was enabled to go through the exercise with greater freedom than he expected." Preaching at Plymouth a few Sundays in the same summer, he sees from his window, on the afternoon of the Lord's day, "a vast number of boys and girls diverting themselves in the most noisy manner." The prevailing use of liquors had reached that point, at which the temperance of the individual is the result of his personal self-control, not of the absence of social temptation. To describe the low tone of morals of which this Memoir affords some glimpses, as characteristic of New England especially, would be to forget all contemporary pictures of English society. The conduct and conversation of the British officers to whose company Mr. Bailey was confined, when he sailed to England in a vessel of war, were equal to any thing which shocks

us in the naval characters of Smollett. Whatever may be reiterated in our ears by those who seem to delight in believing that their own lot has fallen upon evil days, we are well satisfied with any comparison which the records of a hundred years since will suggest, whether in Great Britain or in any part of America.

It was in January, 1754, precisely a century ago, that Jacob Bailey, a student at Cambridge, "meeting with many discouragements, had almost resolved to fix off to sea." Better counsels prevailed, and before sunset he received from a clerical friend two dollars and a pair of gloves; and was soon encouraged by the pastor of Rowley to visit Portsmouth and the neighborhood, and throw himself upon the kindness of some persons of wealth and liberality. The following was the experience, in part, of the poor scholar.

"February 2d. After prayers, we all breakfasted upon chocolate, etc. When we had done, Mr. Chase called me into another room, and gave me £3, Hampshire money. Afterwards, we fitted out for fishing, and getting into Mr. Chase's boat, we, six in number, launched off, but changing my mind, I was set on Kittery shore. Being come to land, I travelled over the rocks up to (Rev.) Mr. Stevens's. Here I found his wife and him at dinner, and, upon invitation, sat down with them. After dinner, Mr. Stevens . . . gave me a dollar, and a recommendatory line to Sir William Pepperell. About two, I set out with the intention of seeing York, but before I had got to Sir William's plantation, an exceeding thick fog arose and covered all the land, so that it was almost impossible to discern the ground right under one's feet. I at length, however, found the knight's house, and went first into the kitchen, where I waited till after he had dined, and then sent in my letter. When he had read it, he immediately sent for me, upon which I was conducted into the room, where I found Sir William and his lady and three gentlemen. The knight ordered me to sit down, and turned me out a glass of wine, upon which I drank his health. After I had been, with the gentlemen present, long entertained with an account of his travels in England, he sent a young scribe in his employ with a couple of blacks up to Portsmouth in a boat, with whom he ordered me a passage. Accordingly, about three o'clock, we prepared for our voyage, and being ready to set off, Sir William's lady presented me with a dollar, and he gave me twenty shillings in copper, and came with us down to the water, where he helped me into the boat, and charged me to come and see him, if I came that way again."

"February 4th. This day I proposed to set out on my journey home, but after breakfast Mr. Langdon and I took a walk, first to Mr. Wiberd's, the Counsellor, and then to Mr. Wiberd, the Merchant, who gave me two dollars apiece. During my stay here, I was taken aside by my lady Wiberd, who bestowed upon me a yard and a half of very fine muslin and a pair of fine worsted stockings. As we were going out of Mr. Wiberd's we met Mr. Jefferds, who gave me nine livres.

"From hence we proceeded to Col. Atkinson's, who out of his generosity put me in possession of £12, Hampshire money, and treated me very handsomely. From Col. Atkinson's we directed our course to Capt. Warner's, where I had an opportunity of seeing his son, who, together with his father, treated me very handsomely. Being invited to dinner here, we refused and retired home, where we dined; after which, Capt. Warner's son came to Mr. Langdon's, and after we had sat together a little time, I took my leave of Mr. Langdon's family. On coming out of the door, Warner came with me and gave me four dollars and a bundle of things, worth £10, O. T. I have the greatest reason to esteem this town, for the kindness I received from several of the principal inhabitants, especially from Mr. Langdon and his family, who all treated me with peculiar respect."

"Cambridge, February 27th. This day received by Mr. Warner, from (Rev.) Mr. Langdon, of Portsmouth, the remaining part of my bounty from those gentlemen I had lately visited, consisting of one pistole, one English shilling, and forty-two livres." — pp. 12 – 14.

In July of the same year, he accompanied a college friend and his sister on horseback through Rhode Island and Connecticut. He comes to Dedham, "where Ames, the famous astronomer, lives." At Attleborough, as they passed the parsonage, they "had a view of the numerous file of daughters," for whom, eleven in number, the worthy minister was celebrated. Providence he describes as "a most beautiful place, very growing and flourishing, and the finest in New England." But "gaming, gunning, horse-racing, and the like, are as common there on the Sabbath as on any other day, and persons of all professions countenance such practices." At Warwick, the daughter of the innkeeper waits upon them, "barefooted and barelegged, with a fine patch and a silver knot on her head, with a snuff-box in one hand, and a pinch at her nose in the other." At Tower Hill, the innkeeper, who, "by a few subtle hints, gave them to understand

that he was a Justice of the Peace," "after dinner was over, rose from the table, clasped his wife round the neck, and kissed her." Here, at the bottom of the hill, they "saw a man that hung there in gibbets; the man had been there three years already, and his flesh was all dried fast to his bones, and was as black as an African's." "The great Quaker meeting-house," in the neighborhood, was "an odd-built thing, having a kitchen and chimney at one side." At Charlestown, where they lodged on the third night, "about five miles from the place where the great Narraganset battle was fought," they were told "that the natives inhabited those parts, to the number of five or six hundred." Westerly was "a miserable, poor, unpopulated place," "the inhabitants seeming to be, a great part of them, Indians." At Groton, one of the ministers "records in his parish no less than fifteen different religions." The little party arrived at New London after a journey of four days, being four hours and a half in riding the last eight miles. At New London they passed a Sunday; and he remarks that "some of the young women wear hoops, though very much out of fashion"; while "the greatest part of the men wear caps, and a wig is scarce to be seen in the whole meeting-house." At Lyme, the goal of this pilgrimage, he was the guest of his companions, in the house of their father. At dinner, "the whole family, both white and black, gathered round a long table"; a family "consisting of nine sons and one daughter, two maids, and five to six negroes."

Visiting Cambridge on the 19th of March, 1756, he "saw the story of Queen Esther and Haman acted in the college chapel." In the same year, early in the war, we find him "training his scholars in military exercises," the best speller being the captain. When he waited upon President Holyoke, in December, 1759, to obtain his diploma and some testimonials, in preparation for his voyage to England, "notwithstanding the extreme cold," says Mr. Bailey, "he caused me to tarry in an outer kitchen for near half an hour, without any fire to mitigate the prevailing severity." In the vessel of war in which he embarked, "the captain and officers endeavored to conceal a negro servant, belonging to Capt. Ellis, of

Beverly, but Mr. Ellis, understanding his business, recovered his servant by authority." "After some considerable dispute," says the forlorn candidate for the ministry, "I had my lodgings fixed in Mr. Pearson's berth, where Master Robant, Mr. Baron's man, and I, agreed to lie together in one large hammock."

The journal in England has an interesting minuteness in some of its observations; but we hasten over these, and over the rough scene of missionary toil, to that part of this book in which Loyalism and the Loyalists receive some commemoration. Mr. Bailey himself had strong political feelings, and his stipend from England was his daily bread. To him, as to others of the Episcopal clergy, the practical question came in the most delicate form. They had sworn allegiance to the crown; could they break their oath? They had promised conformity to the Liturgy, which contained repeated prayers for their sovereign; could they annul this promise? There is no special appearance of high, chivalrous sentiment, or of the religious ardor of martyrs. Those of them who took the royal side seem rather to have acted like officers who held the royal commission, as if it was a matter of course that, under their engagements, they would remain true to their prescribed duties. Those of them who transferred their allegiance to the independent States looked farther into the designs of Providence, and interpreted more wisely the law of Christian obedience to rulers; but in such a change, we should be grieved to see the clergy of any church either first or last.

The sufferings of Mr. Bailey, which were indeed very severe, ended on his arrival at Halifax. His biographer has appended brief notices of fifty or sixty persons, whose names and histories would have just claim to be added to Mr. Sabine's valuable account of the American Loyalists. After seventy years, it is well that these records should be gathered up; and the people of this land can read without shame all the contemporary views of a contest, which, much as it necessarily involved of pecuniary sacrifice and personal distress, was yet perhaps the most humane of all those struggles in which the fate of great nations has at any time been decided by arms.

We shall but briefly note the influence of the great issue upon the fortunes of a man, remote and humble, but abundantly interested and quite unshaken. It may exemplify many a story of various anxiety and disaster. On his return from a visit to Boston, in September, 1774, he was "mobbed at Brunswick." Three days after, he "fled from a mob" at home, and remained in concealment for two days. In April, 1775, on the day when the news of "Colonel Percy's defeat" at Lexington arrived, he was "assaulted by a number of ruffians." A few days later, his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Weeks, of Marblehead, arrived, with his family of eight children, seeking a refuge, and was with much difficulty permitted to land his furniture. In June, the salary of Mr. Bailey ceased. In August, a fellow, who made one of a riotous company passing by, snapped his loaded musket several times at the two clergymen; "but it was providentially prevented from going off, notwithstanding it was never known, before or after this experiment, to miss fire." Seven of his twelve sheep were afterwards killed, and "a fine heifer was shot as she was feeding in his pasture." On Sunday, the 11th of August, 1776, he was forbidden to pray for the king, and "only delivered a sermon." In October, he was "before the Committee for not reading the Declaration of Independence, for praying for the king, and for preaching a seditious sermon." A warrant had been issued against him in July; but, by absconding from Sunday to Sunday, he had till then escaped, still officiating every Sunday. He now concealed himself in his house for five weeks, and then, crossing the Kennebec under the protection of a fog, reached Brunswick, and made his way to Boston. About Christmas he returned home; but in the following summer went again to Boston, in an attire which, while he describes it with humor, yet indicated too well the depth of his poverty. He records gifts from his friends in Boston, on that visit, to the amount of three hundred and fifty dollars. In his absence, his family were almost without sustenance; sometimes entirely for twenty-four hours. At length, in May, 1779, the sheriff appeared at a funeral, to apprehend the suspected minister. "Through the vigilance of friends, he had timely notice, and escaped the danger"; but in the

following month, he embarked with his family in a little vessel of fifteen tons, for Halifax, amidst the tears of many of his parishioners. A voyage of a fortnight concluded his political troubles, and separated him for ever from his native country. Happy the men of that age and the citizens of that land, in which the histories of great and small trials like these are histories only, and histories of a day of which little more than the glorious results are now remembered!

The body of Loyalists who withdrew to Great Britain or to the Provinces included a considerable proportion of the earlier Episcopal clergy of New England. One of the most respectable of these was Dr. Henry Caner, the venerable Rector of King's Chapel, who, dying in 1792 in Wales, and having begun his life in the first year of the century, linked the era of Queen Anne to that of the French Revolution; the old age of some who had been born before the settlement of Plymouth, to the youth of some who are now living. It is a striking illustration of the brevity of our national annals, and of the comparative novelty of the old ecclesiastical system of Massachusetts and Connecticut, from which Dr. Caner was one of the first seceders, in the early days of the College at New Haven. A less honorable name is that of Dr. Samuel Peters, the burlesque historian of Connecticut, who appears, and, as might be expected, with more wit than decorum, among the correspondents of Mr. Bailey. He never acknowledged the book, but he thus announces its appearance. "Some assassin, last summer, published the History of Connecticut in a lively and sarcastic style. It is said to be the only true and impartial history ever published about New England. We cannot find out the author, but Harrison Gray, and the Saints of Salem and Boston, like it not. They call it 'a cursed book.' Price 6s. bound." The younger Byles was another of these exiles. It was long before the Episcopal Church in Boston recovered from its losses; and the congregation of King's Chapel was so far changed by the removal of many of its chief members, that, within a few years, the oldest of the Episcopalian parishes of New England was severed from the parent communion.

It would be a rich gain to our historical literature, if many

such volumes as this, each having its own sphere of interest, and its own company of readers, might preserve, from each period,

“The very age and body of the times,
Their form and pressure.”

They would exceedingly assist the Macaulays and Bancrofts of a coming generation. They might even serve to furnish to a still greater, to some future Gibbon, materials for some of those most attractive passages on his golden page, where he delights to follow out the fortunes of some private man, and make them the channel along which the mighty currents of national or universal progress towards glory or ruin may be traced, when all has long been buried.

ART. IX. — *Corneille and his Times*. By M. GUIZOT. New York: Harpers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 395.

M. FRANCIS GUIZOT is now about sixty-six years old, and the distinguished ability which he has shown as a scholar, an historian, and a statesman, has raised him to a commanding position among the most famous Frenchmen of the present century. The work before us, however, is no late-born child, and does not contain the results of a life of study and reflection on the part of its able author. We learn from the Preface that it was first published in 1813, when Guizot was twenty-six years old, and that it is now republished “with many changes.” Hence we may derive a probable explanation of the fact, that so much useful and entertaining matter is found in the inconvenient form of notes, which might have been incorporated into the body of the work to the much greater satisfaction of the reader. The Preface also informs, us that the articles on Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron were prepared, and, to a great extent, written out, by Mme. Pauline Guizot; and, unless we are much mistaken, the generality of readers will find the most entertaining, although not the most learned, parts of the book in these three chapters. The book is cor-

rectly and often elegantly translated, so that its general sense is admirably given; and it is not unpleasant, perhaps, to be reminded, by occasional Gallicisms, that we are reading a work whose author is treating of compositions in his own language, a recollection which would dispose us in any case to give more weight to the writer's opinions.

The title, "Corneille and his Times," which M. Guizot has chosen, hardly gives an adequate idea of the extent of the work. As we have already stated, three chapters are devoted to Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron; and these, with the introductory chapter on "Poetry in France before the Time of Corneille," make up two thirds of the book. It may almost be assumed as a general maxim, that a thorough history of the early literary progress of a country cannot be very interesting. We weary of a song which is sung *ab ovo usque ad mala*. The literary history of our own language affords a vast field of interesting inquiry; but few readers find much satisfaction in a sketch of the course of poetry through the rude hands of Robert of Gloucester, Piers Plowman, Gower, and their contemporaries; and even an essay on the effect of the writings of Chaucer in preparing the way for the poetry of later times, would scarcely be popular. However much we may be interested in the events of the Trojan war, we should hardly like to read a poet who

"gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo."

Considerations like these warn us not to expect too much from any essay on early poetry; but the early poetry of France is perhaps the best calculated of all to afford materials for an agreeable survey. It is true that the literary historian must go back many centuries for the first specimens of verse; it is also true of French literature, what Livy remarked of Roman history, that matters near the beginning will afford little pleasure to the majority of readers, who hasten to the description of what is near their own times. But no country is so rich in anecdotes as France; and what might otherwise be dull in the early history of literature in that country is constantly enlivened by the word or deed of some poet whose verses are forgotten, some knight who encouraged him by a largess, or

some fair lady, whose smile was a richer reward to the Troubadour than the more substantial green silk purse of gold, which is so important a property in the melodramas of the present day.

M. Guizot has performed his difficult task with great fidelity and ability. After a few opening remarks, he proceeds to a consideration of the various literatures that had their origin in the Middle Ages, and he ascribes most of their striking peculiarities to "the singular mixture of natural barbarism and acquired civilization, of antiquated notions and novel ideas," to which those times gave rise. We may account for the leading characteristics of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Divina Commedia* by the civil and religious agitations of the times in which Milton and Dante lived. All the circumstances of the life around them were calculated to rouse to the utmost the stormy passions; and these, when once aroused, found an expression in the sublimity and gloom which invest their poetry with so strong an interest. But when we have pointed to Dante and Milton, as the great minds whose genius was directed and stimulated by the troubled times in which they lived, we turn in vain to France for another child of song, of equal stature, to make a third in the group of the graces of poetry. Did the disorders of the League have no effect? And why is it that the troubles of France bore no such poetic fruit as the civil wars of Florence, and the Revolution of England? Why is Malherbe, almost the contemporary of Milton, so much inferior both to him and Dante? These are questions which Guizot asks, with great fairness, and he answers them at considerable length, and with great clearness. "We should look," he says, "for the secret of the different effects which have resulted in the different literatures, to the special nature of the government, to the manners of the people, to the particular character of the troubles which agitated them, and to the personal position in which the authors and actors of these troubles were placed."

At a very early period, when the literary spirit was quite inactive in most directions, it was animated in one. Love awoke the muse of many a bard, and countless were the verses that it inspired. But poetry at first made but little progress

under this influence. Love did not appear with its natural grace and simplicity, but was employed merely as a thread on which to string the gaudy beads, rather than the pearls, of poetic fancy. Every kind of absurdity was not merely tolerated, but admired, and the more far-fetched the conceit, the more welcome. Raimbault de Vaqueiras wrote a farewell song in five languages to his mistress, the last couplet being a mixture of the five; and this was called "a lively invention," and enthusiastically praised by Pasquier. Geoffroy Vidal fell in love with a foreign princess, whom he had never seen, embarked in search of her, and, falling sick on the passage, died, "thanking Providence for his happiness," because the lady came on board his ship, and took his hand at the moment when his eyes were closing upon the world and upon her. Poets who wrote from such inspiration as this were far more likely to show exaggeration and subtlety than any of the true beauties of poetry.

At the same time that the Troubadours sang the strains of romantic love, they also turned a part of their attention to satire; and, under the name of *Sirventes*, this was very popular at an early period, particularly in Provence. Satire is the only resource within the reach of the aggrieved in a semi-despotic state of society, such as existed in the feudal times. There was some pretence of using allegory in these writings, as a veil under which truth might prudently cover itself; but, as Guizot well observes, "nothing in these discourses indicates any precaution or propriety which allegory had tended to preserve." As variety was of the last importance in a kind of writing which dealt with little but ideas, the writers in France for a considerable time personified every thing, in the hope of giving an appearance of variety and life to what they wrote.

We have now come to a period when a revolution in French poetry is about to take place, — a period about sixty years before the birth of Corneille, when Marot, "the true type of the old French style," was showing the results of the progress in poetry in their happiest form, — "a mixture of grace and archness, of elegance and simplicity, of familiarity and propriety." The great change to which we refer was the

influence of erudition upon poetry. If the poets of France had been learned enough to understand the legitimate use of learning; if they had employed it only as it should be employed, to contribute to larger and clearer ideas, to a more copious supply of illustration, and to the formation of a more correct taste,—then poetry might have made a more rapid progress. The world might not have waited so long for Corneille, and Corneille might have deserved a higher place in “the dim choir of the bards who have been.” But, unfortunately, this was not the case. Instead of affording valuable service to poetry, learning tended rather to overwhelm and crush it. Many great poets have been learned men; but at this time erudition became the fashion, and men who were unable to distinguish themselves by a judicious use of the materials already prepared, strove to rise to favor and popularity by the transfer of the stores of other languages to the French. Then it was that Seve was admired for his “prodigious perplexity of thoughts.” Pasquier says of him, “His meaning was so obscure and tenebrous, that, when reading him, I should be very much pleased if I could understand him, since he desired not to be understood.” At the same time that this “tenebrous meaning” was admired, the language was defiled by the introduction of Greek words, *parce detorta*, and out of place in the French language. But it must be admitted that the treasures by which France was now enriched were of great value, and rendered important service in raising French poetry to the rank which it afterwards attained; and we may now look for the bards who foreshadow the coming of poets mightier than themselves.

Conspicuous among these, Ronsard deserves special mention; we find in his writings many unmistakable marks of genius, and at the same time many defects. He aimed at infusing richness and energy into the language, and he is often noble and brilliant; but his irregular and undisciplined ideas exposed him to censure when taste became more enlightened. No one was fonder than he of adopting, not only favorite ideas, but words, from the ancient writers. It is thought that the French are indebted to him for the ode and the heroic poem; and he was called the “Prince of Poets” in

his lifetime, from his comprehension of the dignity which befits great subjects. He yielded, however, implicitly to the fashions of the day, so much so as to apply to the Queen for permission to choose a mistress in his old age.

His choice fell upon *Helène de Surgères*. We have said that *Ronsard* was an old man, and *Mlle. de Surgères* "was so ugly, that when she requested *Cardinal du Perron* to insert, at the commencement of the poet's works, a letter attesting that he had never loved her with any but an honorable affection, the *Cardinal* answered, with more frankness than politeness, 'Oh! to prove that, you need only insert your portrait instead of your letter!'" Under these circumstances, so chilling to the muse, *Ronsard* wrote the lines to his mistress which we have thus translated.

"More closely than clings to the elm the young vine,
With supple, strong arms, like a bride,
In the clasp of thy hands, fair mistress of mine,
Press me close to thy side.

"When I feign to be sleeping, thy delicate face,
I beseech thee, bend o'er me again,
Impart with a kiss thy soft breath and thy grace
And thy heart to me then.

"Then, pressing thy breast to my overjoyed heart,
Its anguish all turning to bliss,
Embrace me more closely, and heal every smart
By the power of a kiss.

"If thus thou wilt do, by thy beautiful eyes,
Of oaths the most sacred, I swear,
From thy fondly loved arms no mischance shall arise,
Thy lover to tear.

"Though my soul to the yoke of thy empire yields,
How cruel soe'er it may be,
One bark shall transport to the Elysian fields
Myself, love, and thee."

But though we may occasionally meet with verses like these, full of grace and sweetness, yet they are exceptions, and the ill effects of an artificial style are in general but too appar-

ent. All the beauties of nature, whether celestial or terrestrial, were laid under contribution; the sun and the moon, rubies and diamonds, were of the greatest service to those metaphysical Lotharios whose hearts were continually pierced on paper by "homicidal darts," and whose eyes were dazzled by the sun-eclipsing brilliancy of some radiant Phillis.

It is usually true, that, when a man is popular, his defects will be more or less admired, and when his defects are more strongly marked than his beauties, this is more sure to be the case. It was so with Ronsard. The elevation of his style made his imitators strive for vast and ill-defined ideas, expressed in inflated language, of which the following, by Du Bartas, describing chaos, is a striking specimen.

" Une forme sans forme,
 Une pile confuse, une masse difforme,
 D'abismes un abisme, un corps mal compassé,
 Un chaos de chaos, un tas mal entassé.

La terre estoit au ciel, et le ciel en la terre;
 Le feu, la terre, l'air se tenoient dans la mer;
 La mer, le feu, la terre estoient logez en l'air,
 L'air, la mer, et le feu dans la terre, et la terre
 Chez l'air, le feu, la mer, ..." — p. 52.

And Pasquier considers "these last verses inimitable."

"The disorder which reigned in taste," says Guizot, "called loudly for reform, and that providential law which in literature, as well as in states, produces men of genius varying according to the necessities of their times, brought Numa into the world after Romulus, Racine after Corneille, and Malherbe after Ronsard." The circumstances of the age were favorable to the introduction of the change which was about to take place. The court was no longer disturbed or occupied by public business, and its disposition to be amused led it to look around for gratification from every source; and thus a new standard in taste was gradually set up. The tendency of Ronsard was to write to please the poets themselves, thus forming a sort of mutual-admiration society, and this task was too easily accomplished; that of Malherbe was to please the court, and therefore popularity was absolutely necessary

to him and to his followers. Ronsard had encumbered the language with unwieldy learning, and the stock both of ideas and words was often injudiciously increased by him. Malherbe, on the contrary, was hypercritical; he speculated on the use of *pas* and *point*, and "death surprised him while he was deliberating whether *erreur* and *doute* were masculine or feminine." Though it will readily be admitted that each of them urged his theory and practice too far, it must also be remarked, that by the results, the digestion, as it were, of their combined labors, the French language obtained a richness and precision which it had never enjoyed before. Much, however, remained to be done. Poetry was not yet in its proper province,—it was not yet

"The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride."

There was absurdity on every side, absurdity among those whose cultivation ought in some degree to have protected them from it, and absurdity among those self-styled poets of the court who sprang up in swarms when poetry became the fashion. Thus there was a grave dispute about "licentious" sonnets; and we are surprised to find that this harsh epithet was applied to unlucky specimens whose only crime was that their two quatrains were not written in the same rhyme. If this is a fair example of the folly of the masters, what may we not expect from the scholars? Every thing was turned into rhyme, and ingenuity was strained to the utmost to supply quaint ideas and expressions. Probably there never was an age when more verses and less poetry were written. Italian *Marinism*, which had been adopted in Spain, was transferred into France, and Chapelain, the great critic of the beginning of the seventeenth century, holds up as an object of study a poet who declares that the eyes of his mistress are

"Grandes como mi dolor, negros como mi ventura."

And in the same connection, as the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity, we may notice two lines by Maynard, supposed to be written by a father on the death of a daughter:—

"Courons, mon cœur, courons donc au naufrage,
Dans les torrens qui naissent de mes yeux."

Fair ladies were assiduously worshipped in the guise of aerial

divinities, and the comparative merits of two sonnets on *La Belle Matineuse* divided the fashionable world. As these have some prettiness of expression, and are fair specimens of the taste of the time, we offer the following versions of them, assuring our readers that there is no exaggeration in the translation. The first is by Voiture.

“ Silence was reigning o’er land and o’er sea,
The air growing clear while Olympus grew rosy,
And the amorous Zephyr, from drowsiness free,
With his soft breath was waking each slumbering posy.
Aurora was showing the gold of her tresses,
And planting with rubies the path of the Sun,
And ne’er did that god choose more sumptuous dresses
To illumine the world, since the world was begun.
When Phillis appearing, a smile on her face,
More bright than the East in her natural grace,
Shed around her a light both more strong and more fair.
Be not jealous of her, great Apollo, I pray ;
You appeared then as dim by that radiance so rare,
As the stars before thee, burning lamp of the day.”

“ Aurora the fair, from the gates of the morn,
Was scattering roses and flowers on high,
And spreading abroad in the newly lit sky
Those gold and blue streaks which her rising adorn,
When the nymph whom I sigh for, who ruins my rest,
Appeared all ablaze with so brilliant a glow,
That I thought she alone lit the dark world below,
And filled with her beams all the skirts of the east.
The sun, making haste for the fame of the skies,
Brought his flames to oppose to the light of her eyes,
And called all his fires from Olympus above ;
Earth, water, and air glowed bright in the ray.
But he seemed like Aurora, when near to my love,
And Phillis, my love, seemed the star of the day.”

The second, by Malleville, bore off the palm.

At this time, when chivalry had not quite died out, and when the poets devoted their talents to singing songs of love, which were cordially received by the world of fashion, and when Malherbe was carrying criticism to its extreme point,

we are amused to find the Duke of Beaufort, *Le Roi des Halles*, appearing in the character of prototype of the venerable Mrs. Partington of the present day, and declaring that Laval died of a *confusion* of the brain, and the Chevalier de Chabot through having his head badly *japanned*.

In our sketch of the progress of poetry in France, we have followed closely in the footsteps of Guizot, but we have been compelled to pass without notice the rise of burlesque and bacchanalian poetry. We have done this with the less regret, as the latter was not cultivated with much success, and our notice of the entertaining chapter on Scarron, which closes the work, will lead us to burlesque poetry, of which he was the acknowledged master. At present, we can hardly do better in describing the state of things in the literary world at the period at which we have arrived, than by quoting at some length from the able and interesting *resumé* of our author.

“Such were the principal fashions that prevailed in poetry during the first half of the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding their diversity, we may recognize in them a general character, the only one that was suited to the whole of the literature of this period, — and that is, the absence of all true and serious feeling, of all inspiration derived from the objects themselves, and which transfers them completely, first into the imagination, and afterward into the verses of the poet. Religious enthusiasm did not inspire the innumerable versifiers who then translated or paraphrased the Psalms; love did not dictate a single one of the ten thousand sonnets, madrigals, and ballads, into which its name was so incessantly introduced; admiration of Nature, and the aspect of her beauties, did not produce one piece that came truly from the heart or from a sincerely affected imagination. Whatever subject was chosen for a poetical composition, it was regarded merely as a *jeu d'esprit*, — an opportunity for combining together, in a more or less ingenious manner, words of a more or less harmonious sound, and ideas of a more or less agreeable meaning; and no man, when writing verses, thought of looking into his soul for his true feelings and desires, fears and hopes; of interrogating the emotions of his heart and the recollections of his life; in short, of being a poet, and not a mere maker of verses. Some flights of a delirious imagination might be truthfully rendered; humorous hyperbole, or malicious wit, might furnish some telling strokes for an epigram; but nothing that related to the natural affections of

man, nothing of that which is truly serious and real in his existence, appeared fit to furnish subjects or images to poets who made verses about every thing; and the impossibility of finding, in the poetical productions of half a century, a single piece really elevated, energetic, or pathetic in its tone and character, is a phenomenon which reveals to us the aspect under which poetry was regarded at an epoch when natural and powerful emotions were no more strangers to the heart of man than they have been at any other period.

“From hence, however, were destined to issue the most brilliant epochs of our literary glory. Men of letters, by their presence and conversation, had labored to diffuse throughout society a taste for mental occupations: this taste had possessed for themselves all the attractiveness of a novelty which men hasten to enjoy and parade; but we soon become accustomed to novelty; and when the good which it at first served to adorn becomes in itself a real good, capable of supplying sweet and true pleasures, we are disposed, when the novelty has passed away, to enjoy these pleasures more silently and deeply, and do not feel it necessary to parade them every day. If the public had not yet become fully enlightened, it had at least increased in numbers; and writers might hope to meet with admirers and critics beyond the limits of their own particular circle. They thus began to gain greater independence, and acquired not only more leisure for meditation, but also more liberty to follow the natural impulses of their genius. Nothing was required but favorable circumstances to guarantee this liberty, to augment this leisure, and thus to place the poets in a position to produce works of sufficient merit to guide the taste of a public which no longer required to be daily amused by their wit in order to take an interest in their labors.” — pp. 87 – 93.

We must content ourselves, also, with the brief remark, that the reader will find in M. Guizot's book an entertaining sketch of the early history of the French Academy, from its germ in 1629, and the registration of its letters patent in 1637, with the influence, such as it was, which it exerted on literature in its early years. We are now to speak of literature under the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., when the glory of a court, illumined by the presence of youth and beauty, of elegance and bravery, was heightened by the glow of genius. We are to speak of the appearance and triumphs of the “Great Corneille,” the golden age of poetry in France.

The curious reader, who compares the opinions of Guizot

and Schlegel on the French classical drama, will be surprised at the difference between them. Guizot is an enthusiastic, but discriminating admirer; Schlegel, on the contrary, advances to the attack with something of the impetuosity of a charge, but his attack is judiciously made, and skilfully supported. Of the two, we cannot but think that Guizot has formed the juster estimate of the merits of the great French dramatist. The subject is so comprehensive, that we must confine our attention to a consideration of what Corneille accomplished, and of the difficulties which he had to encounter.

We have already intimated that the influence of the French Academy upon literature in its earlier years was not very important. Its principal service was the direction which it gave to the minds of men. The constant intercourse of cultivated and brilliant men and women gave a great activity to the circulation of ideas; and, while literary meetings multiplied, the establishment of the Academy tended to systematize discussion and criticism, and to give a more permanent value to their results. More important than the Academy in its influence, was the establishment of theatres in Paris. M. Guizot gives us an agreeable memoir of the stage, from its popular origin and the formation of the society of the "Brethren of the Passion," to the establishment of troops of actors in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and the Hôtel d'Argent, in the Marais. It was in the year 1600, a time of peace and happiness; and the general rule that the supply is equal to the demand was exemplified by the increase in the amount of theatrical entertainment offered to the people of Paris through the opening of the theatre in the Marais. This new theatre was sustained by the talent of Hardy, a man whose name is now almost forgotten, but to whom the French stage lies under heavy obligations. He was not a man of brilliant genius, but he had a wonderful fecundity, and could write a play in twenty-four hours. Though only forty-one of his six or eight hundred plays are now extant, he is looked upon as the founder of the French drama. "He was the first man in France who conceived a just idea of the nature of dramatic poetry." The formation of a correct standard of taste

was still to come, and it was all-important that spectators who came to be amused should find sufficient variety and movement to attract them. Hardy was able to effect thus much; "his performers did not starve, and this was then the greatest service that could have been rendered to his art." The popularity of dramatic performances gave a new direction to the labors of many men, who were endowed with a lively imagination, and a desire for extended and noisy admiration. Mairet, Rotrou, and many others, put plays upon the stage, and men of genius were every day more disposed to choose it as a field for the display of their talents.

The dispute about the observance of "the unities" is one to which we are not disposed to give much attention. The rules of Aristotle were more or less correctly understood, and different degrees of importance were attributed to them by different authors. The works of the dramatic writers of Greece and Rome were appealed to, and no one at that time seemed to understand the important difference between the ancient and modern drama, which was caused by the abandonment of the lyrical portion of the latter. Schlegel shows very clearly the effect of this change, and the inferiority of artificial intrigue as a substitute for the choral songs. But whatever theories might be entertained on the subject of the unities, they exerted a very trifling influence in general, and were alternately respected or neglected according to the convenience of a writer.

But now a master-spirit is about to appear upon the earth, to eclipse other bards,

"Stellas exortus uti ætherius sol."

Corneille was born at Rouen in 1606, and brought up to the bar. Verse took the place of law at an early period of his life; but his first piece contains no sign of the genius that he was destined to display. Yet this piece, "Melite," was successful, and people thronged to see it represented. Its success was owing less to its own merits than to the inferiority of the pieces which then occupied the French stage.

After this first essay, Corneille continued to write until six pieces from his hand were before the public. They showed

ability, and gave him a considerable reputation; but he was still no more than one of the numerous dramatists of the time, and if he had stopped there, his works would be as little read, and his name as little known, as those of the many authors of that day who have passed into obscurity. He was still no more than a clever scholar of an established school of second-rate merit. After the appearance of these six pieces, Mairet's "*Sophonisbe*" was published, a drama which was in advance of its age. It seems to have been a lucky chance, for its author never followed up his success; but M. Guizot thinks that it did the much more important service of arousing Corneille to a consciousness of his own powers. He had thus far been dallying with his genius; but he now awoke from his trance, and soared to the highest eminence of French poetry. He turned his eyes to antiquity, and sought his subject in the rich treasures which it held ready for a judicious hand, and a mind that knew the use to be made of them; and in 1635 "*Médée*" appeared. "On coming to this composition, it seems as though, after having long wandered without compass, object, or hope, we had at last disembarked upon firm ground, whence we can perceive, in the distance, a fertile and luxuriant country." But Corneille was not yet in the full current of success. After the powers which he had displayed in the composition of "*Médée*," we are surprised to find him falling back into comedy again. This was but for a moment, however. He seemed, like Antæus, to derive new strength from the fall; and his next effort was crowned with the most triumphant success. France had at length a great tragic poet. Of French poetry before his time, it might almost be said, in the words of Porson, that it would be read when Homer and Virgil were forgotten, but not till then. This was past. Corneille turned his attention to Spanish history, by the advice of M. de Chalon, and the first fruit was "*The Cid*."

This drama took the minds of the French people by storm. It was the one topic of the day. The theatre where it was represented was thronged by enthusiastic spectators, children and grown people committed it to memory, and not a word was heard but the language of ardent panegyric. The

romantic history of the Cid has been made so familiar to English readers by Mr. Frere's version of some extracts from the poem, and by Mr. Lockhart's translations of the Spanish ballads, that the name of the play is sufficient indication of its plot. The passions which exert the most powerful influence upon mankind are represented in it in their proper colors. "Love and honor," says Voltaire, "appeared for the first time in all their glory, before a public by whom honor was considered the first of virtues, and love the chief business of life." The conflict of love and duty was ably depicted, in the most trying positions which the imagination can conceive; and this love was no longer the metaphysical abstraction which professed to be transported by a kiss of the hand, and this duty was far different from the subtle casuistry which taught that one faith was due to princes and another to their subjects. We have already had occasion to observe the degree of truthfulness which had characterized the representations of love in other poets; and in order to give an idea of the honor of the time, we need only refer to the declaration of Emeri, Superintendent of Finances, "that good faith was a quality expected only of merchants"; and to a line in the "*Mort de Pompée*":—

"La justice n'est pas une vertu d'état."

With these all-important changes for the better, was combined a simple but animated narrative style, a style which brought every necessary circumstance before the reader's eyes, with nothing superfluous, and yet nothing deficient. As a specimen of this style, we may offer the following version of a passage in the third scene of the fourth act. Rodrigue, the Cid, is describing to the king and his court

"How he conquered all the Moormen, and took from them their prey."

"The stars' pale glimmer o'er the advancing tide
Shows thirty sail which hither slowly glide.
The swelling sea creeps onward to our shores;
Borne on its bosom come the dusky Moors.
They pass unchallenged, on their silent way,
The walls unguarded and the ramparts gray.
Their minds deceived by stillness so profound,
They hope to find us all in slumber bound.

Fearless they come ; they anchor, disembark,
 And seek the expected victims in the dark.
 Up then we spring, and fill the silent skies
 With dreadful din, a thousand deafening cries."

The rivals of Corneille were at first carried away by the impetuosity of the success of the *Cid*, and it was some time before the voice of envious censure could be heard. A reaction gradually took place, and the desires of the enemies of Corneille, seconded by the powerful influence of Richelieu, seemed in a fair way to be gratified, by a formal criticism of the Academy upon the merits of the new play. As it turned out, however, there was little satisfaction derived from the judgment of the Academy. It contained, indeed, both praise and censure; but there was more of the former, and of the latter Boileau wrote,

"L'Académie en corps a beau le censurer,
 Le public révolté s'obstine à l'admirer."

And now we see the genius of Corneille acknowledged, and his title, "the great Corneille," is an admission of the fact that he rests upon the summit of the French Parnassus. From the representation of the *Cid*, his career was one for a long time of uninterrupted success; and until the publication of "*Pertharite*" his fame received no injury. Among the most celebrated of his tragedies we may notice "*Horace*" and "*Polyeucte*." The former of these plays is founded upon the old Roman legend of the Horatii and Curiatii; but, with a Frenchman's taste for increasing the embarrassment of his characters, the poet adds to the betrothal of Camille, the Horatia of Livy, to Curiace, the marriage of the sister of Curiace to Horace. In the fifth act of the fourth scene, Camille meets Horace, as he returns with the spoils of her slain lover, and the following striking passage follows Camille's lamentations.

"HOR. O Heaven! was passion ever seen so base!
 Think'st thou in patience I can bear disgrace?
 That in my blood a stain I can endure?
 Love, love that death which makes us glad once more.
 Tears for a man conceal. Let memory come,
 To tell the duties of thy birth at Rome.

"CAM. Rome, Rome, first object of my bitter hate,
 Rome bade thee slay where thou hast loved of late;
 Rome, who thy birth beheld, thy triumph loves to see,
 Rome, whom I hate, because she honors thee,—
 Would that each neighboring state by oaths were bound
 To lay her ramparts level with the ground!
 And if all Italy is yet too small,
 Let East and West combine to work her fall!
 Let dire sedition in her woes take part,
 Let her own hands tear out her quivering heart!
 Let Heaven's own anger, kindled by my prayer,
 A flood of fire shed through the lurid air!
 O that my eyes might see the levin fall,
 Thy homes and laurels 'neath an ashy pall,
 See the last Roman draw his latest breath,
 Myself the cause, then, happy, sink in death!"

This is, indeed, "a prayer of earnest heart." When we read such lines as these, we feel something of the same proud emotions as are kindled by the stirring strains of the old Roman poets. We hear in the distance the sound of the trumpets, as they give the signals to the victorious or the vanquished armies; we catch a gleam from the polished head of a *pilum*; the eagles glisten afar on the Campagna; and we see the majestic figure of the young Roman warrior, as he raises his arm to strike the fatal blow that ends this bloody history.

The scene of "Polyeucte" is laid in Armenia, in the short reign of the Emperor Decius, about 250 years after Christ, a reign which was characterized by little except a violent persecution of the Christians. Pauline, a Roman girl, is loved by a gallant soldier named Severus; but as he has little besides a strong arm and a brave heart to offer, Felix, her father, rejects his suit. Felix is soon after appointed governor of Armenia; and after he has moved his household to that country, news is brought of the death of Severus in battle, after rescuing the Emperor, and covering himself with glory. Polyeucte, a noble Armenian, prefers his suit to Pauline, and the young lady, under the direction of her father, acts like the young Scotch girl, who, in somewhat similar circumstances,

"Married the laird wi' his sack o' siller,
 And broke the heart of the poor barley-miller."

Pauline, after her marriage, was visited by a dream, which she thus relates to her confidante :—

“ Ill-starred Severus I beheld last night,
With threatening arm, and eye with anger bright.
No shapeless shroud disguised his manly form,
Nor seemed he like a phantom from the tomb.
No wounds appeared, received in glorious strife,
Which fix my thought, though they let out his life.
He seemed triumphant, as when emperors come,
Raised on their cars, to glad the eyes of Rome.
After my dread so strange a sight to see,
‘ Grant or refuse the favor due to me,
Ingrate,’ he said, ‘ and when this day has fled,
Weep at your ease, your chosen lover dead.’
My soul was troubled at the words I heard.
An impious band of Christians then appeared,
And, that the issue might the prediction meet,
Threw Polyeuctes at his rival’s feet.
Swift to my sire I urged my earnest prayer,
Alas ! my sire completed my despair.

I knew not how, nor when, my husband fell,
But all assisted, that I know full well.”

But our criticism would be incomplete if we attended only to the beauties of the writings of Corneille, and we must take some notice of his most conspicuous faults, and at the same time observe whether they are faults for which he alone is responsible, or whether they were the natural consequences of the condition of the literary world at the time in which he lived.

We have alluded to the false taste of the French poets in all matters relating to love. The author of the *Cid* and *Polyeucte* showed that he had a better comprehension of the nature of that passion than his predecessors and contemporaries. And yet these dramas seem to be almost the only exception. Love is treated in them in a manner very different from that which we find in most of his other pieces. “ It is impossible to deny,” says M. Guizot, “ that Corneille has generally treated love, not as a passion that fills, agitates, and

sways the soul, but as a position that imposes certain duties, prescribes a certain course of conduct, and coldly disposes of life, without lending it any charms." It may be true that we should approve of Corneille's usual treatment of this passion, if we could transport ourselves to the time in which he lived, and learn to look on it as a matter of predestination, "an ordinance of Heaven," and to regard it, in a word, as it was regarded by the fashionable world, the audience of poets, at that time. Such an audience would find nothing to object to in the insipidities of the love passages of the majority of his plays. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. The minds of the people at the time of Corneille were possessed by the idea that love was the result of fatality, that its approach was instantaneous, and that the devoted victim yielded up at once, and without a murmur, every particle of individual volition. These singular attacks were ascribed to all sorts of causes; and we read of a very singular theory advanced by Segrais, that the seat of love is in the blood. In order to prove this, he tells the story of a German gentleman, whose faithless mistress ran him twice through the body. His wounds were not fatal, but Segrais says that, on his recovery, "he felt as much indifference for the princess as if he had never loved her, and he attributed this to his loss of blood." It was understood that men were justified in disregarding every consideration in order to satisfy their love. The natural result was, that men lost command of themselves on certain occasions, while the same did not hold good in regard to women; and hence is derived an explanation of the fact, that the heroines of Corneille are so frequently superior to his heroes. Corneille thus allowed himself to adopt a false set of ideas, by assuming as natural so artificial a relation between the sexes; and the obvious result was, that he lived too much in an imaginary world, and represented too much the feelings of visionary beings, instead of continuing to represent emotions and principles, and their conflict, in the natural manner which has gained so much admiration for the Cid and for Polyeucte.

The heroes of French tragedy are usually stiff and formal characters, and we find no exception to the truth of this remark in reading the plays of Corneille. It is said that no man is a

hero to his *valet de chambre*. This may be true; but, on the other hand, it is no less true, that the hero of a tragedy will be a much more natural and lifelike object, if we are occasionally allowed to see him with untrussed points. Shakespeare understood this fully, and any reader of his works can call to mind a hundred instances where we are allowed to see a different side of a principal character from that which he presents in the court, in the senate, or on the battle-field. This peculiar defect of the French classical drama is accounted for, by Schlegel, by "the social endeavor never to forget one's self in the presence of others, and always to exhibit one's self to the greatest possible advantage." This continual self-consciousness is so marked, that Schiller compared the heroes of French tragedy to the kings in old copperplates, who lie in bed with mantle, crown, and sceptre. It is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as French tragic heroes are generally represented as acting on the spur of the strongest and most violent passions, and are thus placed in a position where the impassioned language of nature is alone in place. When one, who is supposed to be under the strongest excitement, appears to be thinking as much of the forms in which he expresses himself as of the feelings which stir him, we are disposed to doubt the genuineness of his emotions. As the ingenious author of *Pendennis* says, "When a gentleman is cudgelling his brains to find rhymes for 'sorrow' besides 'borrow' and 'to-morrow,' his woes are nearer at an end than he thinks for." This appearance of artificiality is unquestionably a serious defect; but as it arises from a national trait, Corneille cannot be severely judged for it.

Corneille's habit of giving himself up unreservedly to the character which he is describing, and to the emotion which he represents as paramount at the moment, constantly leads him into the expression of sentiments which cannot seem otherwise than unnatural. Among the many instances which might be cited in proof of this statement, we may quote one or two passages from *Polyeucte*. In this play, the hero is represented as fondly in love with Pauline; and yet, when he has been converted to Christianity, and in the first heat of religious zeal has broken the image of the god to whom a

sacrifice is offered, he is represented, in the second scene of the fourth act, as chanting in prison an exulting song at the prospect of his martyrdom. In his delight at the near approach of a heavenly crown, he forgets all that tenderness for his young bride that we should naturally expect, and declares:—

“Monde, pour moi tu n’as plus rien,
Et je ne regarde Pauline
Que comme un obstacle à mon bien.”

Again, in the sixth scene of the fifth act, Pauline has been converted to Christianity, after her husband has suffered the cruel death of a martyr; and when her father too becomes a convert, she exclaims:—

“Cet heureux changement rend *mon bonheur parfait*.”

We cannot regard such language as this as resulting from any thing but the most unnatural excitement. Whatever overpowering emotion may be kindled by fervent religious zeal, we cannot but think that there is here altogether too great indifference on the part of the husband at the prospect of an immediate and violent separation from his wife, and too ready forgetfulness, on her part, of the agonizing loss that she has just sustained.

In concluding this notice of the faults of Corneille, we must not fail to notice the influence which the dread of impropriety exerted upon his writing. From this arose what are called “the negative excellences” of his style; and though his genius was often cramped by this fear, it is to be referred in some degree to the condition of the French language at the time in which he wrote. That language was just escaping from the confused state in which it had previously languished, and this change was in great part the work, as we have seen, of Ronsard and Malherbe. We are unable to tell what new beauties might have been unfolded by Corneille, or what extravagances might have injured his poetry, if he had been left quite to himself. He feared criticism, and he did all in his power to avoid it.

And here we must conclude our consideration of Corneille’s achievements as a dramatist. He has been the object of enthusiastic admiration in his own country, and every one who

reads his plays must recognize the presence of much rare genius and much magnificent poetry. One who is familiar with the condition of the French drama before he wrote, must be still more struck by the immense advance which he made. He early reached his culmination, and he wrote too long. In contemplating his career, we are reminded of some lines of a young poet, whose brilliant promise has lately attracted the attention of the literary world.

“O, there are men who linger on the stage,
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause,
When they should sleep in earth, — who, like the moon,
Have brightened up some little night of time,
And, 'stead of setting when their light is worn,
Still linger, like its blank and beamless orb,
When daylight fills the sky.”

His works have been far less fortunate than those of the great tragic poets of Greece. Only seven plays of Sophocles and seven of Æschylus have come down to us; but all of them are admired, and the lost ones are sincerely regretted. Corneille's plays have not been lost, but the great majority of them have died a living death, and only eight retain their place upon the stage. The judgment of successive generations has raised him to a very high, if not the highest, position among the poets of France; but the feelings which are awakened by reading even his masterpieces are far inferior to the swelling emotions which stir our breasts when we read the plays of Shakespeare or the splendid tragedies of Greece.

We must pass without notice Mme. Guizot's interesting chapters on Chapelain, the distinguished critic, and author of “*La Pucelle*,” a work of great labor and pretension, which was soon forgotten; and on Rotrou, who had been a worthless poet until the coming of Corneille, and who rose to favor by the inspiration which he derived from his works. We pass to the very entertaining chapter which closes the book, — a sketch of the life and writings of Paul Scarron, by Mme. Guizot. It contains a flowing and agreeable description of his life and the characteristics of his writings, and a very satisfactory account of burlesque poetry as it existed in his time. Scarron was born about the year 1610. In his early life, he pursued a gay career, for which his position, means, and character qual-

ified him admirably. It is not accurately known to what cause the distressing malady that attacked him is to be attributed; but the condition in which it left him is thus described by himself.

“My sight is tolerably good, though my eyes are large; they are blue, and one is more deeply sunken than the other, on the side on which I bend my head. My nose is rather well formed. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are now the color of wood, and will soon be of the color of slate; I have lost one and a half on the right side, and two and a half on the left side, and two are not quite sound. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral angle, and, at length, an acute one. My thighs and body form another; and my head, always drooping on my breast, makes me not ill represent a Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs; and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgment of human miseries.” — p. 325.

This was his appearance when between thirty and forty years old. In this wretched condition, almost his only consolation was his wit. We say ‘almost,’ for his appetite continued to be good, and he was very fond of eating and drinking. The time in which he lived was one in which there was an extravagant disposition to gayety of every kind. Every one was eager to be amused, and Scarron was fortunate enough, amid his troubles, to be able to find his highest enjoyment in writing what entertained every one else. A miserable cripple, confined to his chair, in which he could not be moved without excruciating pain, his house was the very centre of gayety. He received a constant succession of fashionable visitors, and whatever droll ideas and expressions he had been unable to use while they were with him, he committed to writing as soon as he was alone. His verses, for we cannot call them poetry, met with the most unprecedented success, a success which they could hardly have enjoyed in any other age or country. Their popularity was transitory, and they now attract little attention; but among his contemporaries, they were welcomed with enthusiasm. As might have been expected, he joined the party of the Fronde, and published a pasquinade upon Mazarin, which excited the excessive indignation of that cold and crafty minister. As he

was affected in his pocket by this transaction, he retracted what he had said with perfect facility. In short, he was constantly saying, "The smallest favors thankfully received." He was a sort of sublimated Skimpole, with infinitely more humor than that very tiresome personage.

The principal works of Scarron are the "Typhon," the "Roman Comique," and "Virgile Travesti," of which the last was by far the most popular. These works, and all his smaller compositions, are characterized by a fantastic style, a total disregard of the proper relations of objects, and a continual surprise of the imagination by unexpected turns. But the writings of Scarron, however entertaining they may have been to those who read them as they came fresh from his pen, are far less interesting to us than the events of his extraordinary life. That nothing might be wanting to the eccentricity of his career, the miserable and helpless wreck was married to Mlle. d'Aubigné, the prudent companion of Louis XIV. and the wife of his latter years. Scarron died as he had lived. In his last illness, when he was attacked by a terrible hiccough, which racked his exhausted frame almost beyond endurance, he declared in the first interval of relief, "If I recover, I will write a tremendous satire upon the hiccough." He said to the friends who wept around his death-bed, "My children, you will never weep as much as I have made you laugh."

ART. X. — *Memoirs, Speeches, and Writings of ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.* Edited by LUTHER HAMILTON. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 864.

THE materials of this bulky volume are put together in an unusual and somewhat unskilful manner. We expected to find in it a memoir of the person to whom it relates, followed by a collection of his speeches and writings, arranged either chronologically or in the order of their topics. But the editor has preferred to give us a long and rather cumbrous and dull

essay on the character and political services of Mr. Rantoul, in which are inserted, here and there, his speeches, essays, and other literary productions, without the slightest regard to their dates, and yet not altogether at random, as they serve to illustrate the diffuse commentary in which they are imbedded. This seems to us an inversion of the natural order of things. The commentary is usually written and arranged to illustrate the text; here, the text is arranged to illustrate the commentary. One of Mr. Rantoul's legal arguments, delivered in April, 1852, on a point of constitutional law, is inserted in the second chapter of the book, because the editor happens there to be considering him as a lawyer; while several other speeches on precisely the same topic, and delivered within the same year, are postponed to the ninth and tenth chapters, because there the editor is regarding him as he appeared in Congress and before public meetings of his constituents. An occurrence in the earlier part of his political life is quite as likely to be treated of at the end of the book as at its beginning. Of course, this odd arrangement, or want of arrangement, subjects every one who reads or consults the book to considerable inconvenience. If he is in search of the record of some event in Mr. Rantoul's career, as the work has no index except a very imperfect one of the speeches and essays, he may be obliged to wander an hour in this wilderness of 864 pages before he can find it; and even after he has unearthed one passage about it, he cannot be sure, till he has turned over every other page in the volume, that it does not come up for a second and more elaborate consideration elsewhere.

Inconvenient as this arrangement is, however, we have less cause to complain of it, as applied to Mr. Rantoul's writings, than we should have in almost any other case that has come within our knowledge. Our interest in him arises rather from what he was, than from what he accomplished; we look rather to the history of his mind and the character of his opinions, than to the history of his outward acts. And the arrangement of the contents of this book is not ill calculated to satisfy a curiosity of this sort. It gives us a record of his life, by considering in succession the great enterprises to which he de-

voted himself, following each with great earnestness and pertinacity, and finding satisfaction for his ardent temperament more in the eagerness of the pursuit than in the attainment of its object. He united two characters, which are not often found together, at least in this country; he was at the same time an ardent politician and an independent thinker. He was devoted to his party, and labored zealously for its advancement; but he often sacrificed his own interests with that party, by laboring with equal zeal for other objects, which his political associates either disapproved of, or held in light esteem. We borrow a faithful portraiture of him in this respect from a letter, inserted in this volume, written by one who knew and esteemed him, without sharing many of his political opinions.

“He was one of those politicians, rare in any land, hardly to be spoken of in the plural number in America, who sacrifice their ambition to their ideas. Conscious, as he must have been, of great powers, and evidently ambitious of high position, he became a Democrat in *Massachusetts*, where his party was in a hopeless minority, and when to favor free trade and oppose banks was looked upon as little short of insanity. Having thus cut himself off from all but strict party support, he alienated his political friends by a frank advocacy of the temperance cause, which, it is not unjust to say, has never been a favorite with the Democratic party here. Plainly told, by its leaders in 1838, that, if he supported the ‘fifteen-gallon’ law, he did it at his peril, he neither relented nor kept silent, but by his zeal provoked an opposition so malignant and undying, that, in every emergency afterward, to the very last year of his life, it made a point of thwarting him, and was often able, by the command of a few hundred votes, to defeat his election.

“There was one element of Massachusetts favor left which a *prudent* politician would have been careful to secure,—the good opinion of the orthodox sects. These, again, Mr. Rantoul alienated, by his untiring advocacy of the abolition of capital punishment. They had looked coldly and with some suspicion on his liberal views while a member of the Board of Education; and any common politician, however desirous to ameliorate penal legislation, would have contented himself with one frank expression of his feelings, and then have dropped the unwelcome subject. But Mr. Rantoul incurred the hostility of the strongest and most unforgiving of sects, by his unwavering, enthusiastic, outspoken opposition to the gallows; whether in the legislature or out of it; be-

fore legislative committees; through the press and in conventions,—often making opportunities where he did not find them.

“He never made hollow pledges to gain votes, and when he had once uttered a sentiment or made a pledge, no one thought it necessary to watch him, certain that he would more than fulfil his promise, and that, in the position he had taken, or in advance of it, you would be sure to find him, no matter how long your absence. In our political arena these are rare merits.” — pp. 855, 856.

The first chapter of this volume, not written by the editor, but by a relative of Mr. Rantoul, is to us the most interesting portion of the book. It carries the sketch of his life and character only up to the period of his graduation at college; but it is written with much taste and discrimination, and brings out very clearly the early manifestations of his peculiar character. His life was not a long one, and the few incidents in it may be very quickly told.

Robert Rantoul, Jr. was born in Beverly, in this State, on the 5th of August, 1805. He seems to have inherited from his mother an ingenuous disposition, a warm and open heart, a sincere reverence for the truth, and great frankness in the expression of his opinions. These traits were conspicuously displayed in the course of his education, and were characteristic of him throughout his subsequent career. He was trained at school by a teacher who encouraged him to think for himself; and he unconsciously formed the habit, which all his later experience tended to strengthen, of acting upon his own convictions, with very little deference to the opinions of those around him, however qualified they might seem, by age, station, or relationship, to guide his conduct. He was an amiable, but could not have been a docile pupil. After finishing his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Andover, he entered the Freshman class at Harvard College in 1822, and was graduated in due course, though without distinction as a scholar, four years afterwards. Both at school and college, though an indefatigable student, he took little rank in his class, because he persisted in studying by himself the subjects in which he was interested, and paying little attention to the regular exercises of the place. Thus his training was irregular, but his acquisitions were large and varied. His

temperament was ardent, and his thirst for knowledge so great that he accumulated stores of information upon subjects which, to young men, have usually little interest. He paid considerable attention to the languages of Continental Europe, and studied the mediæval history of France, and the leading writers on the science of government and legislation. Warm and earnest in his convictions, his political creed was already fully formed, and, as might have been expected, it differed widely from that of his nearest friends and associates. Because his opinions did not coincide with those of the majority, he clung to them with the stronger attachment, and defended them with an earnestness that came near to vehemence. Thus, to persons who did not know him intimately, he might have appeared wilful and wrong-headed; but this impression was removed from those who were admitted to his privacy, and who recognized in him great sweetness of disposition, an unselfish heart, and peculiar delicacy as well as strength of feeling. The character which might seem too vehement and overbearing in public business took on an aspect of almost feminine gentleness at his own fireside. Perhaps this union of affectionateness in private life with very decided opinions and great warmth as well as pertinacity of purpose, is more frequent than people usually imagine; strength of feeling and ardor of temperament lie at the foundation of both. But in the one case, these qualities are manifested quietly, because they have their appropriate food and meet with no impediment; in the other, they are fretted by opposition, and concentrated by obstacles till they gather strength to burst through them.

After leaving college, Mr. Rantoul adopted the profession of the law, which he studied in Salem, and practised for some years in Gloucester, and afterwards in Boston. He was a successful, though not an eminent lawyer, for his heart was devoted to politics, and a case in court did not call forth all his powers unless it turned upon some political principle. He was, also, too independent in forming his opinions, and too frank in the expression of them, to obtain rapid success even in his chosen career. In our democratic country, he who aspires to lead the people must begin by manifesting a dis-

position to follow them very implicitly. But the native vigor of Mr. Rantoul's understanding and the strength of his character forced their way through all obstacles. He held for a very brief period a seat in the Senate of the United States, and was regularly elected, in 1851, a representative of his native district in Congress. Few men have qualified themselves for the vocation of a legislator more carefully than he did, by minute and extensive study of public affairs. There may have been traces of one serious defect in his method of investigation, — that of studying less as an inquirer after new truth, than as a searcher for new arguments and facts wherewith to sustain his previously formed opinions. This is an error which quick and earnest minds are peculiarly liable to commit; they first choose their side from impulse, and afterwards resort to argument to strengthen their position. The politician who attaches himself firmly to a party can hardly avoid falling into this blunder, and thus sacrificing his mental integrity to his political consistency. It was not, however, as an earnest partisan, but as a quick and independent thinker, that Mr. Rantoul was sometimes led to erroneous conclusions. As we have seen, the ties of party could not restrain his movements; he never sacrificed his convictions, but he sometimes formed them too rashly, and then adhered to them with the chivalrous feeling that induces the sailor to nail his colors to the mast.

Mr. Rantoul's career in Congress was a short one. He had had opportunity to show his talents as a ready and formidable debater, but not to produce his store of carefully acquired information upon subjects in which he was specially interested, when he was struck by the disease that carried him off, at the age of forty-seven. The volume before us, therefore, is only the record of what he had done before his faculties had reached their highest stage of development. If he had edited it himself, he would doubtless have omitted a good deal which has been inserted in it by the partiality of the compiler and the affection of friends, anxious to preserve even the slightest memorials of one who was so much beloved. Still, it is the honorable monument of a fine understanding, great industry, and lofty aims. Mr. Rantoul was

not merely a lawyer and a politician. He took comprehensive views of the great interests of mankind, and devoted himself with singular ardor and perseverance to furthering the enterprises upon which the amelioration of society depends.

Foremost among these is the great cause of popular education, in promoting which Mr. Rantoul was an early and efficient laborer. Soon after he left college, he projected what is believed to have been the first Lyceum that was established in New England. He was a member for six years of the first Board of Education in Massachusetts, created by law in 1836; and he contributed largely, by his advice and his pen, to the extraordinary success of its earliest measures. An elaborate article contributed by him to this journal, in 1838, shows how long he had meditated upon this subject, how much information he had collected respecting it, and how judicious were his views as to the machinery of public instruction and the means of keeping it in action. His co-operation in this work was very important, as he was a virtual representative of one of the leading parties in the State, and the success of the project depended in a great degree on all parties and sects being enlisted in its support. He wrote an introductory essay for "The School Library," a series of works published under the sanction of the Board; and his opening discourse, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction in 1839, and republished in this volume, is an able and eloquent exposition of the advantages to be expected from a well-regulated system of common schools. On the whole, his services in this cause will be remembered and held in honor, long after most of the causes of dispute which gave the tone to his political labors have passed into oblivion.

Another national concern in which he was deeply interested, was the establishment of an extensive system of internal improvements. On this subject, he abandoned the traditional policy of his political associates, and therefore thought it necessary to defend his opinions with the largest possible array of facts and arguments. The most elaborate speech that he delivered in Congress was "on the interests of the old States in Western avenues of intercourse." In this ar-

gument, as well as in two or three speeches upon the banking system, delivered in the Legislature of Massachusetts, we find an imposing and pertinent array of well-digested statistics, and a clear, though not very comprehensive, grasp of the leading principles of what may be called the English theory of Political Economy. That this theory needs to be materially modified before it can be applied to the circumstances and the institutions of the people of this country, is a truth which Mr. Rantoul may have recognized, but he did not, to any great extent, act upon it. His argument upon the subject of internal improvements is able and eloquent; that upon banks is ingenious and plausible, but it fails to command our assent, and has been in a certain degree refuted by larger experience. Neither as a speaker nor as a writer did Mr. Rantoul pay any special attention to the garb of his thoughts; he was too earnest in the pursuit of his object, to take much notice of his own steps. Had he lived to edit his own works, he might have retrenched many superfluities, and corrected some inaccuracies, of expression. But he was always perspicuous, forcible, and thoroughly in earnest. These qualities, united with a fine person, an expressive countenance, and a not ungraceful delivery, always commanded the attention and respect of his audience.

The early death of such a man is a loss, not only to his immediate friends and the political circle to which he belonged, but to his native State and the Union at large. In his principles and aims, he belonged to the higher and better class of our leading politicians,—to those who aspire to become the leaders, rather than the slavish followers, of the people. What he believed he earnestly inculcated, whatever might be its effects upon the interests of his party or upon his own advancement. If his life had been prolonged, he would probably have attained high distinction in the national councils; cut off prematurely, as he was, he has still left enough to sustain the pride of his friends, and merit the gratitude of his countrymen.

We ought not to close without taking a brief extract from the volume before us, which may serve to illustrate Mr. Rantoul's style of thought and expression. The following is an

admirable address, which he wrote, to the "Workingmen" of the United States, and which was published in the "Workingmen's Library." He has been speaking of the various claims which the persons whom he addresses may rightfully set up, and he now comes to consider their right to respect.

"The *kinds* of respect we may claim, the effects we may expect to result from it, are either of a public or a private nature. I. *Private*. The respect which is shown in social intercourse is grateful to him that receives it, and the denial of it, where it is expected, is sometimes exceedingly galling. We have a right to associate with those whose company is agreeable to us. Others have also the same right to associate only with such company as is agreeable to them. Upon the principle of equal rights, therefore, no association should take place which is not perfectly agreeable to both parties: and this rule being admitted and acted on, this difficult and sometimes embarrassing subject will easily regulate itself. I may be as good and as wise and as polite withal, as another man, yet if my company is unpleasant to him, it does not become me to thrust myself upon him. His time and presence are his own, not to be intruded on by any man, just as my time and presence are my own, and sacred from all intrusion. It is not the amount of intelligence or the degree of worth that leads particular sets of persons into each other's society: it is identity of pursuits or similarity of tastes, feelings, and manners, that naturally draws them together. If an artist seeks the company of a brother artist, he does not intend thereby any thing derogatory to the parson of the parish. If a broker falls into conversation with a broker, it is not because he has less respect for the opinions of the lawyer, but because two persons of the same calling can find topics at once in which they feel a common interest. If students resort to each other's company, it is not that they mean to reflect upon the merchant, but because so many of his interests are unintelligible to them, and so many of their notions are Greek to him. Forced association is any thing rather than pleasant or profitable. These extreme instances sufficiently illustrate the general principle, that it is congeniality of tastes and feelings by which association must be regulated: they show also, that this principle exists in human nature, and is not an artificial arrangement of society, as some have supposed: that it is therefore unalterable, and need not be a subject of regret or complaint any more than the law of gravitation. Mistakes no doubt will occur in the application of this principle, but of all weak and puerile repinings, the weakest and most childish for a man to indulge would seem to be mortification and grief because we are not

invited into this or that set. If our tastes, feelings, and manners are congenial to theirs, so soon as that fact is discovered, no doubt we shall be ; if they are not thus congenial, it is more for our comfort, as well as theirs, that we should not be. Whether we are or are not, should be of little moment. There are more sets than one in the world, in which intelligent and honest people are to be met with, and we shall feel much more at our ease where our presence is esteemed as a favor, than where the propriety of our company is looked upon as in the least degree equivocal. It is no great hardship, I say, and every sensible man will admit it, not to be invited into a new set quite so soon as we think our accomplishments deserve ; but if, by the power of public opinion, the force of ridicule, or by any other means, a new set attempt to thrust themselves into our society, our right of choosing our own associates is impudently invaded, and then indeed we have serious ground of complaint. But though we have a right to choose our own associates, and are therefore bound in duty not to intrude on others, yet whenever business or accident brings us into intercourse with others, we have a right to be treated with all the deference which it becomes equals to show each other. Not only our interests but our feelings should be respected, and the best way to secure the respect we deserve is invariably to show to others all the respect which they deserve. We have a right, also, to all the influence which our virtues and talents will enable us to exercise. This our just share of influence we should be careful to preserve by making a wise use of it, the neglect of this precaution being the fault by which our brethren in other countries have lost it, as often as fortunate circumstances have put them in possession of it. We should jealously guard this right, and suffer neither wealth nor poverty to have any more than their due and natural share of influence. An aristocracy of wealth is impossible in a country where the property of an intestate father is divided equally among his children. An aristocracy of poverty is quite as impossible, and equally undesirable. In Catholic countries, voluntary poverty has sometimes been held in honor, and its professors have arrived at great influence in the state. A working-men's party regard poverty as an evil to be avoided, and though, when involuntary, it implies no disgrace, for no man can be blamed for what he cannot help, yet when voluntary it is always disgraceful. This being the case, if wealth alone is no recommendation, so neither is poverty ; and if poverty alone should not diminish the respect paid to honor, virtue, and talents, so neither should wealth. The envy, therefore, which makes a mean spirit hate another's success, even though allied to shining merit, is as unbecoming as the servile self-abasement which worships at the altar of Mammon. Let us banish from our

minds both these ignoble prejudices, and bestow respect wherever we recognize merit. Let us pay most deference where we meet most desert, and allow most influence to those who use it best." — pp. 245 – 247.

ART. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A Gross Literary Fraud Exposed; relating to the Publication of Worcester's Dictionary in London.* Boston: Jenks, Hickling, & Swan. 1853. 8vo. pp. 24.

THE want of an international copyright law between England and America has exposed the authors and the purchasers of books in both these countries to many gross frauds, of which the one exposed in this pamphlet is the most flagitious that has fallen under our notice. We cannot explain the nature of it better than by *supposing a case*, in which all the circumstances shall be the same, though the names of the parties are changed, and their residences transferred, so as to shift the locality of the fraud from one country to the other.

Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.

Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. T. B. Macaulay have both written a history of the reign of James II. of England, the work of the former being, however, an imperfect and posthumous publication, which appeared some years before Mr. Macaulay's issued from the press. Now let us suppose that some envious and malignant critic — say Mr. Croker, in the *Quarterly Review* — had falsely charged Mr. Macaulay with borrowing his materials very freely from Mackintosh, and making no acknowledgment of the debt. Suppose further, that Macaulay immediately proved, by unquestionable evidence, that this charge was not only groundless, but absurd, and also declared, in the preface to his book, that he had not borrowed a statement, or even a single word, from the work which he had been accused of using so unfairly. Some worthy American bookseller, willing to turn a penny by any means, and to exemplify the proverbially dishonest and grasping disposition of his countrymen, purchases in England a complete set of the stereotype plates of Macaulay's History, and forthwith issues an edition of it in Boston, with the following title: — "*A History of England under James II., compiled*

from the *Materials of* SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY." That the preface may not contradict this veracious title-page, the honest biblioplist garbles it, leaving out, among other things, the very positive assertion just mentioned.

If this supposed case were a real one, what a storm of indignation would burst from the London periodical press! The *Times* would discharge its heavy artillery with tremendous effect against the audacity of the American "book-pirates," who had contrived at last, with characteristic ingenuity, to unite the guilt of slander, fraud, and forgery in a single transaction. The *Examiner* would attempt to be smart, and, borrowing its wit as usual, would compare the American book-pirates aforesaid to the Gypsies, who not only steal children, but disfigure them to prevent them from being recognized; and its article would end in the customary way, by belaboring Brother Jonathan for the atrocious manner in which he had conducted himself towards its friend Mr. Dickens.

But we have not yet finished our account of the *supposed case*, though the scene of the story must now, we are sorry to say, be shifted to the other country. Imagine, then, that the publishers of Mackintosh's History, anxious to retrieve the popularity of their work, which had suffered a little from the success of its rival and from the confutation of the unfounded charge, should advertise in the London newspapers the fact that "an edition of Macaulay's History has recently been published in Boston, and sought to be pushed there, in which the assertion we have cited from the Preface is carefully suppressed, and the work is advertised as Mackintosh's History, enlarged and revised by Macaulay. On the title-page, Mackintosh is placed first, in large type, and Macaulay follows in another line, in smaller type." So barefaced an attempt as this to revive a stale and exploded calumny, on the strength of an unauthorized act of a foreign book-pirate, and to injure the reputation of Macaulay by declaring that his work could not be sold in Boston if it were not openly admitted to be Mackintosh's History, merely revised and enlarged by his rival, would call forth the indignant reprobation of every honorable or honest man who was acquainted with the facts in the case.

Our parable is now told, and its interpretation is easy. Mr. Henry G. Bohn, an English publisher who has acquired an unenviable notoriety among his brethren of the Row, has had the effrontery, after purchasing in Boston a set of the stereotype plates of Mr. J. E. Worcester's "Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language," to publish an edition of it in London, under the following title:—"A Universal, Critical, and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language: including Scientific Terms, *compiled from the Materials of Noah Web-*

ster, *LL.D.* By Joseph E. Worcester. New Edition, to which are added Walker's Key," &c. This mendacious title-page is prefixed to a work in the preface to which, "with respect to Webster's Dictionary," Mr. Worcester distinctly asserts that "he is not aware of having taken a single word, or the definition of a word, from that work in the preparation of this," — an assertion which has never been disproved, or even explicitly denied. Of course, Mr. Bohn garbles the preface, and leaves out this important statement, which directly contradicts his title-page. We leave our readers to characterize the whole transaction by any terms which they think it deserves.

We are sorry not to be able to stop here; but the American part of the story must also be told. The publishers of Webster's Dictionary in this country, in their eagerness to injure the reputation of a rival work, publish in the newspapers an account of this audacious proceeding of an English publisher, leaving it to be inferred that his act was properly sanctioned, and thus that the charge of plagiarism, once formally denied by Mr. Worcester, had now been openly acknowledged, or at least that it had once more been preferred against him by competent authority. Another inference which might be drawn from this unexplained announcement of Mr. Bohn's proceeding, is equally injurious and unfounded, — that the proprietors of Mr. Worcester's Dictionary had attempted to force it upon the English market by borrowing for it the name and authority of Dr. Webster. It is to defend himself against these calumnious imputations, that Mr. Worcester has published the correspondence contained in this pamphlet. And never were refutation and exposure more effectual.

The charge of plagiarism has never been directly made, so far as we are aware, against Mr. Worcester's larger work, the "Universal and Critical Dictionary," which was first published in 1846. Dr. Webster died in 1843. About eight years before his death, he was ill-advised enough to sanction, if not to originate, such a charge against Mr. Worcester, in reference to a smaller work, then recently published by the latter, entitled "A Comprehensive Dictionary." When required to produce his proofs, he gave a list of one hundred and twenty-one words, "which, *primâ facie*," he said, "would seem to have been taken from my Dictionary." We can find room but for a small part of Mr. Worcester's very cool and conclusive reply.

"You evidently supposed, Sir, that none of the words in your list were to be found in any Dictionary that was published before the appearance of your work; but I confess I am somewhat surprised at this fact, inasmuch as, from your reputation as a lexicographer, it might naturally be supposed that you were extensively acquainted with works of this sort, and especially with

the works which are so well known to all persons who have any just pretensions to much knowledge of this kind of literature, as are the several publications which I shall name. I shall not go out of my own library, or mention any work that I was not in the habit of consulting in preparing my Dictionary.

“Of the *one hundred and twenty-one* words in your list, *eighteen* are found in an edition of Bailey’s Dictionary, published more than a century ago, and *twenty-one* in a later edition; *thirty-five*, in Ash’s Dictionary, published in 1775; *thirty-seven*, in Todd’s Johnson’s Dictionary combined with Walker’s, edited by *J. E. Worcester*, and published before the appearance of yours; *twenty-one*, in Mr. Pickering’s Vocabulary, published in 1816; not less than *thirty* in the Encyclopædia Americana, and nearly as many in Brewster’s New Edinburgh Encyclopædia; — and in these several works, upwards of *ninety* of the words are found, and many of them several times repeated. I have, in addition to the works above mentioned, about fifty English Dictionaries and Glossaries, in a majority of which I have ascertained that more or less of the words in question are to be found, but I have not leisure, at present, to go through a minute examination of them.

“Of your hundred and twenty-one words, *six* or *seven* are not to be found, so far as I can discover, in your Quarto Dictionary, and one of them is one of those *three thousand words* which are contained in Todd’s Johnson’s Dictionary, but are *not* to be found in your great work, and which were inserted by me in the octavo abridgment of your Dictionary. Whether any of the others are among the words which were inserted in the abridgment at my suggestion, I cannot say with certainty.

“You seem also to have overlooked the circumstance that there are, besides Dictionaries, other sources for obtaining words, which are open to me, as well as to you; and if my success in finding words *out of* Dictionaries should bear as good a comparison with yours, as it seems to bear in finding the words in question *in* them (I only put the case hypothetically), it would not appear very wonderful, if I were able to find the few remaining words without any assistance from your labors. Of the hundred and twenty-one words, you have given authorities, in your Dictionary, for only thirty-nine; but I can, without going out of my own library, furnish authorities, in all cases different from yours, for upwards of a hundred of them.” — pp. 22, 23.

In his subsequent letters, as might have been expected, Dr. Webster did not specify any more words as borrowed from him; and the accusation thus effectively disposed of was never revived in such a manner as to demand further notice. In the preface to his larger work, first published eleven years afterwards, Mr. Worcester took the precaution, as we have seen, to state distinctly, that, in preparing it, he had foregone all the benefit which might have been derived from the materials in Dr. Webster’s Dictionary, that he might not give the least occasion for the charge of plagiarism to be repeated. Whether such an act of a London publisher as the one which we have commented upon affords any excuse for repeating the charge by insinuation at this late day, is a question which every honest man can answer for himself.

- 2.—*The Life of ESTHER DE BERDT, afterwards ESTHER REED, of Pennsylvania.* Privately printed. Philadelphia: C. Sherman, Printer. 1853. 12mo. pp. 336.

THIS handsomely printed little volume, from the pen of Mr. William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, purports to have been prepared, at casual intervals of leisure from professional engagements, not so much as a contribution to the historical literature of this country, as a record "of the life of one, the tradition of whose gentle virtues is affectionately cherished by her descendants." We are frankly advised, in the very outset, that it is meant to be strictly a *Private Memoir*, intended only for those who possess a personal interest in its subject. It presents, however, so many curious memoranda about persons and things belonging to the history of America during the most interesting part of the last century, and is in other respects so noteworthy a book, that some brief remarks concerning it may be acceptable.

Denys De Berdt, the father of the subject of this biography, was for very many years the Agent at London of the Colonies of Massachusetts and Delaware; and to each of his constituents he seems to have given satisfaction. In the State-House at Boston his portrait is still preserved, to bear witness to the regard of the former Colony; and a piece of silver plate was presented to him by the Legislature of Delaware, "in grateful memory of his faithful services exerted successfully in procuring the repeal of the American Stamp Act." It is well to know where we may find some particulars about the man who was one of the public characters of that time.

His daughter Esther was born in 1747 (O. S.), and about 1763 or 1764 became engaged to Mr. Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania, then a law student in the Temple. It was not until 1770 that they were married. In the mean time, while her father had fallen, through commercial misfortunes, from his former opulent position as a successful merchant, her lover had prosecuted so vigorously his career at the bar in America as to be already in the receipt of a considerable income. The love-letters that are here presented from the hand of Miss De Berdt, of course, we shall not now meddle with, although they are among the pleasantest and most interesting of such epistles that we have ever seen. They show so much delicacy and neatness of expression, such refinement of thought and entire freedom from the stilted sentimentalism so common at that period, that they affect us with pleasure and surprise. The lady evidently did not belong to the gay circles of fashionable and literary life; in fact, she and her family seem to have been

strict Dissenters : but it would be difficult to point out any thing superior in their way to these epistles among the most elaborate effusions of the most fashionable lady letter-writers, in an age when letter-writing was almost the only literary art cultivated by the fair few on whom natural and acquired intellectual gifts had been bestowed. They contain, too, some occasional comments upon the events and actors of the time, — Arthur Lee, Sayres, and many others, English as well as Americans, whose connection with the Colonies has given their names interest in the sight of this generation. For instance, here is a curious note concerning Dr. Franklin, in a letter of December, 1766. She says, “ Her papa bids her tell Mr. Reed his opinion of Dr. Franklin ; — that he stood entirely neuter till he saw which way the cause would be carried, and then broke out fiercely on the side of the Americans.” * Some how or other, there has always existed in Pennsylvania a strong disposition to doubt or deny the good qualities and patriotism of Benjamin Franklin, (a disposition, by the way, which we must not be supposed to attribute to the author of this volume). It may not be widely spread, but as it certainly exists in the minds of many among whom he lived and died, an inquiry into its causes might form an interesting speculation.

* We can very easily explain how Mr. De Berdt came to form and express so strange an opinion, which, by the way, Mr. Sparks has considered, and abundantly proved to be groundless and absurd, in his *Life of Dr. Franklin*. Mr. De Berdt was at this time an anxious and impatient applicant for the office of Permanent Agent in England of the Massachusetts Colony. Mr. Reed seems to have made a journey to Boston, chiefly for the purpose of forwarding this suit, by canvassing the members of the General Court. Indeed, we are enabled to see from this correspondence, that the father had made the early marriage of the betrothed lovers dependent on the success of this application. The lady writes to Mr. Reed, in March, 1767 : “ My dear father’s intentions are no longer a secret, and he does really propose sending for you as soon as he is appointed Agent, but can do nothing towards recommending you at Boston till he is satisfied of the salary they intend him.” The next month Mr. Reed writes to her : “ The determinations of the people of Boston have kept me all this winter and spring in the most cruel suspense, and though I observe a further proof of their confidence in your father, I do not find that they have yet considered him other than as a special agent. . . . *How hard it is, that the happiness of two lovers should depend on the slow debates and wary counsels of politicians.*” Now, as Dr. Franklin had recently been appointed Agent of three of the Colonies in succession, namely, of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Georgia, and as, only three years afterwards, he was actually chosen Agent for Massachusetts also, the very office Mr. De Berdt was now longing for, we can easily imagine that the latter regarded Dr. Franklin at this time as standing in his light, and therefore eagerly adopted any story which seemed to cast an imputation on his patriotism. But we can hardly be expected to believe that Dr. Cooper and the other zealous patriots of Massachusetts, who had long been in active correspondence with Dr. Franklin, would have appointed him Agent of their Colony in 1770, if there had been any doubt at any time of his strenuous opposition to the Stamp Act. — *Editor.*

The earlier letters of Mrs. Reed from her Transatlantic home afford a curious picture of the discomforts of Colonial life, as they appeared to one brought up among the luxuries and conveniences of a metropolis. It would seem as though the Philadelphia shops furnished hardly the commonest necessities of life. Handkerchiefs, fans, dresses, a gown to be dyed, a box of ivory letters for her little girl, and a cap for her son of a year old, — “something genteel, like a gentleman’s child, not a butcher’s,” — all had to be sent for to London. Even pins and needles enter into the category. “I think the best may be bought of Price; I would give something to be in Price’s or Mr. Anybody’s shop in London, even in Thames Street.” As time wore on, however, and domestic cares increased on her hands, we find her thoughts turning less and less toward her native land; and finally, the turn of public affairs, and the part which her husband took therein, served effectually to drive away from her mind much of its kindly feeling towards England. Accepting a commission in the American armies, Mr. Reed subsequently rose to political eminence, and his wife was thus brought into contact with many of the leading patriots of the day. Among them we notice the names of Adams,* Cushing, and Richard Cary, of Massachusetts; from the last of these is given a long and interesting letter. In 1780, when the ladies of Philadelphia, with Mrs. Reed at their head, subscribed \$300,000 (paper currency) for the purchase of clothing for the American troops, quite an interesting correspondence ensued between Washington, Lafayette, her husband, and herself, which is given at large in these pages. Within a few weeks after this date, Mrs. Reed was no more. She died on the 18th of September, 1780, and with this event the volume naturally concludes.

So far as the literary merit of this little work is concerned, we have only to say, that it bears every mark of Mr. Reed’s graceful and facile pen. Differing from him, as we have done, on more than one point of literary and historical criticism, we know of few who possess the art of clothing their thoughts in so pure and flowing a style. He thus takes farewell of his task.

“My little Memoir is now concluded. I have tried, as I wrote, to fulfil the pledge of my first pages, and to make it a simple and unambitious narrative. It has been to me a source of pure pleasure, and I do not at all disguise — it would be the worst of affectation to do so — that some of this pleasure has been connected with the proud consciousness that the blood of

* In Vol. II. of the Works of John Adams may be found several passages of his Diary relating to his acquaintance with Mrs. Reed, and the hospitalities he received, when in Philadelphia, at her hands.

her of whom I was writing flowed in my veins. Pride in ancestry, honored in those days of genuine patriotism, is, at least, innocent, — possibly influential in guiding conduct to nobler ends and aims. The more the American Revolution is studied, the more minute the revelations of the conduct of its public men, the more rational will be the reverence which we, the men of times far, very far, deteriorated, ought to have for them. I have endeavored in this little essay to shed some light upon Revolutionary domestic life, aside from mere politics, and to show what were the trials and heroism of the women of those days.”

- 3.—1. *Grinnell Land. Remarks on the English Maps of Arctic Discoveries in 1850 and 1851, made at the Ordinary Meeting of the National Institute, Washington, in May, 1852.* By PETER FORCE. Washington. 8vo. pp. 23.
2. *Supplement to Grinnell Land. Read at the Ordinary Meeting of the National Institute, July, 1853.* By PETER FORCE. Washington. 8vo. pp. 52.

THE facts disclosed in these two pamphlets are extraordinary, and till the statement of them is refuted or explained away, they must be regarded as discreditable to the English Admiralty, and to the naval officers under its command, who were engaged in the exploration of Wellington Channel in the summers of 1850–1852. For the satisfaction of our readers, we will lay before them as complete an abstract of Mr. Force’s “Remarks,” as can be made intelligible without the aid of the explanatory chart which is published along with them, and which cannot be transferred to our pages.

The question is a very simple one:—Who first discovered the land to the northward of Wellington Channel? If it was first seen by Lieut. De Haven, the commander of the American vessels engaged in the search after Sir John Franklin, then it should be called “Grinnell Land,” the name given to it by that officer. If it remained undiscovered till May, 1851, when it was seen by Capt. Penny and his parties, from the English vessels *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*; or if Capt. Ommaney caught a glimpse of it on the 26th of August, 1850, when he was full a hundred miles off, at the southern opening of Wellington Channel into Barrow’s Strait, then its proper appellation is “Albert Land,” the name under which it appears on the English maps.

“The *Rescue*, the foremost vessel of the American squadron, entered Wellington Channel in company with the *Assistance*, the fore-

most vessel of all the English expeditions, on the 24th of August, 1850." On the 13th of September, having made very little progress, they parted company with each other, the American vessel then being considerably to the northward of her rival. The English vessels made harbors in Griffith's Island and the south shore of Cornwallis Island, and remained there frozen up for the winter. The American vessels, having pushed onward till it was too late to reach a harbor, were frozen into the midst of a vast field of ice in mid-channel, and drifted about in their icy prison, at the mercy of the winds and currents, for nine tedious and dangerous months. At first, to the astonishment of all, they were borne directly up Wellington Channel. On the 18th of September, they were off Cape Bowden, the most northerly point seen by Parry, and farther north in Wellington Channel than any English vessel, of any expedition, had gone up to that time. Four days afterwards, they reached their extreme point to the northward, in latitude $75^{\circ} 25'$, being a few miles to the southward of the place where Cornwallis Island or the western shore of Wellington Channel bends round to the westward. Here, as De Haven and all his officers assert, they distinctly saw, far to the north, a long reach of land, stretching from N. W. to N. N. E., and showing two or three mountain peaks, the most conspicuous of which, estimated to be about fifty miles distant *to the northeast*, they called Mount Franklin. The whole northern shore thus visible to them they called GRINNELL LAND, in honor of the gentleman whose munificence had furnished the vessels for the expedition. Baillie Hamilton's Island (which will be spoken of afterwards) was not seen by them, as it lay so far to the *northwest* that the sight of it was cut off by the northeastern corner of Cornwallis Island. So far as the continuation of Wellington Channel, now perceptibly bending round to the westward, was visible to them, they called it MAURY CHANNEL. The ice-field in which they were imbedded remained stationary near this point for two or three weeks, drifted about in Wellington Channel through the months of October and November, passed out to the southward into Lancaster Sound, in the following month, and finally released them far to the southward, in Baffin's Bay, on the 6th of June, 1851.

Meanwhile the English captains, Penny and Stewart, ignorant of what the Americans had done or seen, fitted out two or three sledging-parties from their vessels, and, travelling over snow and ice, thoroughly explored Wellington Channel, with its coasts and islands, as far as Cape Beecher, about one degree farther north, and four or five degrees farther west, than the extreme point reached by De Haven. This was done in the months of May, June, and July, 1851. From Cape

Beecher, moreover, Penny took the exact bearings of Capes Sir John Franklin and Lady Franklin, which were distant from him some sixty or seventy miles to the northwest, — that is, a considerably greater distance than it was necessary for De Haven to see over when he descried Grinnell Land from his position in the ice, at Lat. $75^{\circ} 25'$. Supposing himself to be the first discoverer of all that lay to the north of Cape Bowden, Penny called the northern limit of Wellington Channel ALBERT LAND, a name which it has continued to bear on the English maps since published, notwithstanding the complete evidence which has been furnished that it was seen and named from De Haven's ships in September, 1850. It is to the disingenuous contrivances of the English hydrographers and map-makers, acting under the official control of the Admiralty, to ignore or evade this evidence, or to rebut it by newly invented discoveries which had never been heard of till this exigency arose, that we have now to invite our readers' attention.

In the "Authorized Chart" of Penny's discoveries, which bears the stamp of the Hydrographic Office, and is dated September 23, 1851, the northern boundary of Wellington Channel is laid down as "Albert Land," with the addition, "explored by Captain Stewart." Precise information respecting the American discovery had not then arrived in England. But full accounts of it had been received, when Arrow-smith's chart, "drawn from official documents," was published, on the 21st of October, 1851; and on this chart, the land in question is laid down with this curious annotation:—

"ALBERT LAND. Seen (on the birthday of H. R. H. Prince Albert), from H. M. S. Assistance, 26th August, 1850.

"CAPT. OMMANEY'S JOURNAL.

"Independently seen and explored by Capt. Penny and his officers."

We do not hesitate to declare this statement, here made on the strength of Capt. Ommaney's Journal, to be an impudent invention. On the date here given, Capt. Ommaney in the Assistance, according to his own report made to Capt. Austin only a fortnight afterwards, was dangerously beset in the ice at the very southern opening of Wellington Channel, more than a hundred miles south of Albert or Grinnell Land, remained so beset till the 3d of September, was seen in his icy prison by the Prince Albert and the Rescue, and made an entry in his report on the 25th of August respecting "the solid field of ice extending from Cape Innis to Barlow Inlet [the whole breadth of Wellington Channel] which bounded the horizon to the northward, and where *no land was visible*." Capt. Stewart (Penny's colleague) also testifies, that Capt. Austin, in a letter written about the end of June,

1851, congratulated *him* on his return, "*and on having discovered that new land to the north.*" Of course, it was no discovery at all,—it was not "*new land,*"—if Ommaney, almost under Austin's nose, had seen it nine months before.

We have now done with Arrowsmith and Capt. Ommaney, and pass to the next map, emanating from the highest authority in England, and "Published according to Act of Parliament at the Hydrographical Office of the Admiralty, April 8, 1852." At this date, De Haven's report had not only been received in England, but had been presented to Parliament and printed among the public documents of that body, as a part of the "Correspondence and Proceedings connected with the Arctic Expeditions." With this unimpeached testimony before them, how do the Admiralty construct their official chart? The land to the north of Wellington Channel is still called "Albert Land"; but an island *far to the northwest*, and not seen by De Haven, as we have said, because quite out of the range of vision from his position on the 22d of September, 1850,—an island first seen and named by Penny in May, 1851,—is put down as "Baillie Hamilton Island,—*the Grinnell Land of the U. S. Squadron.*" The absurdity here is exquisite; the only front of Baillie Hamilton Island which is visible from Wellington Channel runs north and south, while Grinnell Land is described by De Haven as running east and west. But the mountain which the Americans descried and named, as one of the conspicuous points on Grinnell Land, N. N. E. of their own position, is inserted on the Admiralty map as the "*Mount Franklin of De Haven*"; but its bearing is shifted considerably to the eastward, so as to bring it upon the eastern side of the Channel, and into a region expressly described by Stewart as a very flat country, no hill being anywhere visible. Penny alleges that he saw a lofty mountain in the distance, on Albert or Grinnell Land, with two remarkable peaks, which he named "Sir John Barrow's Monument," and laid it down faintly on a chart nearly in Lat. $76^{\circ} 45'$ and Long. 93° or 94° W. Arrowsmith changed it to 77° N. and 96° W.; on the Admiralty chart, it is placed at $77^{\circ} 5'$ N. and $95^{\circ} 30'$ W. In Penny's first "outline chart" of his discoveries, delivered to Capt. Austin on the 12th of August, 1851, when, of course, he had not heard of De Haven's discovery, Sir John Barrow's Monument does not appear at all; and "no notice of such a peak is found on any of the journals of Penny's parties." Its existence appears to have been an after-thought, its locality a shifting one, and it is a fair inference that it would never have been heard of, but for the supposed necessity of entering something upon the chart which might stand for De Haven's Mount Franklin,

after that *American* discovery had been pushed round so far to the eastward as it appears on the Admiralty chart.

This conclusion may seem harsh towards Capt. Penny; and we should not state it so explicitly, if other facts did not remain to be mentioned which are very discreditable to him. "A Travelling Report" of his exploration of the shores of Wellington Channel, in the summer of 1851, is inserted in the eighteenth chapter of Dr. Sutherland's Journal, which was published in August, 1852, — long after De Haven's discoveries had become known, and nine or ten months after the publication of Arrowsmith's chart, on which the discovery of Albert Land is attributed to Capt. Ommaney. Accordingly, Penny had to shape his narrative so as to avoid conflict with the ordinary English version of the affair, to shun acknowledgment of any thing which De Haven had done, and to claim as much merit as possible for himself. In the "Travelling Report," then, he says he first saw Albert Land, May 12th, 1851, from Point Decision, the northeast corner of Cornwallis Island, not many miles from the spot whence De Haven saw it eight or nine months before, and quite as far off as De Haven's place from the object of discovery. He also saw the land, as the American did, stretching *from the northeast* to the northwest, though the Admiralty chart coolly identifies Grinnell Land with Baillie Hamilton Island, which lies entirely *to the northwest* both of Penny's and De Haven's place. Penny started on the ice, proceeding northwards, to visit the new land which he had seen; and while on his way thither, he discovered and landed on Baillie Hamilton Island. Here he makes this remarkable entry in his Report:—

"To the North and Northeast, the land could be seen very bold, at a distance of about twenty miles, and its deep bays could be distinguished very clearly.

"As the FIRST IDEA of there being land in this direction occurred on the 26th of August, 1850, on board H. M. S. Assistance, and also on board the Sophia, *our discovery* is doubly entitled to be named after H. R. H. Prince Albert."

"Our discovery" here must mean "the discovery by Capt. Penny and his party"; he claims all the honor for himself. But as it had been determined in other quarters, in order to anticipate De Haven, that Albert Land should be discovered in August, 1850, he graciously concedes to Capt. Ommaney the honor of conceiving, on the Prince's birthday in that month, "THE FIRST IDEA" that such a discovery was possible. He does not say that Ommaney then *saw* the land; that would be plucking the *borrowed* plume from his own brow. Neither does he say that Ommaney and the prince's birthday had nothing to

do with the matter; that would be to contradict Arrowsmith, and to restore the borrowed plume to its rightful owner, Lieut. De Haven. But he says that Ommaney on that day had "the first idea" of land to the north of Wellington Channel, which remained unseen by any human eye for some weeks longer. We can interpret this expression only by supposing, that, as the Assistance was fast beset in the ice on the 26th of August, 1850, its gallant captain, having nothing else to do, had gone to sleep, and first saw Albert Land *in a dream*.

But we have not yet done with this tissue of evasions and incongruities. Penny's Report, as we have said, was published in Dr. Sutherland's Journal. The Doctor kept a diary, and being reminded by it of the absurdity of maintaining that Albert Land was seen from the Assistance on the *twenty-sixth* of August, when every one knew that the vessel was fast beset in the ice on that day, in a position whence the new land certainly could not be descried, he changes the date, and makes the discovery take place on the *twenty-fifth*. This was one day too soon for the "Prince's birthday"; but it could not be helped; the pleasing coincidence must be sacrificed. It seems, furthermore, that the Doctor keeps a conscience, as well as a diary; for he cannot bring himself to affirm positively, that the land was seen from the Assistance even on the 25th. He says the officers "were divided in their opinions" on the subject; "some of them said they had seen it, while others maintained with equal positiveness that what had been seen was not land, but open water." And he adds,—

"No one, *as far as I knew at the time*, could say with any degree of certainty, that there was either the one or the other, and bring forward proofs of the truth of his assertion."

We differ from Dr. Sutherland; for we believe that the party in the negative could "bring proofs" of their assertion. For they might have turned to Dr. Sutherland's own Meteorological Register, where, against the date of August 25, 1850, they would have found this entry:—"A. M. *cloudy, squally, overcast*; P. M. *misty, overcast, snow*." Now, any one who can believe that "Albert Land," which was at least ninety miles off, could have been descried through such an atmosphere, can also take all the English accounts of this reputed discovery, and reconcile them with each other, or do any other impossible feat.

But enough; for though we have not gone through Mr. Force's facts and arguments, our readers have now sufficient reason to believe, that there have been some very disingenuous practices in England, intended to rob Lieut. De Haven and Mr. Grinnell of the honor which is

justly their due. But we do not, like the writer of these pamphlets, attribute the blame directly to the English Admiralty. The officers of that Board have probably been led astray by relying implicitly on the unscrupulous statements of Capt. Penny, a person whose frankness and veracity, in his dealings with Capt. Austin, have been more than doubted. As his statements in this affair have now been proved to be untrustworthy, we may reasonably expect that, even on English maps, GRINNELL LAND will in future appear in its true position.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Familiar Sketches of Sculpture and Sculptors. By the Author of "Three Experiments in Living," etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 2 vols. 16mo.

Men and Things as I saw them in Europe. By Kirwan. New York: Harpers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 285.

Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, born a Slave in St. Domingo. By the Author of "Three Experiments in Living," "Familiar Sketches of Sculpture and Sculptors," etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 124.

Hufeland's Art of Prolonging Life. Edited by Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 12mo. pp. 328.

Lectures to Young Men. By William G. Eliot, Jr. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 190.

The Rhetoric of Conversation: or, Bridles and Spurs for the Management of the Tongue. By George Winfred Hervey, Author of "The Principles of Courtesy." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 380.

A Selection from the Correspondence of the Late Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 504.

God with Men: or Footprints of Providential Leaders. By Samuel Osgood, Author of "Studies in Christian Biography." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 269.

Lyric Poems, Sonnets, and Miscellanies. By George Lunt. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 12mo. pp. 108.

Lectures to Young Women. By William G. Eliot, Jr. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 196.

Noah and his Times: embracing the Consideration of Various Inquiries relative to the Antediluvian and Earlier Postdiluvian Periods, with Discussions of Several of the Leading Questions of the Present Day. By the Rev. J. Munson Olmstead, M.A. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 12mo. pp. 413.

Hypatia: or, New Foes with an Old Face. By Charles Kingsley, Jr., Rector of Eversley, Author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," etc. In two volumes. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo.

The Recalled; in Voices of the Past, and Poems of the Ideal. By Jane Emma Locke. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 246.

Egeria : or Voices of Thought and Counsel, for the Woods and Wayside. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. Philadelphia : Published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 319.

Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

On Civil Liberty and Self-Government. By Francis Lieber, LL.D., C. M. French Institute, &c. Philadelphia : Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

Notes, Critical, Illustrative, and Practical, on the Book of Daniel, with an Introductory Dissertation. By Albert Barnes. New York : Leavitt & Allen. 1853. 12mo. pp. 494.

Memorials of Early Christianity. By James G. Miall, Author of "Foot-steps of our Forefathers." With Illustrations. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 12mo. pp. 374.

Praktische Englische Grammatik nach Th. Bryan. Nen verbessert und vermehrt von Professor Reinold Schmieder. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 189.

History of the Apostolic Church ; with a General Introduction to Church History. By Philip Schaff. Translated by Edward D. Yeomans. New York : Charles Scribner. 1853. 8vo. pp. 684.

The Bow in the Cloud ; or Covenant Mercy to the Afflicted. Elegantly Illustrated. Philadelphia : E. H. Butler & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 360.

The Homes of the New World ; Impressions of America. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

A History of Roman Classical Literature. By R. W. Browne, M.A., Ph. D. Philadelphia : Blanchard & Lea. 1853. 8vo. pp. 520.

English Literature of the Nineteenth Century ; on the Plan of the Author's "Compendium of English Literature," and Supplementary to it. Designed for Colleges and Advanced Classes in Schools, as well as for Private Reading. By Charles D. Cleveland. Stereotype Edition. Philadelphia : E. C. & J. Biddle. 1853. 12mo. pp. 785.

Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools, to the General Assembly, May Session, 1853. Printed by Order of the Legislature. Hartford : Alfred E. Burr. 1853. 8vo.

New Methods for Multiplication and Division, with Ease, Accuracy, and Despatch, by Means of a Table of 999 Multiplies of the 9 Digits ; to which are annexed Other Useful Tables. By Edward Hinkley, A.M. Baltimore : Printed for the Author. 1853. 8vo. pp. 70.

Principles of Geology ; or the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered as Illustrative of Geology. By Sir Charles Lyell, M.A., F.R.S. New and entirely Revised Edition. Illustrated with Maps, Plates, and Woodcuts. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 834.

The Hearth-Stone : Thoughts upon Home Life in our Cities. By Samuel Osgood, Author of "Studies in Christian Biography," etc. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 290.

The Priest and the Huguenot; or Persecution in the Age of Louis XV. From the French of L. Bungener, Author of "The Preacher and the King." etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

A Month in England. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York. 1853. 12mo. pp. 243.

A Church Dictionary. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D. Sixth Edition. Revised and adapted to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, by a Presbyterian of said Church. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 580.

The Doom of the Crescent. By William Giles Dix. Boston: Ide & Dutton. 1853. 12mo.

A Review of "A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Daniel Webster, preached at the Melodeon on Sunday, October 31, 1852, by Theodore Parker, Minister of the 28th Congregational Society in Boston." By Junius Americanus. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 89.

The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vol. VIII. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 8vo.

The Seventh Census. Report of the Superintendent of the Census for December 1, 1852; to which is appended the Report for December 1, 1851. Printed by Order of the House of Representatives of the United States. Washington: Robert Armstrong, Printer. 1853. 8vo. pp. 160.

Charles Auchester. A Memorial. By E. Berger. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 194.

The Leger and the Lexicon: or Business and Literature in Account with American Education. An Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July 26, 1853. By Henry W. Bellows. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1853. 8vo. pp. 53.

Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform. Chiefly from the Edinburgh Review: corrected, vindicated, enlarged, in Notes and Appendices. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. With an Introductory Essay, by Robert Turnbull, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 764.

History of the Captivity of Napoleon, at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made Public. By William Forsyth, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

Outline of the Geology of the Globe, and of the United States in particular: with Two Geological Maps, and Sketches of Characteristic American Fossils. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., President of Amherst College. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 136.

A Classed Catalogue of the Library of the Cambridge High School; with an Alphabetical Index. To which is appended a List of the Philosophical and other Apparatus belonging to the School. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1853. 8vo. pp. 239.

The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi: a Series of Sketches. By

Joseph G. Baldwin. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 330.

Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S., with a View of his Lectures, Writings, and Character. By George Macilwain, F.R.C.S. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 434.

A Memoir of the late Rev. William Croswell, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, Massachusetts. By his Father. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 528.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. From Blackwood's Magazine. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 148.

A Fifth Letter to the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., formerly Librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage. By Edward John Shepherd, A.M., Rector of Luddesdown. London : Longmans. 1853. 8vo. pp. 40.

The Life of William Pinkney. By his Nephew, the Rev. William Pinkney, D.D. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 407.

The Annals of Tennessee, to the End of the Eighteenth Century ; comprising its Settlement as a Part of the Watauga Association, as a Part of North Carolina, as the State of Franklin, etc., etc. By J. G. M. Ramsay, A.M., M.D. Philadelphia : Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 744.

Manuscript Corrections from a Copy of the Fourth Folio of Shakespeare's Plays. Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 8vo. pp. 51.

Harry's Ladder to Learning. With Two Hundred and Thirty Illustrations. New York : Harpers. 16mo. pp. 239.

Liberia ; or Mr. Peyton's Experiments. Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. New York : Harpers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 304.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXIII.

APRIL, 1854.

ART. I.—1. *The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of DANIEL DE FOE.* Oxford: Printed by D. A. Talboys for Thomas Tegg. London. 1848.

2. *DE FOE'S Works.* Vol. I. New York: Redfield.

FEW of the crowd that throng the old avenues of Cripplegate, at the present day, revert to the prophet and thinker born and bred there, whose romance has been the household story of two great nations, and has been domesticated, as a model narrative, in every country of Europe for more than a century. Yet there is no name which should be more gratefully honored by a London citizen than that of Daniel De Foe. His genius and efficiency vindicate the claims even of "a nation of shopkeepers," and turn that satire into eulogy. His book has survived the more finished writings of the courtly authors who ridiculed him. In literature and politics he was essentially a representative man; in life he stood in the front rank of the people, and their universal recognition has long since crowned his memory with enduring fame.

In the great national problem worked out and permanently solved by the course of events and the war of opinion, between the birth of Puritanism in England and the realization of constitutional liberty under William of Orange, many illustrious names appear identified with the progress of civil

and religious freedom. In the field, the council, the church, the courts, in society and in literature, these noble advocates taught, struggled, endured, and often died, in behalf of truths and privileges sacred to humanity. Among those who promoted the great end in the noblest way, — that is, by appeals to reason, and by assiduous endeavors to enlighten the masses, — no one deserves higher credit than Daniel De Foe. And yet, by one of those caprices of fame, which so often astonish us in the history of gifted men, this voluminous writer and stanch advocate of human freedom and a progressive civic life, is chiefly, and, so far as the many are concerned, exclusively, known as the author of the most popular story in the English language. The fierce polemical works upon which the vigor of his years was expended, the strange vicissitudes, the public services, and the private virtues of the man De Foe, have been lost sight of in the renown of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. Indeed, that familiar book, in the popular imagination, is rather esteemed as a lucky hit of inventive genius, than as the flowering of a mind rendered earnest and fruitful through a life of anxious mental toil and relentless persecution. To one thoroughly acquainted with De Foe's career, and aware of his fortunes and achievements, the remarkable fiction which embalms his memory has a new and pathetic significance. It was his first attempt to enlist his extraordinary powers in a work of pure literary art. To write it, he stood aloof from the party strife in which, for thirty years, his thoughts had been engaged. Like a brave soldier who had returned home from a long but successful campaign, with victory achieved, yet no spoils acquired, he seems to have laid aside the armor of political and religious warfare, cheered only by a sense of duty bravely performed, and then in the autumn of life, the lull of the storm, the pensive twilight of honest age, yielded himself to a work prompted by his own idiosyncrasies, unmarred by faction, and thoroughly adapted to the popular heart. The intrinsic charm of the narrative, therefore, is infinitely expanded when thus viewed with reference to De Foe's circumstances and aims.

Could the life of this extraordinary man be represented in a dramatic form, we should behold him in the utmost ex-

tremes of social position, each explicable by his course as an author. He might be seen the familiar and admired *habitué* of a Puritan coffee-house, ardently discussing the latest news from the seat of war, or the local question of the hour; alternating between his hosier's shop in Cornhill and the Dissenters' chapel at Surrey; in arms for the Duke of Monmouth; one of the handsomely mounted escort of volunteers who attended William and Mary from Whitehall to the Mansion-House; a bankrupt refugee, talking with Selkirk at the Red Lion Tavern in Bristol; the confidential visitor ensconced in the cabinet of William of Orange; the occupant of a cell in Newgate; an honored guest at Edinburgh, promoting the Union; a secret ambassador to the Continent; the delegate of the people, handing to Harley a mammoth petition; the cynosure of a hundred sympathetic and respectful eyes as he stands in the pillory; in comfortable retirement at Newington; and at last a victim of filial ingratitude, his health wasted in noble intellectual toil, dying at the age of seventy. Such are a few of the strong contrasts which the mere external drama of De Foe's life presents.

To appreciate his course we must vividly recall the events of his time and the spirit of his age. As if ordained by Providence for a legitimate representative of the English mind, he derived his descent from the better class of yeomen; his birthplace was the heart of London; and his home was chiefly there at a period when its citizenship was a high distinction and privilege, when municipal glory had not faded before the splendor of fashion, now dominant in a region which, in De Foe's time, was suburban, and when locomotive facilities had not almost identified town and country. One of the people by birth and association, he became more intimately related to them through his public spirit, his political ideas, and his religious sentiments. These were all essentially democratic. The wants of the ignorant many, the thirst for social reform, the popular basis of the constitution, and the right of free judgment and action in religion, appear to have been original instincts rather than mere opinions in the mind of De Foe. They were confirmed by the family discipline, the Non-conformist rites, the simple habits, and the manly self-

reliance incident to the household of a Dissenting London trader of that day.

Although so obviously endowed for the vocation of an author, De Foe began life as a tradesman. Cut off by his religious associations from any share in a university education, he studied the higher academic branches with a preceptor of his own faith, of acknowledged scholarship; and at first designed to adopt the clerical profession. In his commercial speculations he was unsuccessful, as might have been anticipated; for his mind was too speculative to engage prosperously in business, for which, however, he was not deficient in talent, as his appointment as secretary, first to a glass, and then to a brick manufacturing company, sufficiently proves. His friends also arranged a mercantile enterprise for him at Cadiz; but he yielded to a strong innate conviction that his appropriate sphere was England, and his first duty that of a writer. Trade, however, while it proved unfortunate as a pursuit, elicited character, and yielded valuable lessons. He, with rare integrity, paid the balance of his debts, when subsequently enriched, although legally acquitted by a compromise; and his knowledge of the wants, usages, and condition of the "English Tradesman" enabled him to write the useful and suggestive treatise which bears that title. It gave him also a fund of experience; and we trace in his books a familiarity with human nature and London life, that could in few other ways have been so authentically gained. While Swift was noting the banquets he attended for the diversion of Stella, Steele dodging bailiffs in his luxurious establishment, Addison, in elegant trim, paying his court to the Countess of Warwick, and Bolingbroke embodying his heartless philosophy in artificial rhetoric, De Foe was wrestling for truth in Cripple-gate. A man of the people, a writer of plain, vigorous, unembellished English, there he stood, manfully claiming the right of private judgment; battling to the death against the prejudices which interfered with a liberal government; explaining, with intelligent emphasis, the popular basis of the constitution; initiating that philosophy of trade, of social economy, of charitable institutions, and of literature, then a bold and radical innovation, now, in its varied forms, recognized

as the evidence of human progress and the pledge of a glorious future. Taste, wit, and refined sensualism were the dominant traits of the acknowledged men of genius in society around him; privation, slander, imprisonment, and ridicule were the reward of his manly self-consecration. His contemporary authors are known to us through elaborate and loving memoirs; their portraits adorn noble galleries; scholars still emulate their works, and glorify them in reviews; while their monumental effigies are clustered in imposing beauty in the venerable Abbey. Our knowledge of De Foe's appearance is chiefly derived from an advertisement describing him as a fugitive; his birth and name have been subjects of dispute; of his domestic correspondence, we have only a letter describing the unfilial improvidence of his son; it is impossible to identify all his works; he is mentioned by the writers of his day only in the bitter terms of party hatred; and his mortal remains are blended with the martyred dust of Bunhill Fields.

The political writings of De Foe emphatically define his career as an English citizen; and although many of them have lost their chief interest from the temporary nature of the subjects discussed, yet they are all impressive landmarks to indicate the consistent, fearless, and rational spirit, the indomitable industry and loyalty of purpose, which distinguished his life. With every successive phase of history, every important act of the government, or significant demonstration by the people, an essay, a satire, or an appeal, from his ready and earnest pen, gives token of vigilance and enthusiasm. His pamphlets, like alert guerilla parties, keep up a running and sometimes isolated, yet none the less effective fire, along the line of political combatants. Always ranged on the side of popular right and religious liberty, his pleas, by their simplicity and good sense, invariably won the attention of the masses, and irritated the Tory faction. Usually published anonymously, and often under the disguise of irony or quaint allegory, they betrayed a cleverness which even the fashionable wits could not deny. Thus, by seasonable invective and keen satire, De Foe scattered the elements of great political truths among the heated minds of his fellow-

countrymen, anticipated the progress of popular enlightenment, and furnished the ignorant and the oppressed with arguments that sanctioned their endeavors.

It was opposition to the plans of James in regard to the succession, and not affinity with the character of Monmouth, that enlisted him in the romantic and vain enterprise of the latter. To Queen Anne's natural goodness of heart and Harley's secret political bias he owed his enfranchisement. His ironical tirade against the Hanoverian cause was so utterly misunderstood, that, for a while, he suffered persecution as its enemy. But his relation to William of Orange was intimate and genuine. The character of that monarch was akin to his own. There was between them a sympathy of mind; courage, liberal views, and moral energy were alike the characteristics of the author and the king. De Foe effectively advanced the measures of his royal patron, and was devoted to his cause and his memory.

If we examine critically his miscellaneous writings, and refer to the dates of important civil and social reforms, his direct agency in their achievement will impressively appear. With the foresight attained only by a lover of truth, he anticipated the great improvements of the last and the present century, and often gave the first hint of their necessity, or the primal argument for their adoption. The superior brilliancy of later writers has kept his precedence out of view. Yet there is scarcely a remarkable social or literary phenomenon resulting from the progress of ideas, which we cannot trace directly or indirectly to De Foe. He was a pioneer in the great cause of human advancement, and his name should be identified with many of the popular topics and enterprises of our own day. The universal political theme of this moment is what is called "the Eastern Question." The first pamphlet of De Foe, written before the age of manhood, was devoted to a kindred subject, in which he argued that it was "better that the Popish house of Austria should ruin the Protestants in Hungary, than that the infidel house of Ottoman should ruin both Protestants and Papists." The reality of spiritual communications is now a fertile text for tongue and press. De Foe's essay on "Apparitions" may not only be read with

advantage by the credulous and the sceptical, but is a striking evidence of the identity of feeling on that subject then and now. "Between our ancestors' laying too much stress upon them," he says, "and the present age endeavoring wholly to explode and despise them, the world seems hardly ever to have come to a right understanding." And again: "Spirit is certainly something we do not fully understand, in our present confined circumstances; and, as we do not fully understand the thing, so neither can we distinguish its operation. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it converses here, is with us and among us, corresponds, though unembodied, with our spirits, and this conversing is not only by an invisible, but to us an inconceivable way," etc. To these speculations he brought no ordinary learning and philosophy, and while he recognizes the spiritual element in life, he considers it with logic, with good sense, and in the light of truth. Constitutional freedom has been the favorite idea of English and American statesmen; but De Foe's treatise on the "Original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England" was one of the first and most daring popular expositions of a doctrine that lies at the foundation of all free governments. Political economy is generally considered a new science; De Foe's commercial writings, his tract entitled "Giving Alms no Charity," and the financial suggestions thrown out in his "Essay on Projects," anticipate many of the axioms of later philosophers in this department. It is to the papers in the *Spectator* that the first appreciation of Milton's poetry is ascribed; yet seven years before Addison designated the sublimities of *Paradise Lost*, De Foe set forth its author's transcendent claims. The institution of marriage has been freely examined in our day; De Foe, in his bold reproach of its abuse and his eloquent exposition of its religious character, was in advance of his times. He was the first effectually to set forth the public duty of instituting asylums for the insane and the idiotic, of establishing commissioners of bankruptcy, and pensions for the indigent. Sydney Smith's humorous appeal is thought by many the earliest popular argument for a higher grade of female culture; but at a time when the chivalric element was all but extinguished, and women were treated

either as toys, slaves, or idols, De Foe became an eloquent and able advocate for the education of women. "A woman of sense and manners," he wrote, "is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation; and it is the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude to withhold from the sex the lustre which the advantage of education gives to the natural beauty of their minds." One of the most successful of modern *ruses* is the famous "Moon Hoax"; De Foe in a political satire developed lunar language, and narrated incidents of lunar adventure. He recommended the establishment of a society for "encouraging polite learning and improving the English language," prior to Swift's celebrated letter to Lord Oxford. The most interesting fact, however, of his influence as a thinker, at least to our American sympathies, is, that it was the perusal of De Foe that aroused the dormant sentiments and quickened the mental enterprise of Franklin. "I found, besides," he says in his Autobiography, "a work of De Foe's, entitled an 'Essay on Projects,' from which, perhaps, I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life." His zest for new truth, and his recognition of liberal principles were thus confirmed and enlarged, in early youth, by the author of Robinson Crusoe. De Foe anticipated the colonial revolt and the triumph of freedom in America. He was the predecessor of Rousseau as a social reformer. He ably vindicated the right of authors to a permanent share in the income of their works. His geographical speculations were confirmed by the subsequent discoveries of Denham and Lander. He was the father of periodical literature; for his "Review," first planned in Newgate, was the harbinger of those popular miscellanies that delighted and improved the readers of Queen Anne's day. Nor is this the world's only obligation to him in literature. His unprecedented and instantly successful fiction originated the English novel, and the celebrated authors who have since enchanted us and made themselves renowned in this field, all trace back the spells they evoke to Daniel De Foe.

It is a singular coincidence, that the most classical poet and the most successful romancer of that period, in England, were the sons of butchers. Akenside, born ten years before De

Foe's death, carried to his grave a memorial of the paternal vocation, in regard to which he was morbidly sensitive, in the form of a wound that caused him always to limp, received from one of his father's cleavers, which was accidentally dropped on the embryo poet's foot. Gifford made cruel use of the plebeian occupation of the elder Keats, in his attempt to mortify the sensitive author of *Hyperion*. De Foe, if we may judge by the spirit of his writings and the tenor of his life, cheerfully accepted the rank in which his lot was cast. He knew the true dignity of human nature, and understood that all genuine power and fame originate with, or must be sanctioned by, popular sentiment. It was an axiom of his to defy the critics, if he could but have the people with him. It may seem to involve no great heroism or perspicacity so to think and act; but we must remember that De Foe thus reasoned at a time when the *London Gazette*, with its meagre semiweekly announcement of court news, constituted journalism; when Baxter's voice was hushed in prison; and when our brave author himself had barely escaped the fangs of Jeffreys, to endure the long torture of inveterate proscription.

With the virtues De Foe combined the prejudices of the Non-conformists. He expresses an unreasonable contempt for May-poles and the theatre; but we must not forget that it was against the profligate levity ushered in by the Restoration, of which these and similar pastimes were emblems, rather than against amusement as such, that his indignation was levelled. De Foe and his colleagues deeply felt their responsibility to the noble cause in which they were engaged. A battle was to be waged, a great national reform wrought; politics and religion, freedom and civil progress, were to them, in a great measure, identical; the social exigencies of the times impressed them too keenly to admit of convivial enjoyment. In a word, they were in earnest, and such is not the mood in which mere pleasure-seeking can be tolerated. Yet De Foe wonderfully preserved his candor and self-respect in the heat of controversy; and boasts with reason, that, while engaged in satirizing his opponents, he never used their personal misfortunes or infirmities to make "the galled jade wince." He early acquired the lessons of self-discipline, and

bore himself with prowess, but in a calm and self-reliant manner. "In the school of affliction," he says, "I have learned more than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit."

De Foe's career as an author was quite as remarkable for its versatility as for its extent. Besides the hundred and thirty-three political works identified as his, during the reigns of Anne and George, we have numerous speculative and narrative writings, and, finally, his series of fictions. He turned his pen to any subject, and cast his thoughts into any form which circumstances made desirable, with an extraordinary facility. Now we find him recording the casualties of a remarkable storm, now hard at work upon a "Seasonable Caution"; one day engaged on a versified eulogy of Scotland, (while on a visit there,) published under the title of "Caledonia," and another, deep in a "History of the Union," which he had been an effective agent in promoting. To-day it is a commercial essay; to-morrow, a book of travels. He prepares an impressive story of Mrs. Veal's ghost, which, attached to a heavy book on "Death," gives it life at once. He is no sooner out of the pillory, than he indites a philosophical hymn to the infamous machine. Shut up in Newgate, he starts a journal on a new and better plan than any before known. He welcomes Marlborough home with stanzas to Victory; and when the war is over, chants the glory of Peace. Opposed to the existing school of speculation, he groups in ironical verse the poets, sceptics, and metaphysicians of his day. He translates Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*; and tilts, in pungent rhymes, against the divine right of kings. As might have been anticipated, such rapid and varied composition admitted of no finish or revision. De Foe's cleverness and industry are more remarkable than his taste and care. His object usually was to produce an immediate impression on the world of opinion, or to supply his own wants by his pen-craft. Hence the temporary interest and merely incidental value of many of his writings. No small part of them, however, are not only of practical use, but of historical importance. De Foe has been declared by a good critic Locke's equal in reasoning. Of his "Essay on Projects" it has been said, that it is more rich in thought than any book since Ba-

con, and that it embodies the French Revolution without its follies. His great mental quality was vigorous sense. He was deficient in the love of the beautiful, and seems to have had an inadequate perception of art. He was not poetical by nature. His metrical essays owe their effect wholly to the epigrammatic hits and the sound argument they contain; the melodious versification of his contemporaries never taught him rhythm; not only are his verses destitute of refined sentiment, but they are singularly harsh and unmusical. He belongs to the same school of rhymers with Butler, Swift, and Crabbe; not imagination and grace, but graphic touches and wit redeem his lines. As a literary artist his merit lies almost exclusively in prose narrative. Here he exhibited all the individuality of his genius, and achieved his permanent renown. The secret of his effective style of narration lies in simple force of diction, homely and expressive words, and an elaborate and precise statement of details. Together, these traits form a whole that affects the mind with all the distinctness of reality. Dr. Johnson thought that the "Adventures of Captain Singleton," De Foe's second work of fiction, was a record of facts; Lord Chatham quoted his "Memoirs of a Cavalier" as a genuine piece of biography; and Dr. Wood, the account of the Plague in London as the result of personal observation; while the credence that the mass of readers bestowed upon the story of Mrs. Veal's apparition is evident from the large sale it at once secured for Drelincourt's unpopular essay.

It is curious to trace the progress of the modern novel from Ionia to Italy, and thence to England, its rudimental and imaginative style in the East, its pedantic and sentimental development in Arcadian romances, and its simple, direct, matter-of-fact and human interest as exhibited by De Foe, destined to be rendered more and more complex and artistic with the increased refinements and divisions of society, as painted by Bulwer and Thackeray. The element of probability, the artistic use of natural incidents in their legitimate order and specialties, so admirably illustrated by De Foe, is, however, as indispensable to the successful novelist to-day as when Robinson Crusoe appeared. We can easily perceive its rec-

ognition by the masters of romance. It is obvious in the minute local and personal descriptions of Scott, in Godwin's details of consciousness, and even in the grotesque pictures of still-life by Dickens. Verisimilitude is the great merit of De Foe as a novelist. The seeming authenticity of his stories is also greatly enhanced by the autobiographic form in which they are cast. He is a model narrator; passages of his fictions read like the testimony elicited in a court of justice; and incidental and apparently trifling circumstances are so naturally interwoven, as to give a singular air of truth to the whole. Now the plots of the novelist are more intricate, his characters more finely shaded and elaborately wrought, and his style of composition raised to a much higher standard. Yet the profound actuality and stern truth of De Foe give him a tenacious hold on the common sympathy; he excites deeper faith and inherits household fame. He had been a close student of human life and human nature, in their most inartificial and significant phases. Born of a sect that disdained the trappings and acknowledged the spiritual meaning of existence, he was wedded to reality from his cradle. His conflict with fortune was hand to hand and unintermitted. He used to seek communion with soldiers, sailors, and other adventurous offspring of his own transition era. He was well acquainted with Dampier, the navigator; he saw much of foreign countries, took counsel with kings, studied economics in the experience of trade, authorship, and office, witnessed the most remarkable political vicissitudes, explored the mysteries of crime while an inmate of the Old Bailey, knew intimately the care and the solace of domestic ties, the viper sting of filial ingratitude, and the inexpressible worth of woman; he was ever a worker, and no butterfly, — always observing, reflecting, noting facts, musing on the past, scanning the future, and keenly watching the present. Thus disciplined and enriched, De Foe's mind was tempered in the furnace of affliction, and hence it is that he writes of men and things with such truthful power and practical sense. As a child, he listened to incidents of the civil war from survivors; as a youth, he fraternized with the returned soldiers of Marlborough, and the maritime heroes who explored unknown seas. The coffee-

house, the docks, the shop, the palace, the jail, the fireside, the strife of party, and the sanctions of a proscribed religion, inspired and moulded his Anglo-Saxon intelligence, his lion spirit, and humane sentiments, and enabled him to invent from experience with unequalled tact and an enduring charm.

There is no contrast in English literature more entire than that between De Foe and the fashionable writers of his day. They indeed ushered in a more graceful epoch, and are identified with the amenities of literary and social life; but their humor, tact, skill, and beauty, and even the reform in manners and in taste they achieved, languish before the robust and practical truths advanced by De Foe. His writings, though comparatively neglected at present, from the actual triumph of the ideas they embody, were distinguished then by a quality in which his more brilliant contemporaries were sadly deficient,—earnestness; his object was moral, theirs artistic; he sought to modify opinion and build up institutions, they to refine style and gratify taste; their sphere was sentiment, his, action; they strove with art to refine, he with argument to invigorate and make self-reliant the elements of national life and individual character; he dealt conscientiously with principles, they daintily with forms.

When De Foe abandoned controversy for fiction, he had already achieved a long career of authorship, and had suffered enough to damp the energy of a less vigorous mind. But he entered this new and promising field with characteristic spirit and industry. Encouraged by the extraordinary success of “Robinson Crusoe,” he published a series of tales similar in design, though much inferior in novelty and effect. It is to be regretted that the majority of these narratives are devoted to low life, and as De Foe’s *forte* was adventure, and not characterization, the coarseness of some of his graphic histories is only redeemed by the matter-of-fact, self-possessed, and authentic style with which he “forges the handwriting of Nature.” No writer ever drew more clearly the lines that divide vice from virtue. There is nothing insidious in his pictures of human frailty. “Roxana,” “Colonel Jack,” “Moll Flanders,” and other narratives of unprincipled vagabondage, while they repel the discriminating reader of the present day,

are yet historically worthy of attention, as being the genuine precursors of the modern English novel. To ignore the early specimens of any class of writings, would be as unjust to literature historically regarded, as for the painter, in his admiration of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, to forget Giotto and Perugino. "Captain Carleton" and "Memoirs of a Cavalier" are the germs of the historical romance of our day; even as the "Essay on Projects" may be regarded as the rough chart whence modern philanthropy and social science have derived much of their original impulse. Yet De Foe, with the usual perversity of authors, seems to have valued his metrical treatise, called *Jure Divino*, now quite neglected, above his influential pamphlets and his unrivalled story. He wrote in the spirit of Franklin and Cobbett; his very lack of ideality, his self-reliance, and his practical mind fitted him to become an exemplar in that literature which deals with common things and the universal heart. When Kean returned from his great experiment at Drury Lane, his anxious wife inquired what Lord Essex thought of the performance. The answer of the triumphant actor was, "The pit rose to me." It was this popular recognition that De Foe sought and won; and of this the permanent fame of Robinson Crusoe is the best illustration.

No charge of plagiarism was ever more irrational, than that which his enemies strove to affix to the author of this world-wide favorite. That the narrative was founded on reality appears from the well-known fact, that Selkirk's Adventures were published in 1712, seven years before Robinson Crusoe. This work and the paper by Steele on the subject, when compared with the story of De Foe, will be found to bear a relation to it as inadequate to explain the conception, as one of the Italian tales, upon the dramatized version of which Shakespeare founded his immortal plays, to those priceless dramas. Selkirk was cast on a desert island, kindled a fire by rubbing bits of wood together, diverted himself by dancing with the goats he tamed, made a bed of their skins, built two huts, wrought a needle out of a nail and a knife-blade from a piece of iron hoop, fell from a precipice, and learned to run swiftly and to hunt animals. Such were

the material hints thus furnished. In regard to the metaphysical, Steele remarks of Selkirk, that "it was a matter of great curiosity to hear him give an account of the different revolutions of his own mind in that long solitude." With our knowledge of De Foe's antecedents, of his narrative powers, and his graphic, plain, and lucid diction, it is easy to imagine how such meagre suggestions would become expanded under his pen into an elaborate, detailed, and consistent story, alive with the truths of nature and consciousness. His habit of composition, his facility in the use of the vernacular tongue, his long political warfare, which deepened thought and quickened perception, his social isolation, and his very deficiency in scholarship and ideality, were but so many preparatives. The alternation of the seasons, the notches on the calendar-post, the visions of fever, the explorations, the domestic economy of bower and cave, inventions suggested by necessity, periods of religious self-communion, and keeping a journal of reflections, are the facts which, given out in Flemish detail, and in a style of familiar and homely directness, make up Robinson Crusoe's twenty-eight years of solitude. It has been remarked that the only essentially poetical scene is the discovery of the footprint. The original of Friday, was, according to D'Israeli, a Mosquito Indian described by Dampier. What a striking proof of the universal charm of truth to nature is indicated by the popularity of such a work! Minds as diverse and as highly endowed as those of Rousseau, Dr. Johnson, Lamb, Scott, and our own Webster, acknowledged for it a life-long partiality. Cervantes and Bunyan are De Foe's only peers in the common heart. He has been justly called the Murillo of the novelists. Boccaccio's warm and musical style is not more national than De Foe's stern outline and colloquial plainness. His poetry was that of the Bible, which Hazlitt well describes as that of solitude. All of grandeur that he develops is that of simplicity and self-reliance; and paradoxical as it seems, the great charm of his fiction is its truth. His convictions were grave, his observation minute, and his experience of life singularly painful, but conscience and intelligence were profoundly active; and to these causes we can easily trace both the individuality and the attraction of his genius.

Robinson Crusoe is a thoroughly English romance. It has none of the Southern glow of the Italian *novelle*. Sentiment is in abeyance to sense in its hero. The interest is derived chiefly from external adventure, and not from impassioned scenes; and the amusing and melodramatic elements, so conspicuous in French stories, are entirely ignored. It has the severity, the strong individuality, of the Anglo-Saxon mind. The chapter descriptive of domestic life in the household of a pious citizen of the middle class, is a most characteristic introduction; the passion for sea-life is a national trait; the religious feeling that struggles in the wanderer's breast, at the outset, with his own perverse desires, is also, both in its form and expression, singularly true to the character of the English Dissenters. The inventive talent which Robinson exhibits is a source of peculiar interest to a thrifty and commercial race; his self-dependent, methodical, and industrious spirit was but a type of his nation; his recognition of conscience and providence, the absence of imagination, and the multiplicity of facts, are phases of the story in strict accordance with the English mind. The very problem of the book—that of a human being thrown entirely upon his own resources—is one remarkably adapted to the genius of an Englishman, and it is worked out with equal significance. Solitude has been made the basis of novels and memoirs in many notable instances; but how diverse the treatment from that of De Foe! The biography of Trenck, the “Prisons” of Pellico, and the “Picciola” of De Saintine, borrow their moral interest from the isolation of their heroes; but it is affection and fancy that lend a charm to such narratives. Poets, the most eloquent of modern times, have sung the praises of solitude; Byron, Foscolo, and Chateaubriand have set it forth as the sphere of imaginative pleasure; Zimmerman has argued its claims; St. Pierre and Humboldt have indicated how much it enhances the enjoyment of nature. But in these and similar instances, the idiosyncrasy of the writers, and not human nature in general, is alive to the experiment. De Foe gives a practical solution to the idea. He describes the physical resources available to a patient and active hermit. He brings man into direct contact with Nature,

and shows how he, by his single arm, thought, and will, can subdue her to his use. He places a human soul alone with God and the universe, and records its solitary struggles, its remorse, its yearning for companionship, its thirst for truth, and its resignation to its Creator. Robinson is no poet, mystic, or man of science, but an Englishman of average mind and ordinary education; and on his desert island he never loses his nationality. Fertile in expedients, prone to domesticity, fond of a long ramble, mindful of the Sabbath, provident, sustained by his Bible and his gun, a philosopher by nature, a utilitarian by instinct, accustomed to introspection, serious in his views,—against the vast blank of solitude, his figure clad in goat-skins stands in bold relief,—the moral ideal and exemplar of his nation and class.

Writings that thus survive a miscellaneous group will be found to contain a vital element of the author's nature or experience. They triumph over the oblivious influence of change and time, because created "in the hasty stealth of nature"; and are more vigorous by virtue of this spontaneous origin. De Foe's life was a moral solitude. If he knew not the discipline of an uninhabited island, he was familiar with that deeper isolation which the tyranny of opinion creates. He was separated from his kind, not indeed by leagues of ocean, but by the equally inexorable sea of faction. Prejudice, in an uncharitable age, divided him as effectually from society as a barrier of nature. Nor in his case did the sympathy of those for whom he thought and suffered relieve the grim features of solitude. He was too independent, and too much in advance of his time, not to be essentially apart from those who were ostensibly near and around him. He was driven into the intrenchments of consciousness. Like all bold and individual thinkers, he was often alone. From his earliest years his lot was cast and his choice made with a despised minority, and not until his head was bleached did the party and the class with which he acted hold the balance of power. As Bunyan was the spiritual prophet of the people, De Foe was their practical expositor. He espoused their cause, before philanthropic organizations and public opinion had won respect for it. Oberlin had then regenerated no poor village;

Penny Magazines were undreamed of; Burns had not set to undying music the cottager's life; the vulgar were divided by an immense gulf from the educated. Heroic then was it to brood over the dark problems of civilization. Literature was the privilege and the ornament of the few. Pope translated the *Iliad*, and celebrated the graces of Belinda; Swift did a courtier's taskwork; Addison, with scholarly zest, described his Italian journey; but De Foe pleaded for the rights of Dissenters, expounded the principles of trade, and wrote manuals for the religious, political, and domestic guidance of the masses. He was an intellectual pioneer, the herald of utility in letters, the advocate of practical truth. Instead of social distinction and the pleasures of taste, he aimed at reform. Ignored by the elegant, despised by the gay, persecuted by those in authority, he sternly rebuked corruption, boldly announced principles, and incessantly advocated humanity.

The brutal injustice of party spirit in England is signally illustrated in the life of her most characteristic author. The ferocity of her baronial era seems transferred to her literary and political annals. The same inhuman and relentless cruelty, insensate prejudice, and dogmatic will reign in the world of opinion, as in the scenes of the ring, the duel, the criminal law, the domestic tyranny, and other barbarisms that deform her social history. Genius enjoys no immunity from this instinctive exercise of arbitrary power. The robbers of Italy spared Ariosto, when they discovered that their captive was the author of the *Orlando*; the French mob that besieged the Tuileries and decapitated the king, protected from mutilation the beautiful statues that adorned the palace garden; but no sentiment checks the rabid pen or melts the bigoted judge that sought, in De Foe's age and country, to awe or vanquish obnoxious writers. The terms in which they are assailed are those of execration or contempt; all sense of justice, honor, truth, and humanity is repudiated; and the victim is coolly neglected, or heartlessly crushed without an emotion of pity or a scruple of remorse. Even the comparatively liberal criticism of a later day is tinctured with this savage arrogance. The impertinent sarcasm with which the

fashionable reviews treated Keats and Wordsworth, the faint praise with which Reynolds kept the merits of Gainsborough in the shade, the fanatical calumnies heaped upon Shelley, the coarse ridicule that drove Byron into satire, and the imprisonment of Hunt and Montgomery, attest an identical tyranny of opinion. Happily De Foe vindicated and endeared his own memory by the legacy he bequeathed in his unrivalled fiction. But it serves not only to make him remembered with gratitude; it is a nucleus for the indignation and sympathy of subsequent generations. Think of that inventive mind, that heart overflowing with manly emotion, that reason ever exercised for the honor of his country and the advancement of his race, tortured, darkened, and baffled, throughout a long and heroic life, by the falsehood, the scorn, and the cruelty of mankind. Swift denied him learning; Oldmixon declared that his vocation was espionage; Prior pronounced his pen venal; Pope put him into the *Dunciad*; the courts of London doomed him to the pillory and a felon's cell; one writer charged him with prefixing a *De* to his name to escape the reputation of an English origin; another insinuated that he appropriated Selkirk's papers, and stole the materials of his famous story; one day he is advertised as an absconding debtor, the next published as the author of a vile tract that he never saw; now the stupidity of his own party misinterprets the satirical intent of a pamphlet, which is essentially promoting their cause; and now the Bill of Rights is openly violated by the ministers of justice, in order to wreak upon him their vindictive fiat. And all this time De Foe was the most thorough Englishman and writer of his day, a model of integrity, and as consistent, sincere, and brave as he was gifted.

ART. II. — *The Life of WILLIAM PINKNEY.* By his Nephew, the REV. WILLIAM PINKNEY, D.D. New York: Appleton & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 407.

THIRTY-TWO years have elapsed since the death of Mr. Pinkney. Hitherto, no adequate memorial of the prominent part he sustained as a lawyer, diplomatist, and statesman, in the concluding years of the last, and in the first quarter of the present century, has been presented to the world. He has lived in the mere echoes of his fame.

The diplomatist who attaches his name to no important state paper, the civilian who aids not the rise or downfall of parties and shares but cursorily in the guidance of national affairs, the advocate whose legal learning and unreported speeches confine their influence to the court-room, can have slender hopes of any substantial posthumous fame. Mr. Pinkney was all of these, and much more. Though too late for the Revolution and the formation of the Constitution, he was one of the earliest of our great men. It was his to illustrate at a memorable epoch, before the courts of Europe, the power and the spirit of the young republic, it was his to give the earliest renown to the American bar, and his, for good or evil, to advocate as its foremost champion the first of the slavery compromises. Great, however, as he was in his own generation, he is known to ours only by tradition.

To place upon a more enduring basis the reputation of so eminent a patriot, is the laudable effort of a near relative in the volume before us,—an effort which certainly merited a higher success than it has achieved. The present work scarcely supplies the existing deficiency, and will not take rank amongst standard biographies. There appears to have been a great dearth of materials, and such as exist are not skilfully arranged. The life-story is very meagre, filling but eighty of the four hundred pages. A series of ornately composed essays, entitled “Pinkney as an Orator,” “Wirt and Pinkney,” and the like, succeed. There is abundance of panegyric, but few facts, a great looseness as to dates, scarcely any characteristic anecdote, much declamation, and but little gen-

uine biography. When we remember the classic memorials erected to Mackintosh, Patrick Henry, and Wirt, we perceive here a deplorable inferiority. The book tells us of Pinkney, but does not reveal the man. Our acquaintance with him is no closer, our appreciation of him no livelier, than before. The professional part of Mr. Pinkney's life, and that on which his fame does and must mainly rest, is most unaccountably slighted, and concerning it we learn absolutely nothing of what we most wished to know, nothing to indicate the modes of his activity or the causes of his success, nothing either to satisfy intelligent curiosity, to direct diligence, or to enlighten emulation. Little even is shown, which, to a person previously unacquainted with Pinkney, would account for his high forensic renown. As a statesman he fares better, and we are furnished with many of his letters written from London to Madison and others, besides a tolerably ample report of two speeches delivered in Congress.

The memoir has, however, its merits. It is eloquently and feelingly written, and many of the deficiencies it was doubtless beyond the power of the author at this late day to supply. The general spirit of the writer, too, is worthy of all praise. He is enthusiastic in admiration of his subject, and writes, as he says, to present a model of integrity to the young men of the land.

William Pinkney was born at Annapolis in the State of Maryland on the 17th of March in the year 1764. His ardent affection for his birthplace was frequently manifested throughout his life. He loved, amidst the blandishments of London and St. Petersburg, to recall the sunny shores of the Chesapeake, and he was never so happy as when, at far distant intervals, he could become a boy again in their quiet neighborhood. How he passed his youth we are not particularly informed. He would appear to have received an excellent academic education in his native town; but he never entered college. The war of the Revolution was raging, and Annapolis was sometimes the actual seat of government of the Confederation, and not unfrequently a military station. Pinkney was already in his twentieth year, when Washington came thither to deliver his sword to the national Con-

gress there assembled in presence of the aristocracy of Maryland.

Although, as the issue proved, Pinkney possessed a remarkably legal order of mind, yet no special instinct directed him to his appropriate vocation. He first chose the medical profession, but abandoned it, and, commencing the study of law under the auspices of the distinguished Judge Chase, was admitted to the bar in 1786. At this time the science of special pleading was in its days of palmy repute, and young Pinkney pursued it with a relish which declared his aptitudes. Its keen, close, and subtile logic he cultivated with especial assiduity, and the influence of this training is observable everywhere in such of his legal arguments as are still extant. Unfortunately, no record of his early efforts at the bar remains, and we must content ourselves with the simple tradition that discerning friends early prophesied his success. In April, 1786, he was elected a delegate from Harford County to the Convention of the State of Maryland which adopted the Constitution of the United States. As to what part he took in this assembly we are ignorant. In 1789, he was married at Havre de Grace to Miss Ann Maria Rodgers, sister of Commodore Rodgers of the navy; and ten children, the issue of that union, survived him.

In October, 1788, he was chosen a representative to the House of Delegates from Harford County, which he continued to represent until 1792. It was in this body that he first drew upon himself as an orator the regards of others than his immediate neighbors. He opposed, in 1789, a bill which denied to masters the right of emancipating their slaves. It is curious at the present time, when we are so familiar with anti-slavery appeals directed to the reason, the imagination, and the sympathies, to go back to the infancy of this cause, and read his exceedingly elementary argument upon the ills of slavery. The youthful orator inveighs with warmth against "the arrogant iniquity which proscribes from the pale of society the negro victim of fraud and power because of his complexion, as if, forsooth, the Ruler of the universe had made the darkness of a skin, the flatness of a nose, or the wideness of a mouth, which are only deformities or beauties

as the undulating tribunal of taste shall determine, the *indicia* of his wrath." Mr. Pinkney goes further, advancing in fact upon the ground now occupied by the extreme champions of the negro. He appeals to the intelligent mind, and asks, "In what respect are the blacks inferior to the whites? Let the kind hand of attentive care mature their powers, let the genius of freedom excite to manly thought and liberal investigation; we should not then be found to monopolize the vigor of fancy, the delicacy of taste, or the solidity of scientific endowment. Born with hearts as susceptible of virtuous impressions as our own, and with minds as capable of improvement, they are in all respects our equals by nature, and he who thinks otherwise has never reflected that talents, however great, may perish unnoticed and unknown under inauspicious circumstances." He threatens the censure of an enlightened universe upon American slavery, and proclaims "Maryland the abominable nursery of slaves, the foster-mother of petty despots, and the patron of wanton oppression." The speech is, in truth, without any intrinsic merit, and gives no pledge of extraordinary powers of rhetoric or of reasoning, resembling rather a respectable juvenile performance at some well-ordered debating-club. He seems to have just risen from the perusal of Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws*, from which he makes liberal quotations, forcing it into his service at every turn. The oration is instructive, as showing what a degree of tolerance was then allowed to the discussion of slavery. It would certainly now be a hazardous undertaking to repeat his words in public anywhere south of the Potomac. With some show of justice, accordingly, was he, thirty years afterwards, taxed with inconsistency for his course upon the Missouri Compromise. But the fiery impetuosity of the politician of twenty-five had then subsided into the calmer movements of the statesman of fifty-five, and while age may have chilled his general philanthropy, it had extended the range of his mental vision, and suggested a more prudent patriotism.

In 1792, Mr. Pinkney was chosen a member of the Executive Council of Maryland. This board had formerly, like others of the same kind in sister States, much anomalous power. He remained in this post three years. In 1796,

President Washington selected him as one of the Commissioners on the part of the United States, under the seventh article of Mr. Jay's treaty with Great Britain. His duties in this capacity were entirely judicial, and consisted in administering international law in disputed matters relating to capture at sea. The war which had been waged for several years between England and France gave rise to numerous questions respecting the law of contraband, domicile, blockade, and the practice of prize courts. It would be out of place here to do more than allude to these labors of Mr. Pinkney. They occupied, more or less busily, eight years. His written opinions delivered at the board have always been considered models of cogent reasoning, of comprehensive wisdom, and of pure and elegant diction. Several of them, as that in the case of the *Betsey*, would furnish much entertainment even to the general reader, being without abstruseness, and treating of topics which would assuredly again demand notice in case of a maritime war.

The long period spent in London, although taken from the best portion of his life, depriving him of fair prospects of acquiring wealth and fame at home, and on that account not unfrequently a subject of regret in after years, was nevertheless occupied by him with characteristic activity. During this period he acquired a knowledge of the ancient languages. We are told that his attention was very mortifyingly turned to this point soon after his arrival in England. When he was one day at a large party of statesmen and lawyers, a question concerning a reading in Virgil was mooted, and opinions were warmly canvassed. In the course of the discussion, one of the company, perceiving the silence of Mr. Pinkney, and perhaps attributing it to modesty, challenged him for his opinion in the case, when he was obliged to confess, with many blushes, that he was not acquainted with Virgil. He immediately put himself under the charge of a private tutor, and applied himself diligently, not only to the mastery of the Latin and Greek, but also to the supply of other deficiencies of his early education. He moreover perfected himself in some nice matters,—such as Latin and Greek prosody,—which were scarcely attended to in America, though profi-

ciency in them was a matter of course with English scholars. London was then, as now, an excellent place for the study of elocution, and the ambition of Mr. Pinkney in this field led him to enjoy to the full its unusual advantages. In Westminster Hall, Erskine had but a few years before flashed like a meteor upon the English courts, and was now in the meridian of his fame, the acknowledged head of the bar. This accomplished advocate he so much admired, that he adopted him as a model for his imitation, and reproduced many of his peculiarities. The great amount of business in the English courts is no doubt a satisfactory, if not a decisive reason, why their practitioners are less famous for oratory than their Irish and Scotch brethren. With the former, the pressure of cases forbids the brilliant commonplaces and the ever-recurring flights of rhetoric, which are a kind of necessity to the aspirant across the Channel or beyond the Tweed. Hence has arisen at the English bar a concise and manly eloquence, such as characterized Lord Erskine. The influence of such a model exhibited itself in the subsequent career of Mr. Pinkney in a more compact elocution, a less ambitious and flowery style, and a more rapid train of argument. Sir William Scott, the famous Lord Stowell, was his frequent associate and companion. Lord Eldon is said to have often practised before the Commission, and it is no wonder that, in the presence of so astute a jurist, Mr. Pinkney was unwilling to appear deficient in legal knowledge. He was also a constant attendant upon the debates of both houses of Parliament. He was struck with the slow and syllabic utterance of Mr. Pitt, whom he greatly admired. He revered Wilberforce. Mr. Fox he considered as a speaker in spite of his nature and his stars. At the theatre he saw Mrs. Siddons "without emotion and without admiration." There was at this time in England an extraordinary galaxy of oratorical talent. He became familiar with a standard of eloquence wholly unlike that to which he had been accustomed at home. Instead of florid and impassioned harangues, the example of which had been set by Patrick Henry, and which always suit the taste of new communities, he witnessed a

grave and measured manner, in comparison with which warmth was undignified and passion ridiculous.

While in Europe he was watchful of the state of parties in his own country. He was a decided Federalist, and his earnest advocacy of Jay's treaty, in opposition to the clamors of its numerous enemies, had doubtless suggested his appointment as Commissioner. The great political revolution of 1800 of course disappointed him, but when the contest for the Presidency was reduced to Jefferson and Burr, he warmly favored the former, whose superiority in every particular he believed so decided as to leave no room for doubt to an impartial mind. Such expressions of opinion alienated some of his political friends; but, removed as he was from the immediate din of strife, he neither shared nor understood the vindictive hostility toward Mr. Jefferson. He did not credit the vague charges bandied about, that Mr. Jefferson was a disorganizer, an enemy to all efficient government, a Jacobin, and an infidel. The political rancor prevalent during Jefferson's and Madison's administrations has not been equalled since. Mr. Pinkney reprobated it. On his return home he himself nobly withstood the spirit of the times. He writes from London, August 8th, 1803:—

“I am prepared to find in America a spirit of party as high and frenzied as the most turbulent would have it. I am even prepared to find a brutality in that spirit which in this country either does not exist, or is kept down by the predominance of a better feeling. I lament that it is so; and I *wonder* that it is so, for the American people are generous and liberal and enlightened. We are not, I hope, to have this inordinate zeal, this extravagant fanaticism, entailed upon us,—although one might suppose it to be a part of our political creed, that internal tranquillity, or rather the absence of domestic discord and a rancorous contention for power, was incompatible with the health of the state and the liberty of the citizen. I profess to be temperate in my opinions, and shall put in my claim to freedom of conscience, but when both sides are intolerant, what hope can I have that this claim will be respected? At the bar, I must contrive as well as I can, for I *must* return to it. I have no alternative; and if I had, choice would carry me back to the profession.”

Of his sentiments concerning the important events in Eu-

rope, he writes, February 14th, 1800, just after Napoleon's *coup d'état* : —

“Of the late revolution in France, and of Bonaparte's advances to negotiation, with the rejection of these advances, you will have heard before this can reach you. I was present very lately in the House of Commons at the debate on the rejection of these overtures. So able and eloquent a speech as Mr. Pitt's on that occasion I never witnessed. Experience can decide alone how far the conduct he vindicated was wise. The Administration have undoubtedly sanguine hopes of restoring the house of Bourbon, and prodigious efforts will be made during the next campaign with that object. I do not think this will succeed. The coöperation of Russia still remains equivocal; but even if Russia should give all her strength to the confederacy, it will not have power to force upon France the ancient dynasty of that country, with all the consequences inseparable from it. The present government of that ill-fated nation is a mockery, — a rank usurpation by which political freedom is annihilated; but it is a government of energy, and will be made yet more so by an avowed attempt to overturn it by a foreign army in favor of the exiled family.”

Eight years had now elapsed since he received his appointment, and his impatience to return to the contests of the forum at home was on the point of being gratified. His eagerness was increased by anxiety to provide for the wants of a large family, to which, of course, his salary was quite inadequate. He writes on the 27th of August, 1800 : —

“Be this as it may, it is time for me to think seriously of revisiting my country, and of employing myself in a profitable pursuit. I shall soon begin to require ease and retirement; my constitution is weak and my health precarious. A few years of professional labor will bring me into the *sear and yellow leaf* of life; and if I do not begin speedily, I shall begin too late. To commence the world *at forty* is indeed dreadful; but I am used to adverse fortune, and know how to struggle with it. It is not of small importance to me, that I shall go back to the bar cured of every propensity that could divert me from business, — stronger than when I left it, and I trust somewhat wiser. In regard to legal knowledge, I shall not be worse than if I had continued at home; I have been a regular and industrious student for the last two years, and I believe myself to be a much better lawyer than when I arrived in England.”

In August, 1804, Mr. Pinkney returned to the United

States, and embarked with renewed energy upon his professional pursuits. He took at once and with ease his place at the head of the American bar. His subsequent career was a series of triumphs. It was seen that his absence had refreshed and strengthened him for his proper sphere. In 1805, he was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland.

The encroachments of the British government upon neutral trade had now grown outrageous. They were founded upon a revival of the British *Rule of the War of 1756*, which interdicted to neutrals all trade not open to them in time of peace. Maritime law was just emerging from a chaos of ignorance and conflicting principles, and by the knowledge of the true equity of commerce even then attained, this old *rule* was seen to be untenable. One wonders at the jumble of discordant doctrines which so long passed under the name of international law. It required fifteen years of hostilities waged more vigorously than ever before at sea, and captures under every conceivable circumstance, before the present system was established, chiefly by Lord Stowell, upon firm principles. The experience of Mr. Pinkney as Commissioner in London enabled him to protest with authority against the obsolete *rule* and its revived application. He drew up an able memorial in January, 1806, addressed to the President and Congress. The thorough knowledge evinced in this masterly paper excited general admiration. He exposed the fallacy of the pretensions, which, referring neutrals to their peace trade, obstructed under divers pretexts every channel of commerce, systematized rapacity during all the shifting chances of war, and rendered any security to neutrals impossible.

We have now arrived at the point of time, from which Mr. Pinkney stood conspicuously before the world in the front rank of American statesmen. He was named by Mr. Jefferson, in April, 1806, joint commissioner with Mr. Monroe to settle the questions at issue with Great Britain, his politics being no longer thought adverse to the administration, and his practical conversance with the subjects in dispute seeming to demand the appointment. It was no trifling or light task that he undertook. The spiteful politician from Roanoke,

John Randolph, had lately quarrelled with Mr. Jefferson, and now unsparingly ridiculed the claims which Mr. Pinkney had defended in his memorial. "It is not for the honest trade of America, but for this mushroom, this fungus of war, — for a trade which, so soon as the nations of Europe are at peace, will no longer exist, — it is for this that the spirit of avaricious traffic would plunge us into war."

A considerable party in America, like Randolph, favored the British doctrines, drawing their ammunition from an able pamphlet, published in England by Mr. Stephen, entitled, "War in Disguise, or the Frauds of Neutral Flags." Another faction clamored for war, which at that day was not at all intended by the government. Moreover, Mr. Monroe was understood to be jealous of his colleague. Under such unfavorable auspices did Mr. Pinkney enter upon a task already embarrassing, and not likely in any event then probable to become easier. It must be confessed that our national reputation in Europe was at a very low ebb. The imputation was cast upon us, which is even now sometimes repeated upon the Continent, that we were incapable of the self-denial which every contest for right requires, and that our virtue was corrupted by commercial avarice. A country of traders and merchants was thought by the military nations of Europe reluctant to make sacrifices, and glad to consider a chance of gainful traffic a fair equivalent for insult. Great Britain herself, who, from the similarity of her own pursuits, might have been expected to judge more wisely, founded her hopes upon the supposed disaffection of many States.

The joint labors of Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney continued till November, 1807, when the former returned to America. If their merits as diplomatists were to be estimated by favorable results, there would be no occasion to recall their memory; but in diplomacy no more than in war or treason is success the sole touchstone of merit; and least of all, when the disposition of the aggressive party is so intolerant as we have represented it. Their exertions in the delicate controversy were precisely such as were needed, and were well judged, no less in the claims which they abandoned than in those which they urged. Delay could not be suffered, for

our commerce was perishing under the withering effects of the Orders in Council; neither was abruptness allowable, for a conciliatory course was enjoined by the President. Theirs, however, is the merit of having very nearly averted the disgraceful war of 1812. Had their measures been ratified by Mr. Jefferson, the vexatious discussions of the next four years, with the war itself, would have been honorably avoided. At the very outset, they stumbled upon the delicate question which, not yet settled, agitates in our own day the public mind, the right of a subject or citizen to renounce the allegiance under which he was born. In discussing the subject of impressment, the British commissioners proposed that laws should be passed by both nations, making it penal on the one hand for British commanders to impress American citizens, and on the other, for any officer of the American government to grant certificates of American citizenship to British subjects. This might have been admissible, if both parties could have agreed in the definition of American citizens and British subjects. The general dogma, "Once a subject, always a subject," has some excellent reasons of convenience, and would save much contention. At that particular epoch, moreover, the national prejudices of England would not permit a specific renunciation of it. Their negotiators were notwithstanding willing to relinquish tacitly the practice of impressment and of search in American vessels, leaving the question of right in abeyance. The treaty thereupon concluded was signed in January, 1807. It was a very favorable one, founded principally on Mr. Jay's, and conceded many of the American claims concerning the carrying-trade. It was, however, positively rejected by Mr. Jefferson, who did not bring it to the notice of the Senate. Soon after, Mr. Pinkney was left alone, as we have before hinted, to wrestle as best he might with the increasing vexations of his position.

The year 1808 was, in England, a period of unusual national elation. The unhoped for rising in Spain inflamed all minds. A *chateau en Espagne* set on fire the coolest heads. People looked for nothing short of a national regeneration in the Peninsula, and already the days of Ferdinand and Charles I. dawned on their excited vision. The trade of the Unit-

ed States became of less account, and an alliance of Spain and England, and the elevation of the Spanish colonies to their due commercial rank, promised to advance British interests more than a continuance of the contentious American intercourse. The government partook of the universal infatuation, and asserted that South America, dependent or independent, would be thrown commercially into the arms of Great Britain, and that, encouraged to exertion by a new order of things, she would soon rival the Northern Union in all its great agricultural productions. Our importance was thus to be diminished, if not annihilated, by the new competition. Full of this enthusiasm, England assumed a much higher tone than before.

The Orders in Council of 1807 had not been abrogated, and Mr. Pinkney, in pressing too eagerly for their repeal, laid himself open to a most severe rebuff from Mr. Canning. The former insinuated that the Embargo, so far as England was concerned, might be taken off, provided that country on her side would repeal the obnoxious measure. Mr. Canning cunningly entrapped him into making a formal and written offer, and then administered a sarcastic reply, making much of the assumed attempt of the Americans, by a suicidal course, to coerce English state policy. Mr. Pinkney experienced no little mortification from this rebuke; and even at this day, it would seem that, if the English ministers behaved with insolence in their maritime concerns, they joined to it a certain obstinate dignity; and if we may charge upon them a consistent disregard of national rights, we must allow that they could craftily put on a wonderful air of innocence. The American minister was naturally indignant at the sorry light in which he was made to appear; and at home some began to charge him with incapacity. There can be little doubt that the science of diplomacy — if a science it be — is best acquired by an exclusive devotion to it. Austria exists and flourishes by state-craft, and France has uniformly conquered England on the field of treaty-making, through the superior skill of her diplomatists. If America were nearer to Europe, and her interests more closely intertwined with those of European states, she might long since have learned that the ver-

satility of her public men, by turns legislators, judges, secretaries of departments, and foreign ministers, is no compensation for the lack of superior accomplishments in a single branch of service. In the case before us, nothing worse was experienced than the putting us before the world in a false aspect; though in truth this was gained, that England now clearly revealed her duplicity in the negotiation, and her selfish recklessness of neutral rights.

Mr. Pinkney became anxious for a change of career. The climate of London was not suited to him. He began to be assailed with great acrimony and pertinacity in some of the American newspapers. The prime of his life was passing away in barren toil and anxiety, and while sacrificing himself and his family in the public service abroad, ill-disposed people were attacking his reputation at home. He longed to return to that vocation in which he was conscious of being in his own element; and, seeing no satisfactory issue of his mission, he claimed his recall in a letter to Mr. Madison from London, November 24th, 1810. After stating the insufficiency of his salary, he thus proceeds:—

“The claims of my family to my professional exertions have been too long neglected. Age is stealing fast upon me, and I shall soon have lost the power of retrieving the time which has been wasted in endeavors (fruitless it would seem) to deserve well of my country. Every day will, as it passes, make it more difficult to resume the habits which I have twice improvidently abandoned. At present I feel no want of cheerful resolution to seek them again as old friends which I ought never to have quitted, and no want of confidence that they will not disown me. How long that resolution, if not acted upon, may last, or that confidence may stand up in the decline of life, I cannot know, and will not try.”

On the 28th of February, 1811, he had his audience of leave with the Prince Regent at Carlton House, and, terminating his honorable and generally well managed, but unsuccessful mission, he arrived at Annapolis in June of the same year. He resumed his profession with his usual industry, and in the following December was appointed by Mr. Madison Attorney-General of the United States, in the same year in which Judge Story took his place upon the Supreme Bench.

Between these two distinguished men there sprang up a warm friendship, heightened on either side by a genuine appreciation of each other's worth. It is from the graphic sketches by the latter, contained in his published letters and in his lectures delivered at the Dane Law School, that those of the present day have derived much of their knowledge of Mr. Pinkney.

Transferred to the national arena of the Supreme Court, Mr. Pinkney displayed all his commanding abilities, the native wealth of his mind, and the solid acquisitions of an indefatigable industry. During the last ten years of his life, Judge Story states that he was never excelled, rarely equalled, by any advocate in the country. This proud preëminence was not due to any dearth of legal ability; for he had such men as Dexter, Wirt, Emmett, and Dallas for his competitors.

In making an estimate of Mr. Pinkney as a lawyer, two prominent characteristics force themselves upon our notice, his remarkable logical powers and his unparalleled industry. He was the greatest logician of the day, and the most unsparing student. The combination of these eminently legal *desiderata* made him such as he was. In his early days, he was, as we have seen, a not unambitious rhetorician, and to the last he cultivated the ornaments of diction; but the study of the best models in England and the progress of time developed a power of reasoning unsurpassed for accuracy and acuteness. His very statement of the case in hand, says Judge Story, was an argument. He was often wont to reduce to a pure syllogism his own or his opponent's argument, and thus to sum up in brief the merits of his cause. His style of discourse was so lucid, that his longest harangues were never dry or tedious, and were always listened to with unflagging attention. His intuition was prompt. He saw at once the vital point in controversy, and turned his attention to it, never pressing weak or subsidiary issues upon the court. On one occasion, when he had come into a suit at a late hour, his colleague announced to him what would be the line of his argument, and in the course of his conversation casually alluded to a point which he thought too weak to urge. "Do you," said Pinkney, in reply, "take the points that you

think of importance, and I will see what I can make of the other." When he made his argument, it was seen that this rejected point was actually the strong one in the case, and upon it he won the suit. When he used rhetorical metaphor, it was with a strict attention to logical propriety, and the argument seemed to have made a great stride by the illustration adduced. We quote below, as an example of this, a passage from his speech in the case of the *Nereide*, in 1815, probably the most important trial in which he was ever employed. It was one of several suits which arose in the last war, involving serious questions of international and maritime law. This sort of legal learning, now happily in limited demand by reason of the present long-existing peace, was that, as we have before intimated, of which Mr. Pinkney was especially a master. Uncommon interest was excited, not only by the reputation of the advocates, but also by the importance of the questions of public law. The case was briefly this. A native of the neutral country of Buenos Ayres had chartered a British armed and commissioned ship to convey his goods from London to Buenos Ayres, and had taken passage in the vessel, which sailed under English convoy. Having been separated from the squadron, it was captured by an American privateer. Mr. Pinkney, who appeared for the captors, thus satirizes the mixture of neutral and warlike character borne by the ship: —

"I entreat your honors to endeavor a personification of this motley notion, and to forgive me for presuming to intimate, that if, after you have achieved it, you pronounce the notion to be correct, you will have gone a great way to prepare us, by the authority of your opinion, to receive as credible history the worst parts of the mythology of the Pagan world. The Centaur and the Proteus of antiquity will be fabulous no longer. The *prosopopœia* to which I invite you is scarcely indeed within the power of fancy, even in her most riotous and capricious mood, when she is best able and most disposed to force incompatibilities into fleeting and shadowy combination; but if you can accomplish it, it will give you something like the kid and the lion, the lamb and the tiger, portentously incorporated, with ferocity and meekness co-existent in the result, and equal as motives of action. It will give you a modern Amazon, more strangely constituted than those with whom ancient fable peopled the borders of the Thermodon, — her voice com-

pounded of the tremendous shout of the Minerva of Homer and the gentle accents of a shepherdess of Arcadia, — with all the faculties and inclinations of turbulent and masculine War, and all the retiring modesty of virgin Peace. We shall have in one personage the *pharetrata Camilla* of the *Æneid* and the Peneian maid of the *Metamorphoses*. We shall have Neutrality, soft and gentle, and defenceless in herself, yet clad in the panoply of her warlike neighbors, with the frown of defiance upon her brow, and the smile of conciliation upon her lip, — with the spear of Achilles in one hand, and a lying protestation of innocence and helplessness unfolded in the other. Nay, if I may be allowed so bold a figure in a mere legal discussion, we shall have the branch of olive entwined around the bolt of Jove, and Neutrality in the act of hurling the former, under deceitful cover of the latter.”

To jurisprudence as a science, Mr. Pinkney was ardently devoted. The subtle distinctions and artificial logic of the common law, being in close harmony with his own order of mind, were from his earliest studies familiar to him. He was thoroughly acquainted with its feudal origin and technical peculiarities, and on these points, as well as on international law, his opinion came to be regarded by the courts, when consulted as an *amicus curiæ*, as decisive. He loved to reason from the analogies of the law, and to ascertain by a reference to its original principles and historical sources the proper rules for each particular case. He was often most eloquent on abstruse technicalities, and lingered with zest on black-letter precedents. In this way he sometimes hopelessly confounded his opponents. His accuracy was proverbial. Nothing of any moment that had a bearing on the case in hand failed to be cited by him, and he never made a mistake, either careless or intentional, so that the judges often deemed it superfluous to verify his authorities.

His love of the law was a passion. Here he found himself at home, and the luxuries of courts, the pleasures of society, and even the intercourse of private friendship and the repose that nature demanded, could not stand in the way of its indulgence. It was this master passion that stimulated his extraordinary diligence, and to it he ultimately sacrificed his life. His unremitting activity continued till the last moments of his career. Ambition, in truth, united with this absorbing passion. He prepared every case as if his whole professional

fame were at stake. No one ever labored to preserve and increase his legal reputation with more ceaseless vigilance. No day passed unoccupied. His ambition seemed to pursue him too remorselessly to permit more than very brief and casual recreation. He said to Mr. Wheaton, who remonstrated with him upon his labors when in a delicate state of health, that he "did not desire to live a moment after the standing he had acquired at the bar was lost, or even brought into doubt or question."

In deportment towards his brethren of the bar, he was often hard and overbearing. His own training had been so complete and thorough, that he looked with disdain upon ordinary accomplishments, and scarcely made allowance for inferior advantages and industry. He was frequently dogmatic and running over with sarcasm. This may in a measure account for the lack of harmony between Wirt and himself. The former, conscious of power and jealous of fame, could not well brook the almost hostile rivalry coupled with the arrogant assumption of his persevering and indefatigable opponent. Though Pinkney detested superficiality, and never hesitated to expose a spurious pretence to learning, he was fond of circuitous and pedantic ways of displaying his own erudition. His striking personal foibles were inordinate vanity and affectation. Though he drew up his arguments with great care, he wished to have it thought that his genius supplied all he wanted. When he was not quite prepared, he would get his case postponed, under pretence of a headache or some other ailment. He would sometimes sit up all night to be ready in a suit, and if there was a great party or a public meeting in the neighborhood, he would be sure to attend it, and to study the rest of the night after his return home. In the course of an argument, he would often refer to a particular author, premising that he was not quite sure how the authority was, he had not read it for so long a time; and then would proceed to recite the passage in the precise language of the book, endeavoring all the while to produce the impression that he quoted from his early recollection, when, in fact, he had studied it out for the very occasion.

His personal habits corresponded with such manners. His

neatness and attention to the fashionable costume of the day were carried to an excess, which exposed him to the charge of foppery. He piqued himself on being a finished and elegant gentleman, after the most approved usages of European society. When he was to address the court, which was now generally before a crowd attracted by his reputation, his toilet was arranged with more than usual precision. His coat of the finest blue was nicely brushed; his boots shone with the highest polish; his vest of perfect whiteness glittered with gold buttons; he sported in his hand a light cane; and seemingly on terms of perfect satisfaction with himself, he walked through the court-house with an air of ease and *abandon*, arising from complete self-confidence.

In February, 1814, he had resigned his Attorney-Generalship for a more independent and lucrative private practice. His career was interrupted by his appointment, in 1816, as Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, with a special diplomatic commission to be executed at Naples. The motives of this temporary withdrawal from his legal practice are to be found in its laborious character. It became evident, that not even his robust constitution could sustain such intense and unintermitted toil, in which every exertion was a contest for victory, and each new success a fresh stimulus to ambition. His vehement manner of speaking also had worn upon him. It may be, too, that he suffered from his wounds in the battle of Bladensburg, where, heading a volunteer corps, he had been severely bruised among his compatriots, in the precipitancy of their escape from the field. In a conversation with one of his friends just after this double mission had been conferred upon him, he said:—

“There are those who wonder that I will go abroad, however honorable the service. They know not how I toil at the bar; they know not all my anxious days and sleepless nights; I must breathe awhile; the bow for ever bent will break. Besides, I want to see Italy. The orators of Britain I have heard, but I want to visit the classic lands of Italy, the study of whose poetry and eloquence is the charm of my life. I shall set my foot on its shores with feelings that I cannot describe, and return with new enthusiasm, I hope, new advantages, to the habits of public speaking.”

His annual emoluments at this time were more than twenty-one thousand dollars, an income then unprecedented among American lawyers. He offered this business to his friend, Judge Story; but the latter, after mature deliberation, preferred to continue on the bench.

Leaving Naples in October, 1816, Mr. Pinkney passed through Rome and Vienna to St. Petersburg, where he staid two years. His habits here were more regular than at home, though sufficiently studious, and not well adapted to the promotion of health. He breakfasted late and heartily. Then he retired to his study, and was seen no more until six o'clock. The evening he spent with his family or in visiting. He took very little exercise, indulged freely in eating, and was thought to suffer occasionally from a plethoric habit. His family saw scarcely any company, and he was satisfied with passing the evening in their society.

Mr. Pinkney returned, at his own request, in 1818. On the 4th of January, 1820, he took his seat in the United States Senate, having been elected, on the recent triumph of the Democratic party in Maryland, by the Legislature of that State, justly proud of his great name. But his career here was as brief as it was brilliant. He was transferred from the forum to the Senate, to make there the master effort of his life, and then to pass for ever from the stage. All the circumstances were such, on the 15th of February, 1820, as to arouse him to put forth his utmost exertions. It was the epoch of the Missouri Compromise.

The Union was convulsed with strife and menaced with dissolution. Rufus King of New York, venerable for thirty years of diplomatic and senatorial service, the *princeps Senatus*, had recently published his two speeches delivered at the previous session, "the signal guns of the Missouri controversy," in which he zealously maintained the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories. The South indignantly denied the claim, and a more than ordinarily brilliant delegation appeared from that part of the country to oppose it. Of these men Mr. Pinkney was selected as the champion. The occasion was one of imposing sublimity, and resembled in many respects that of Mr. Webster's speech on the 7th of

March, 1850. After a splendid exordium, in which he contrasts the different welcomes accorded to Maine and Missouri, he proceeds to arraign the injustice done to the latter, to disclaim the constitutional power of the old States to affix conditions to the admission of the new, to expound his view of the true compact of the Union, and to maintain the sovereign right of Missouri to recognize slavery by her own laws. He then defends the right of domestic slavery by the usages of Greece and Rome, and examines the Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights of 1688, and the Declaration of Independence, alleging the irrelevancy of these documents to the question at issue, and the fallacy of making the rightfulness of an act or system the measure of sovereign power. In a magnificent passage, he asserts the entire compatibility of slavery with a democratic government. This speech exists at present in fragments only, having been imperfectly reported, and Mr. Pinkney having refused to publish it. It is declared by Mr. Benton, in his History of the Government, to have been the most gorgeous speech ever delivered in the Senate, and to have been the most applauded.

He afterwards appeared seldom in his seat, and gave scarcely any attention to the current business, reserving himself for the bar, where his enthusiasm, his industry, and his learning seemed greater than ever. His last argument before the Supreme Court was in February, 1822. He was very much afflicted with a hoarse cold, so that he spoke with extreme difficulty. Judge Story saw the embarrassment under which he labored, and sent a message to him, advising him to cease speaking, and telling him that the court would adjourn for him. "Say to Judge Story," he replied to the messenger, "that I am much obliged to him for his kindness, but that I *must* go on; I have a reputation to maintain, and cannot sacrifice that." He finished his argument, but such was his exhaustion that he was obliged to take his bed immediately. Considerably restored, he sat up very late on the 17th of February, intently engaged in the perusal of Scott's novel of "The Pirate," which had just issued from the press. To a gentleman who was with him, he descanted freely upon the work, and criticized acutely and approvingly the characters of

the two heroines. Warmed by his subject, he spoke with much sagacity and eloquence upon the topics suggested, and displayed astonishing powers of memory. That night he was struck down with a fatal disease. He lingered through several days, generally in a delirious state, and expired on the 25th of February. He was buried in the Congressional burying-ground.

We may pronounce Mr. Pinkney's life a fortunate one. He was blessed with a numerous and happy family, and lived in an atmosphere of domestic affection. His talents were early appreciated, and throughout his life abundantly rewarded; both his native State and the nation delighted to confer upon him their highest honors; he was esteemed by the ablest and best men in England; at home he had Jefferson, Madison, and Story for his warmest friends; and the country at large believed in his patriotism and gloried in his renown. Crowds thronged the court-room and the Senate to listen to his eloquence, and judges gave heed to him as to an oracle. Death cast no long shadows on his path. He had just reached the summit of oratorical fame. He had not outlived his legal reputation, and he saw no rival to dispute his preëminence. All parties were awed by his sudden disappearance from the field of his brilliant and well-earned success, and concurred in the heartiest testimonials of praise and regret.

- ART. III. — 1. *Œuvres Complètes du ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Théâtre.* Paris: Charpentier et Passard. 1834 – 1846. 10 vols. 8vo.
2. *Œuvres Complètes du ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Romans.* Paris: Michel Lévy et frères. 1846. 19 vols. Small 8vo.
3. ALEXANDRE DUMAS *dévoilé par le Marquis de la Pailletterie, Marchand de Lignes pour la France et l'Exportation, Commissionnaire Français en Espagne et en Afrique, Tueur des Lions, Protecteur d'Abd-el-Kader, Sauveur des Sauvés, Plaqué de l'Ordre de Charles III, Pendu du Nischam, Chevalier d'une Légion d'Honneurs et d'une Foule d'autres Pailletteries.* Paris: À la Librairie du Passage du Grand-Cerf. 1847. 18mo. pp. 36.
4. *Les Supercheries Littéraires Dévoilées. Galerie des Auteurs apocryphes, supposés, déguisés, Plagiaires, et des Éditeurs infidèles de la Littérature Française pendant les quatre derniers Siècles: ensemble les industriels Littéraires et les Lettrés qui se sont anoblis à notre Époque.* Par M. J. M. QUÉRARD. Paris: L'Éditeur, Rue Mazarine, 60 et 62. 1847. 4 vols. 8vo.

THE learned Menckenius, in his elaborate treatise *De Charlataneria Eruditorum*, relates a curious anecdote of a certain Johannes Segerus, poet laureate and rector at Wittenberg in the seventeenth century. This dignitary had adorned his mansion with a large painting of the crucifixion of our Saviour, in which he himself was represented as standing at the foot of the cross with the following words written on a label issuing from his mouth: “*Domine Jesu, amas me?*” To this laconic address, the image of our Lord was forced to reply in like manner and in the following strain: “*Clarissime, pereximie, nec non doctissime, Domine Mag. Segere, Poeta Laureate Cæsaræe et Scholæ Vitebergensis Rector dignissime, Ego amo te!*”

Menckenius, starting from the proposition, *Muntus fuld tezibi*, as it is expressed in the mongrel Latin of his country,—that the world desires to be deceived, and doats upon being humbugged,—is highly entertained at the ridiculous

self-complacency of Master Johannes, and at the sneers which this display of his self-conceit served to excite among the learned of his own day. Had our author, however, survived until this present time, we fear much that he would have found matter for serious repentance in the charges he has thus insinuated against the rector of Wittenberg; for, judging him by the standard of literary modesty that now seems to prevail in the capital of the polite world, we must perforce look upon him as a person of the most delicate sensitiveness, the most retiring and exquisite diffidence. For what shall we say of a man, who, in the space of about twenty years, had given to the public no less than one hundred and thirty separate works, a large proportion, if not the majority, of which he knew to be not of his own composition, and yet, so far from finding any cause for mortification or reproach in the discovery and proclamation of this fact, positively claims it as an additional merit, as another point in which the efforts of his Muse are assimilated to those of Shakespeare, Corneille, and Moliere? Nor is this the most singular part of the story; (for we can readily understand, that, after all, any thing may be looked for from the *cacoethes scribendi* of an author, and above all, of a French author;) but that so large a body of readers and admirers should not only remain his supporters, but become his partisans, and this too in the teeth of the most convincing and irrefragable evidence of his plagiarisms, is to us almost incomprehensible. A respectable man, in the columns of a responsible journal, at a period when no rank in society was secure from the assaults of the press, when no detail, either of public or private life, was exempted from the rude hand of hostile and scurrilous investigation, undertook to assert that a certain successful author, whom he named, had been guilty of copying, or borrowing, or transcribing (or any other term you please), without the least credit or acknowledgment, passages from such and such pages of such and such volumes of such and such books. One would have supposed the matter a very simple one to examine. The charges were specific; the evidence easy of investigation. A reference to the volumes cited, to the pages named, would have sufficed in a moment to cover the accuser with ignominy

and shame, or at least to establish the veracity of his testimony, whatever opinion might be entertained of its weight and relevancy. This course, however, was not pursued by the admirers of our author, although it seems to have met with his own encouragement. The position which he had already attained by his tact and his talents became even more exalted by the re-echoed voices of clamorous praise that hailed each successive production that appeared under the sanction of his name. He was elevated to a rank unheard of among his contemporaries. Moliere and Corneille at home, Göthe and Schiller in Germany, Shakespeare himself, were called on to receive into their divine companionship a bard whose fame, if not eclipsing, should outshine them all.

We cannot concede to this overweening aspirant a seat upon high Olympus; we cannot even place him among the demigods of literature; and with the convictions we entertain of his actual merits and of the means by which he has attained his present elevation, as well as of the extreme absurdity and dangerous tendency of the taste that has thus far caused his books to be received by so numerous a public as perfect masterpieces of genius, we deem it our bounden duty to lay before our readers some account of the history of the literary productions of M. Alexandre Dumas.

Quérard, in the work whose title is placed at the head of this article, has with great skill and ingenuity collected a very valuable and important dictionary of the chief literary frauds and impostures that have appeared in France during the past four centuries; and it is from his article upon M. Dumas that we shall glean much of the contents of this paper. The theme, though limited entirely to French literature, is a curious and an interesting one, and it is much to be regretted that no similar work of corresponding value exists in our own language. The science of bibliography, in this country almost unknown, is even in England comparatively neglected. The era of Watts and of Lowndes and of the immortal Dibdin seems to have passed away; and though we see afar off in the distant skies the radiant streaks of dawn presaging a speedy and a glorious morrow, yet the watchers are but few. Not so in Paris, where, if no more is known, certainly a vast

deal more is said and written of bibliography, than across the Channel. Nowhere else perhaps in the whole world, and in fact hardly there, could it have been possible to find a man able and willing to prepare a series of four large octavo volumes, not to tell what books men wrote, but what books they did not write; not to give a complete list of the works of a famous author, but to point out which of the number he bought, which he borrowed, which he stole, and to indicate the cost of his bargains and the sources of his plunder. We will not pause to recapitulate the advantageous consequences of such labors. By glancing for a moment at the history of literary imposture, our readers will discern for themselves of what vast importance it is to the cause of truth and of learning that every ass in a lion's skin, every wolf in sheep's clothing, that enters into the arena of letters, should be speedily and thoroughly stripped of his meretricious pretensions, reduced to his proper and just level, and, if need be, soundly cudgelled for his impertinent or treacherous disguise.

It would be impossible to point out the date of the first forged volume; according to Bentley, the custom is as old as that of writing originals. The first book, then, must have been an original composition; the second, we presume, must have been a plagiarism.* Let it be so, for aught we care;

* "Among the Romans, whoever stole a child was liable by law to get a sound flogging; and as *plaga* in Latin means a *stripe*, or *lash*, kidnappers in Cicero's time were called *plagiarii*, or *cat-o'-nine-tail villains*. . . . The term *plagiarist* has since been applied metaphorically to literary shoplifters and book-robbers, who stuff their pages with other men's goods, and thrive on indiscriminate pillage. This is justly considered a high misdemeanor in the republic of letters, and the lash of criticism is unsparingly dealt on pickpockets of this description. Among the Latins, Martial is the only classic author by whom the term *plagiarius* is used in the metaphorical sense, as applied to literature; but surely it was not because the practice only began in his time that the word had not been used even in the Augustan age of Rome. Be that as it may, we first find the term in Martial's Epigrams (Lib. I. Epigr. 53). Talking of his verses, he says,

'Dicas esse meos, manumque missos :
Hoc si terque quaterque clamitâris,
Impones *plagiario* pudorem.'

Cicero himself was accused by the Greeks of pilfering whole passages for his philosophical works from the scrolls of Athens, and cooking up the fragments and broken meat of Greek orations to feed the hungry barbarians of the Roman Forum. My

let Ælian and Fabricius, Perrault, Heyne, and Wolf, rest quietly in their graves, disturbing the world no more by their outcries against the Homeric origin of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Whether Suidas or Plutarch be right, whether Xenophon or Themistogenes be the author of the Anabasis, is a question interesting enough in another place, but not to be dwelt upon here. But we must be pardoned for stepping out of our way for a moment to register our indignation against one man of letters, — *homo trium literarum*, he might with more justice be termed, — whose vanity and mendacity have ravished from the jewelled sceptre of the Muse one of its brightest gems. There is a custom among certain tribes for every passer-by to cast a stone upon the grave of a murderer; so do we pause to add an additional execration to the already lofty cairn that stigmatizes the memory of Petrus Alcyonius. This man, the friend and fellow-laborer of Aldus Manutius, had been intrusted by a convent at Padua with the control of its library, which was known to contain, among other treasures, a manuscript treatise, *De Gloria*, by no less a hand than Cicero; being the book referred to in his letter to Atticus (Lib. XV. Ep. 27). Bernardo Giustiniani, Governor of Padua, on his death-bed bequeathed this precious tractate, with the remainder of his library, to these silly nuns, as if it were possible that all that Cicero, or Solomon to boot, had written of glory, vanity, “and such like branches of learning,” should be a matter of any concern to their austere and self-abnegating desires. In the plenitude of their wisdom, they admitted Alcyonius to exercise full control over books

authority is that excellent critic St. Jerome, who, in the ‘Proœmium in qu. Heb. Lib. Genesis,’ distinctly says, ‘Cicero repetundarum accusatur a Græcis,’ &c., &c.; and in the same passage he adds, that Virgil, being accused of taking whole passages from Homer, gloried in the theft, exclaiming, ‘Think ye it nothing to wrest his club from Hercules?’ (*Ibidem.*) Vide Sancti Hieronymi Opera, Tom. IV. fol. 90. But what shall we say when we find Jerome accusing another *holy father* of plagiarism? Verily the temptation must have been very great to have shaken the probity of St. Ambrose, when he pillaged his learned brother in the faith, Origen of Alexandria, by wholesale. ‘Nuper Sanctus Ambrosius Hexameron illius compilavit.’ (Sancti Hieronymi Opera, Tom. III. fol. 87, in *Epistolâ ad Pammach.*) It is well known that Menander and Aristophanes were mercilessly pillaged by Terence and Plautus; and the Latin freebooters thought nothing of stopping the *Thespian wagon* on the highways of Parnassus.” — FATHER PROUT.

that in all human probability they valued but slightly; and this scamp had the audacity, believing (and with but too much justice) that there was no other copy of Cicero's manuscript in existence, to incorporate as much thereof as he dared into a production of his own, entitled *De Exilio*, and then to destroy all tangible evidences of his guilt by burning the original. Such an impudent piece of roguery as this could not, however, escape detection. Struck with the irregularity of style and thought that the essay exhibited upon its face, Paulus Manutius and Paulus Jovius set on foot a research into the sources whence Alcyonius had drawn his inspiration; and the whole tale at length leaked out. Tiraboschi has ingeniously enough undertaken the defence of this sacrilegious priest of Apollo's shrine, but, in our opinion, in vain. He has richly merited to hang in chains as a warning to all succeeding times; for if such be the murderer's doom who takes away that which no human power can replace, why should it be withheld from the reputation of him who robs the world of that which a thousand years may not see equalled, will never see restored?

On some more suitable occasion, we should like to present to our readers a few of the most curious and interesting forgeries and frauds that have checkered the pages of English literature. For the present, however, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to an exploration of the French field, so widely opened to us by M. Quérard. The value of this gentleman's services can be fairly estimated only by a glance at the ground he has gone over, and by observing how many works, professedly the production of a certain author or a certain age, are revealed by him as belonging altogether to another. Whether the aim of the imposture be merely to mystify and puzzle the world, or, more culpable, to deceive it, may authorize a discrimination in our treatment of the impostor, but cannot affect the propriety and necessity of his detection. The apocryphal Gospels, the forged decretals of various Popes, the hypothetical treatises so long falsely attributed to St. Ambrose, to St. Athanasius, to St. Augustin, to St. Bernard, to St. Ignatius, and to so many other Fathers of the Church, which have for the most part been sifted out and

exposed only in late years, abundantly prove how serious and worthy an employment it may be, to sit in judgment upon the genuineness of a book. The frauds to which we have just alluded were in their origin most respectable, in their consequences most troublesome. Almost without exception, the forged portions were fabricated by some ecclesiastic, whether an obscure monk or a lordly bishop. Doubtless, in many cases, the artist, after completing his essay or homily, thought it no harm to place beneath it the name of any holy Father whose authority might serve to give greater weight to the promulgation of truths which the writer firmly believed he must have held. But, at all events, the thing was done, and done constantly and profusely, till we find even the acute Erasmus complaining that he possesses not a single volume of the Fathers, the text of which has not been falsified. Such works are not uncommon in our own days.

The *Floretus S. Bernardi* (Argent., A. D. 1478, in octavo, and Davent., 1499, in quarto) is a case in point. It purports to contain the main particulars of the canons and theology of that teacher; but, alas! poor Bernard was dead and gone centuries before its real father, Johannes de Garlandia, ever saw the light.* So of the eleven books of St. Athanasius concerning the Trinity (Basil., 1528), edited by Sichard. They are now generally attributed, we believe, to the African Vigilius, Bishop of Thapsus. A more impudent trick was that of Tichonius, who, having, in furtherance of his own theological notions, prepared a commentary upon the Epistles of St. Paul, had the effrontery to publish them (Colon., 1532) under the name of St. Ambrose. This same person has also favored the world with some compositions of St. Augustine, which need not be referred to here.

Nor were the prophets and holy men of old the sole victims of the fraudulent skill of later times. In the sixteenth century it seems to have been considered as a regular and laudable amusement to circulate forged fragments of the classics. It will be remembered that printing was as yet but in its infancy; that all the masterpieces of ancient and of more recent

* *Hist. Litt. de la France*, by the Benedictines, Vol. VIII. p. 91.

days, the Odes of Horace, the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Iliad* of Homer, and the Sonnets of Petrarch, were still in manuscript at or about the period of which we write. Scholars all over the land were busied in collating and comparing together different readings of the same piece, and in preparing it for the press. Libraries in every quarter were ransacked; old volumes of manuscripts tumbled about; palimpsests renovated, revived, and deciphered, in the search after the hidden treasures they might conceal; in short, every nerve was strained to meet the constantly increasing facility of printing by an unceasing supply of fresh and adequate material. This greedy appetite was often the cause of no little confusion to the too confiding editors, whose credulity led them to accept for genuine relics of antiquity such fraudulent imitations as the love of practical jokes might induce less grave and sober students to palm off upon them. Joseph Scaliger, for instance, would never forgive a quondam associate, one Muret, for having sent to him, as remains of two ancient Latin comic authors, some very tolerable verses of his own composition, which Scaliger, in all good faith and seriousness, published in his edition of Varro, as fragments of Attius and of Trabeas, two poets whose names are as genuine as their verses. To trifle on such a subject was nothing less than sacrilege in Scaliger's eyes: he was apprised of the trick, and from that time forth he subscribed himself his contributor's enemy. A less flagrant outrage upon the reputation of the dead and the self-love of the living, was the publication at Venice, in 1583, for the first time, of a very famous work, Cicero's book upon Consolation, in which he himself is consoled for his daughter's death. This beautiful piece is doubtless well known to many of our readers, for it is not an uncommon thing to find it incorporated entire in the works of Tully; and the learned Tiraboschi himself would probably never have perceived the fraud, had he not discovered at Modena, about the year 1783, papers which revealed the whole transaction. It seems that there existed, in the sixteenth century, mere fragments of the tract upon Consolation, which being discovered by Charles Sigonius of Modena, — one of the most profound and accomplished scholars of that or any other age, — he reconstructed

upon their base the essay as it at present stands, of which it is sufficient praise to say, that it is well worthy of being acknowledged, by Cicero himself, as not the least among his works. The curious who wish to pursue this subject still further will find in the criticisms of Voltaire and of Charles Nodier ample reference to the unsuccessful attempt of François Nodot, who, in 1693, vainly invited the Parisian world to believe that his edition of the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter was the transcript of an original manuscript that he had discovered at Belgrade. Another enterprising Gaul, Monsieur Fumée de Génillé, had a century before given to the press a *soi-disant* translation from the Greek of Athenagoras, upon True and Perfect Love. The gentle Huet, Bishop of Avranches, was content, while believing the book to be a forgery, to credit the existence of an original Greek text; but we must now-a-days coincide with Barbier, who declares that, insomuch as no one has ever seen or heard of the manuscript in Greek, we must conclude that the forgery was committed in its present form, and that the work was originally written, as it now appears, in French.

In 1738, a forged edition of Catullus, from a pretended manuscript, was published at Venice, in folio. The author was a poet of the time, of some local reputation, named Corradino. At first the deceit was not unsuccessful, and some currency was given to it by the edition of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, published nominally at Leyden, but really at Paris, by Coustelier, under the supervision of Nicolai Leuglet Dufresnoy, in 1743, which adopted as genuine the text of Corradino. But he and his verses have now alike passed away.

Our own days furnish us with numerous instances of more dexterous frauds than these stupid bungles of the last century. One of the most amusing of these literary humbugs of a later date was that published under a feigned title and name, by the Spaniard Marchena, about the year 1808, as some newly discovered fragments of Petronius. It seems, that, to beguile the tedious hours of a winter's cantonment at Bâle, Marchena and some of his friends had amused themselves with literary pursuits, and had prepared five notes upon erotic subjects, which they desired to publish appended to the

text of some classic author. Marchena, not readily finding an author to his mind, modestly set to work to compose a text for himself, and, in fine, so ingeniously imitated the style and matter of Petronius, that everybody was beguiled, and it was with difficulty that the declaration of the real composer as to its authorship was credited. Encouraged by this brilliant success, Marchena essayed a new adventure; and under his own name, as editor, he published a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have derived from the newly unrolled papyri of Herculaneum. But this time he was soundly drubbed with his own weapons. Eichstädt, a professor at Jena, published a little volume, in which he asserted that in the library of that town was a very ancient manuscript containing word for word the identical passages given by Marchena: only, under pretence of correcting several clerical oversights of the Spaniard's copyist, Eichstädt so artfully, and with such ironical gravity, pointed out error after error in prosody, that no one could mistake the satirical nature of his piece. To cap the climax, however, he added a copy of verses which left no room for doubt as to his perfect appreciation of the Herculaneum scroll.

One of the most skilful of the literary Pucks of our own day, whose only aim seems to be the harmless and mirthful one of mystifying and deluding for a brief season those astute and well-informed critics who constitute, so to speak, *la haute police de la republique des lettres*, is M. Nicolas Chatelain of Rolle, in Switzerland, who has on more than one occasion so artfully parodied the style, language, sentiments, and all the minuter turns of thought and expression, of Madame de Sévigné, Voltaire, etc., that several publications of his in the names of these persons, though not designed permanently to deceive anybody, were supposed to be genuine and authentic by more than one competent critic.

So late as 1837, Maizony de Lauréal presented to the public a French translation of a poem by the Roman Florus, upon the destruction of Herculaneum; but, unfortunately, he has hitherto omitted to produce the Latin original, and consequently the general opinion is that the whole affair is a hoax. A similar objection may be urged against the Letters of Clau-

dius Rutilius Numatianus, a Latin writer of the fifth century, of which a translation was published by M. Bégin of Metz, in 1844. M. Bégin alleged that the original manuscript was in Spain, where he had discovered it, and where he had transcribed his copy. He thus obviated the dangerous necessity of producing it to be tested by the curious critics of his own country. But instead of giving the entire Latin text with his translation, and thus enabling every scholar to judge for himself of its authenticity, he chose to content himself with merely noting that a phrase which he employed, — *la haute société dorée*, — was a literal translation of the words of the text: *alta et aurea societas*. It was asking too much to call upon the public to take any man's unsupported affirmation for sufficient evidence in a question of this nature, and the hypothetical Rutilius has quietly sunk into obscurity.

We believe that it was M. Ernest de Calonne who, in 1844, endeavored to humbug the Parisian public with a more familiar name. "Le Docteur Amoureux," alleged to be an original, unpublished comedy of Molière, but really, it is thought, from the pen of M. de Calonne, was brought out at the Théâtre Français, with a success less suited to its alleged than to its actual origin.

There is another species of literary imposture perhaps peculiar in its successful audacity to the nation whose affairs of this sort have occupied our almost exclusive attention in these pages. This is the preparation of writings from original materials of more or less authenticity, or sometimes from no original materials at all, and then attributing them to some famous courtier or courtesan of the period to which they relate. Among the higher rank of such productions we may cite two of so much intrinsic merit as to have caused their speedy and continued popularity, without regard to their spurious origin. These are, "The Troubadour, or Poems in the Language of *Oc* of the Thirteenth Century," published in 1803, and composed by Fabre d'Olivet; and "Les Poésies de Clotilde de Surville," composed by Vanderbourg, and published in 1803. The former readers of that excellent periodical, the Retrospective Review, will recollect how much admiration these charming productions excited many years since. But there are

many other works, particularly historical memoirs, that find their place in every library, under names which they have no pretence of right in bearing, to which the student in French literature should be careful to assign their proper value. Such are the "Souvenirs sur Marie-Antoinette et sur la Cour de Versailles, par la Comtesse d'Adhémar" (Paris, four volumes, 8vo, 1836), which are not the composition of a *dame du palais* of the last century, but of a most fertile writer of this, the Baron de Lamothe-Langon, to whom we are in like manner indebted for the putative *Mémoires* of Sophie Arnoult, of the Duchesse de Berri, and doubtless of many others, "too numerous to mention." The chief rival of Lamothe-Langon in fecundity of composition is Maxime de Villemarest, many of whose compilations with other sponsors in baptism are familiar to the public. Such are the *Mémoires* of Mademoiselle Avrillion concerning the Empress Josephine; of Blangini, the famous Italian composer; of Adèle Boury; of De Bourienne, the celebrated minister of state, who, however, had furnished to M. de Villemarest three volumes of notes, upon which the latter proceeded to construct the ten octavos which came into the world as the lawful offspring of M. de Bourienne, and which drew down upon that ex-minister's head the wrath of Gourgaud, of Joseph Bonaparte, of Cambacères, and of so many other imperial dignitaries. The *Mémoires* of the Baron Bergami (the hero of Queen Caroline's trial in the time of George IV.), published at Paris in 1820, were written by Vatout; those of Cagliostro, by Courchamps, or some other equally competent hand, fifty years after that brilliant charlatan had disappeared in a dungeon. The Letters of Clement XIV., and his correspondence with Bertinazzi, are equally supposititious. The History of the Peninsular War by General Foy is another case in point. Perhaps fifty pages of that work may have been written by Foy; the residue is by an entirely different pen. And yet we are daily called upon to admit statements of fact upon the authority of such works as these, solely on the score of the faith to be reposed in the observation and intelligence of their reputed writers. And such, too, is the material of which history is built! Who can expect that the house founded

upon the sand will escape overthrow; or that the course of events can seem consistent with itself, when traced with such uncertain lines? Such works as those of Quérard and Barbier must in emergencies of this nature be our only guides and protectors; but nothing can prevent the reception of false impressions of character, of distorted views of facts, by minds not yet acquainted with the wild masquerades of the Muse of History in France.

The last branch of literary fraud and imposture of which we shall here speak is that comprehended under the general head of pseudonymous works; that is to say, of works written by one person and published under the name of another. Under certain circumstances, this is often done without any risk of hostile censure. Nothing is more allowable than for an author of any description to adopt such a *nom de plume* as may best suit his fancy; but when the matter is carried a little farther, when A writes a book and it is published as B's, the thing wears a more serious aspect; and when an author in the full tide of fame and popularity is discovered to have obtained no inconsiderable portion of his reputation upon the not unnatural belief that he himself was really and truly the writer of certain books that bear his name upon their face, but which, in sober truth, were as little the fruit of his genius as of that of the Khan of Tartary,—then, indeed, we have a right to bring the culprit before the bar of public opinion, to strip him of his “borrowed lendings,” and to restore to their proper owners the gaudy trappings in which he has so long glittered before our eyes.

We beg to state here, once for all, that nothing is farther from our purpose than the idea of depriving M. Dumas of one tittle of the fame to which he is justly entitled, or of abating by a single grain the real merit that he undoubtedly possesses. So far as we may decide, from a general survey of his career, the mind of this author appears to be one of a rather singular description. To a decided tact in picturesque arrangement and grouping, he unites considerable ability and skill as to stage effect. But as regards knowledge of human nature, and power to fathom the deep-sunken wells of passion, or to reveal the hidden springs that govern conduct, he is very

deficient. The instances in his books that may seem to refute this statement will be considered in due season: it is enough to mention here, that, not being the composition of M. Dumas, they in no wise affect our estimate of his genius. As to minuteness of detail, — that fine delicacy of finish which gives to some books the value of a Medicean gem or a goblet of Cellini, — nothing of the kind is to be looked for in his pages. It is foreign alike to his disposition and his manner. In short, were M. Dumas a painter, his talents would find their appropriate sphere upon the stage. A skilful arrangement of “properties,” — a free, dashing representation of rocks and forests, vivid, though perhaps rather unnatural, at a distance, but coarse and unfinished when examined more closely, — such would, we opine, be the highest achievements of his pencil. Nothing like a sea view, a landscape, or an historical piece of superior merit, would be likely to appear from his *atelier*. It is possible that he might produce one of those large panoramas that often betray a degree of talent and artistic skill no less gratifying than unexpected; but it would be in vain to ask of him a cabinet picture.

In preparing this article, we have been not a little struck with the acrimony and malicious zeal displayed by the phalanx of enemies whose envenomed arrows have been at various times discharged against one of the most successful and least deserving of their tribe. The origin of this feeling is probably to be found in the superb self-confidence and vanity of M. Dumas, and in the scornful disdain with which he occasionally responds to his critics. Nothing can surpass the contemptuous indifference with which he alludes to Granier de Cassagnac: he even ignores his existence. And yet that critic has said nothing of our author that does not appear to be perfectly true and within the bounds of fair criticism: he is, moreover, a person of such standing as to give no little weight to his judgment. But be the cause what it may, nothing is more certain than that M. Dumas has provoked a swarm of critics that will allow no *supercherie* of his to escape detection.

Alexandre Davy Dumas was born in Villers-Cotterets in 1803. His father, Alexandre Dumas, a Republican general

in the most brilliant days of the wars of the French Revolution, was a man so devoted to the principles of the party whose cause he had espoused, as to win the appellation of Horatius Cocles from his melodramatic companions in arms. Whence his son derived the title of Marquis de la Pailletterie, that within the last few years he has been wont to assume, we know not: certainly it was not from this ultra-democratic sire. His earlier years were graced with no such distinction. At the period when he first comes before our view, (for with his private life we do not feel that we have any thing to do,) Dumas was filling a secretary's post under Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, with an annual salary of twelve hundred francs. It is he himself who gives us these particulars in his article, "Comment je devins Auteur Dramatique" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 2d series, Vol. IV., 1833). At twenty years of age, with no fit training for the great tasks of authorship that the future reserved for him, our youthful hero found himself chained to his desk for eight hours during the day, and from seven until ten o'clock every evening. It was about this time, however, that, in his few moments of leisure, he composed his first publications; the earliest of which was, we believe, an elegy upon General Foy, printed at Paris in 1825. A few other unimportant pieces succeeded it. But his foretaste of triumph was to come from the stage. And in order to procure a correct understanding of the nature and causes of his triumph, it will be necessary to glance for a few moments at the history and condition of the French drama at this period.

On this subject we shall freely draw from De Leoménie's "Galerie des Contemporains Illustres." From 1820 to 1828, he says, the necessity of decided dramatic innovation developed itself more and more plainly. The sceptre of Racine and Corneille, fallen into the hands of the tragedians of the Empire, inspired no greater respect than that of Louis XIV. in the feeble grasp of Louis XVI. It was very evident that the stilted formalities of the ancient stage, irradiated though it had been by the most brilliant minds of their day, must give way to the growing necessities of a new generation. This posture of affairs is likened by our critic to that crisis in the state,

in the year 1789, which preceded the Revolution, and in the persons of MM. Vitet and Mérimée, the one with his "Scènes Historiques," and the other with his "Théâtre de Clara Gazul," he finds the representatives of the moderate or Girondist faction; the Montagnards of the stage, on the contrary, being led by De Vigny, Victor Hugo, and, a little later, by Alexandre Dumas.

The Three Days of July did much to promote the success of the dramatic revolution. Naturally enough, the conservative politicians were generally best pleased with the old-fashioned style. Some of the chief leaders of the invasion—Victor Hugo in particular—were no favorites with the government of Charles X., and were perpetually embroiled with the authorities that controlled the theatres. The barriers which had hitherto, in a measure, restrained the friends of innovation, being at last removed, they found themselves free to enjoy the most stormy and turbulent triumph. A reign of terror, so to speak, was introduced forthwith upon the stage, in lieu of the orderly, decorous arrangement that had before existed, when a single offence against the three unities was sufficient to drive a piece from the boards; when Macbeth with his bloody hands would have raised the wildest uproar; when, in fact, every thing was to be done in words, nothing in deeds. A bloody torrent of murder, assassination, and foul licentiousness forthwith poured across the astonished stage, while the headsmen perched upon his scaffold closed the perspective. With all this, there was a constant series of masquerades and mediæval processions, gleaming with cuirasses, helmets, and gauntlets, coats of mail and heraldic tabards, daggers of Milan and Toledo blades, poisoned goblets and rope-ladders. Now, as accessories to the drama, these are all well enough, but they cannot be suffered to constitute its whole merit. It is not sufficient for the dialogue that it shall be barren of ideas, rich only in oaths. *Fête Dieu! Sang de Dieu! Malediction!*—"these be brave words," but they will not make a good play. Yet the audiences of the Parisian theatres for several years after the Revolution of July were of a different opinion. They were perfectly content with the amusement of their eyes alone, with the emotion produced by mere material effects.

Withal, there are often among the best pieces of this period plays of the most passionate enthusiasm, of the most overwhelming energy. The reader is carried along, disapproving the language, revolting at the plot, but enchained by the talent and fire of the author. Such are "Lucrèce Borgia," "Marion de l'Orme," "Ernani," and "Ruy Blas"; such, in a very inferior degree, is "Henri III."

This saturnalian epoch is styled by M. de Leoménie the year 1793 of the drama; when Victor Hugo and Dumas, the leaders of the Mountain, triumphed totally over their antagonists, and were placed by the public upon the thrones of Corneille and Racine. It needs no spirit of prophecy, however, to carry the simile further, and to predict the appearance of a poet who shall, Bonaparte-like, drive before him from their places the authorities already loathed by the people, and restore a purer and more orderly style of theatrical literature.

It was in the earliest portion of the revolution of which we have been speaking, that M. Dumas brought out his first important play, "Henri III. et sa Cour," performed at the Théâtre Français, February 11, 1829; and he has himself told us when and how the divine flame was kindled in his bosom. Long perceiving the utter incompetency of the "legitimate" drama to afford to his generation the satisfaction it had yielded in earlier times, he was accustomed to watch with interest every new symptom of its inevitable downfall, and to lose himself in vague speculations upon the nature of the edifice that should be built upon its ruins. At this juncture, a party of English players, representing the *chefs-d'œuvre* of their own stage, visited Paris. The tragedy of Hamlet was announced; our young secretary was among the spectators. As, according to his own account, it was to this circumstance that we are indebted for the hundreds of volumes that to-day are sold under the name of Alexandre Dumas, we do not know that we can do better than to give in his own language his impressions upon this occasion.

"Supposez un aveugle-né auquel on rend la vue, qui découvre un monde tout entier, dont il n'avait aucune idée; supposez Adam s'éveillant après sa création, et trouvant sous ses pieds la terre émaillée, sur sa tête le ciel flamboyant, autour de lui des arbres à fruits d'or; dans

le lointain, un fleuve, un beau et large fleuve d'argent ; à ses côtés, la femme jeune, chaste et nue, et vous aurez une idée de l'Eden enchanté dont cette représentation m'ouvrit la porte.

"Oh ! c'était donc cela que je cherchais, qui me manquait, qui me devait venir ; c'étaient ces hommes de théâtre, oubliant qu'ils sont sur un théâtre ; c'était cette vie factice, rentrant dans la vie positive, à force d'art ; c'était cette réalité de la parole et des gestes faisant des acteurs, des créatures de Dieu, avec leurs vices, leurs vertus, leurs passions, leurs faiblesses, et non pas des héros guindés, impassibles, déclamateurs et sententieux.—O ! Shakespeare, merci !—O ! Kemble et Smithson ! merci ; merci à mon Dieu ! merci à mes anges de poésie !"

Previously to this, says M. Dumas, he had composed nothing ; the enthusiasm engendered in his soul by this Shakespearian revelation, bursting forth in his *Henri III.*, was to be the first fruits of his Muse. This is all very romantic and pointed ; but we are forced to believe that he had forgotten himself when he made this assertion, for nothing is better established, than (setting aside writings of other descriptions) that he had already figured as the author of several plays, one of which, "*La Noce et l'Enterrement*," met with considerable success. Much as he was destined to shine in the romantic drama, he had already composed a tragedy in the classic vein, called "*The Gracchi*," and had translated another from Schiller ; both of which, however, he informs us, he burned without suffering them to appear in the light of day.

To *Henri III.* succeeded "*Christine*," which met with almost as singular success ; and in rapid order followed "*Charles VII.*," "*Richard d'Arlington*," "*Antony*," "*Napoleon Bonaparte*," "*Térésa and Angèle*,"—all romantic dramas, all produced with a pomp and circumstance almost unparalleled upon the stage, and all welcomed with rapturous plaudits by the audience. Any one of them will serve to give a reader a fair idea of the author's merits ; for M. Dumas possesses many, and more particularly such as are born with a man, and not such as may be acquired by care, taste, and study. He certainly is endowed with a strong, nervous imagination, with great inventive faculty, with a keen perception of contrasts, and, above all, with a disposition and taste for the

production of theatrical effect. Nor is he wanting in a certain comprehension of the workings of the human heart. But he is lamentably deficient in other qualities of no less importance. Style he has none; it would be wonderful if he had. We have his own account of his life and education. We find him a lively, intelligent stripling, filled with animal spirits and the fire of youth, but with a mind uncultivated and uncared for, plunging headlong into the stormy sea of literature, where he has thenceforward had enough to do in buffeting the angry waves and in keeping steadily on his course, without pausing to improve his manner or to polish his style. He has made, in a word, his choice between improvisation and reflection. He is apparently content to win the applause of to-day, by surprising the mind of his auditor, lying in ambush for it, attacking it in a quarter whence it expected nothing, carrying it by storm; but he must be prepared to find that posterity will require something a little more elaborate, a little more consistent with sound reason and with itself. With a facile pen, he has thrown upon the world a series of pretended pictures of human life, in which are figured in glowing tints an endless routine of poniards and of gibbets, of rope-ladders of every length, and of crimes of every color; and in due course of time he must find that they will pall upon the public palate. A more immediate result — the censure of the critic who views with alarm the sheep of his fold blindly following some false guide into dangerous passes or quaggy morasses — he has already encountered. And we are obliged to say, that, so far as courage and obstinacy in defending an untenable post, and in always insisting upon having the last word in a controversy, may go, he has proved himself a match for all of his censors. We shall see that these have not been few, nor have their accusations been trivially worded or lightly sustained.

The first famously successful production of M. Dumas was, as we have said, *Henri III.*; and it is also one of the very few of which he may in great part be called the author. The majority of his works of the better class are not written exclusively, many not at all, by their nominal creator; this is a fact to be dwelt upon hereafter. But *Henri III.* owes no “di-

vided duty." Its plot and its dialogue, such as they are, belong to M. Dumas; its incidents, however, may be traced to other sources; and whether they are the fruit of his own mind, or borrowed without acknowledgment from others, the praise or the blame therefor must fall exclusively at his door.

The framework of this piece is evidently founded upon the chapter in Anquetil relating to the court of Henri III., whence two anecdotes, the one of the Duc de Guise, the other of Montsoreau, being dovetailed together, from their union produce the following simple plot. Saint-Mégrin (a courtier of the time of Henri III.) and the Duchesse de Guise are lovers, but have not as yet avowed their passion. To gratify her dislike of the Duke, Catherine de Médicis procures for his rival an interview with the Duchess in the tower of Ruggieri, her astrologer. Saint-Mégrin embraces the opportunity to declare himself, when suddenly the Duc de Guise approaches, and the Duchess disappears in affright. Unfortunately her kerchief is found by the Duke in the tower; his worst suspicions are aroused; and he intimidates his wife into writing a letter to Saint-Mégrin, giving him a rendezvous in her chamber. The gulled courtier falls into the snare, and is assassinated by the Duke. This is the ingenious plot which brought down such thunders of applause, and earned for Dumas the modest appellation of "the Shakespeare of France"!

Perhaps those critics are not altogether wrong, who, admitting an author's privilege, to spare himself the trouble of invention, of using freely any romantic historical incident that falls in his way, yet protest against his distorting or falsifying it to suit his particular end, still retaining names, dates, and circumstances to a sufficient extent to render it difficult for a tyro to separate the true from the untrue. But whether on this question they are correct or not, there can be no doubt of the propriety of their charging the author of *Henri III.* with paraphrasing the language and sentiments of other writers, provided they sustain their accusations with sufficient proof. How successfully they have done this, a few comparisons must show. We translate the following passages for the edification of our readers.

In "Henri III." (Act I. Sc. 7 and 8), the Duc de Guise gives vent to these reflections:—

"I ought to mistrust Saint-Mégrin: Mayenne thought he had perceived that he was in love with the Duchesse de Guise, and warned me of him by Bassompierre.—Tête Dieu! If I were not very confident of the virtue of my wife, M. de Saint-Mégrin should dearly pay for that suspicion!—What is that?—*Mille damnations!* this handkerchief belongs to the Duchesse de Guise,—she has been here!—Saint-Mégrin!—O Mayenne, Mayenne, you did not then deceive yourself! Saint Paul! that some one would seek for me the same men who assassinated Duguaust!"

Now turn to Schiller's "Conspiracy of Fiesco" (Act II. Sc. 5):—

"FIESCO.—I pity you, Calcagno: but do you think I would risk a matter so delicate as conjugal honor, if the virtue of my wife were not a sufficient guaranty?—This handkerchief was upon the sofa.—My wife was here,—the kerchief is still moist," etc.

The Duc de Guise, convinced of his wife's infidelity, seizes her wrist in his steel gauntlet, and forces her to write the fatal note which is to lure her lover to his doom. It is impossible not to recognize in this scene a striking resemblance to a passage in Scott's novel of "The Abbot," where the ruffianly Lord Lindesay, in the eagerness of his passion to extort from the captive Queen of Scots a renunciation of her right to the throne, grasps the frail arm of the prisoner in his iron fingers so closely as to leave the purple marks of his gripe imprinted upon her wrist. The letter once written, however, the Duke sends it to Saint-Mégrin by one of his wife's pages. Here, again, commences a strange similarity to a scene in Schiller's "Don Carlos." The parts we refer to are those in Henri III. (Act IV. Sc. 1) beginning, "This letter and this key are for me, say you? Whence did you receive them?"—and in Don Carlos (Act II. Sc. 4), "A letter for me,—why this key? Who has given you these?" and so on.

We will cite but one more unlucky likeness of expression between our author and one of his predecessors, ere we pass to another title. When the unsuspecting Saint-Mégrin has received the Duchess's letter, and has, according to its tenor,

repaired stealthily at midnight to her chamber, the jealous husband, who is watching for this moment, knocks violently at the door. Then the wretched Duchess, in the vain hope to save the life she has been forced thus to imperil, resolutely passes her arm through the rings of iron that are placed upon the door and the posts on either side for the reception of bars, and by this feeble resistance seeks to prevent the entrance of her husband. This is again taken from "The Abbot," where the Lady of Lochleven, attempting to enter Queen Mary's apartments, is denied entrance by Catherine Seyton.

"I will not be controlled, young lady," replied the Lady of Lochleven; 'there is, I wot, no inner bar, and I will enter in your despite.'

"There is, indeed, no inner bar," answered Catherine, firmly, 'but there are the staples where that bar should be; and into those staples have I thrust mine arm, like an ancestress of your own, when, better employed than the Douglasses of our days, she thus defended the bed-chamber of her sovereign against murderers. Try your force, then, and see whether a Seyton cannot rival in courage a maiden of the house of Douglas.'

We need not pursue this analysis; enough has been shown, we think, to warrant the idea that there is a similarity which could not have been the result of fortuitous accident between "Henri III." and the other works we have cited. Let us glance rapidly over the remaining plays of M. Dumas ere touching upon his novels.

"Christine" — or "Stockholm, Fontainebleau, and Rome," as it was at first called — did not meet with the same success as "Henri III.," although like it the action and dialogue contain some of the prettiest bits from Hugo and Schiller, the imitation sometimes being as close as this: —

CHARLES V. (*Ernani*, Act IV.)

"Oui; dusses-tu me dire avec ta voix fatale
De ces choses qui font l'œil sombre et le front pale."

PAULA. (*Christine*, Act I. Sc. 3.)

"Tu m'en veux, — et pourtant c'est ton amour fatale
Qui m'a rendu l'œil sombre et m'a fait le front pale."

And, besides the contributions exacted from these two au-

thors, the reader will find that more than one scene (*vide* Act IV. Sc. 8) is taken bodily from "Love and Honor" by Lope de Vega.

"Napoleon Bonaparte," though bearing the sole name of M. Dumas on the title-page, is in reality almost entirely the composition of Cordellier-Delanoue. As may be guessed from its title, however, it is more of a spectacle-play than any thing else. In a very few months, it was succeeded at the Porte Saint-Martin by "Antony," a piece of much greater pretensions. Emile Souvestre, a novelist who has, by a singular exhibition of good taste and propriety in his stories, risen of late years to an enviable distinction in France, was, if we are to believe M. de Mirecourt, the secret and the chief author of this work. If he is so, he must be also content to bear the brunt of the undeniable plagiarisms from Victor Hugo's "Marion de l'Orme" that it contains. The characters of Antony and of Jacques Didier are evidently formed in the same mould. Nevertheless, the piece had an excellent run, and doubtless fulfilled all the expectations of its nominal sire. "Charles VII.," the plot of which is taken from Chartier, and much of the treatment of it from the "Andromaque" of Racine, was far less popular upon the stage. Still, thanks to the generous springs from which it was fed, this play contains many fine passages. Compare for instance the following lines from the third scene with those from the "Feu du Ciel," which we place in connection with them:—

"Je vois se dérouler sur l'ardente savane
Comme un serpent marbré la longue caravane."

Victor Hugo has it:—

"L'œil au loin suit leur foule,
Qui, sur l'ardente houle,
Ondule et se déroule,
Comme un serpent marbré."

"Térésa," a drama in five acts, by Dumas nominally, but with the secret assistance of Anicet-Bourgeois, was brought out in February, 1832. It is, like the rest, a mere patchwork from various authors. "La Tour de Nesle," a tragedy founded on the history of Margaret of Burgundy, was com-

posed by Gaillardet and Dumas, and we must bear witness that, however historical truth is falsified in the plot, there was no disguise of the double authorship upon the title-page. The amazing success of this play was perhaps owing in part to the exaggerated immoralities and crimes that were portrayed in the character of the queen. History convicts her of simple adultery; she is here painted as living in incest with her own son. Her husband, Louis le Hutin, afterwards Louis X. of France, discovering her infidelity, caused her to be assassinated in the twenty-fifth year of her age. This fact alone is convincing as to the charges alleged in "*La Tour de Nesle*." But we must not blame M. Dumas for these distortions of facts: legal investigations have long since determined the question of the authorship of this drama, and have established that, with the exception of some scenes drawn from Goethe and Lope de Vega, its chief composition belongs to M. Gaillardet. Nevertheless, it is reprinted in the collected and authorized edition of the whole works of Dumas.

We cannot be expected in our present limits to recapitulate the scores of theatrical productions that have appeared under the name of this prolific author. Suffice it to say, that a very large proportion of them are either copied, to a greater or less extent, from other works, and without acknowledgment, or that they are not the unaided compositions of M. Dumas. In either case, there can be but one opinion as to the propriety of his presenting them to the world as his own. We could wish to pause upon such pieces as "*Angèle*" or "*Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*," and to expatiate upon the real merit of a certain style that they display, as well as upon the defects they exhibit. But how shall we apportion our praise or our censure? How shall we know when we are rewarding Dumas for the merits of Anicet-Bourgeois, or blaming him for the errors of the Comte de Walewsky? We know that no inconsiderable part of these pieces was written by these two authors, but we cannot point out what is theirs, what their coadjutor's. One thing only we do know, that the autograph copy of "*Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*," sent by Dumas to Queen Christine of Spain, brought for him in return the cordon of the Or-

der of Isabella: so we may be sure that her Most Catholic Majesty had no scruples about the double authorship. It is probable that, if she thought upon the matter at all, she coincided with the views so boldly expressed by her tributary dramatist:—

“It is not any man, but mankind,” says M. Dumas, “that invents. Every one, in his own appointed season, possessing himself of the things known to his fathers, turns them over, places them in some new combination, and thus having added some particles to the sum of human knowledge, is gathered peacefully to his sires. As to the complete, entire creation of any thing, I hold it to be an impossibility. God himself, when he made man, *ne put ou n’osa point l’inventer*: in His own image made He him. This it was that made Shakespeare reply to the reproach of a stupid critic that he had taken more than one scene bodily from some contemporary author, ‘It is a maiden that I have withdrawn from bad company to introduce her into good society!’ This it was that made Molière say, with still more *naïveté*, ‘I seize my own wherever I find it!’ And Shakespeare and Molière were both right: for the man of true genius never steals; *he conquers*. He seizes a province; he annexes it to his own realms; it becomes an intrinsic part of his empire; he peoples it with his subjects, and extends over it his sceptre of gold. I find myself compelled to speak in this manner,” continues the *conqueror* of Schiller and Goethe, of Racine and Victor Hugo, of Lope de Vega and Walter Scott, “because, far from receiving from certain critics that applause which I merit for having pointed out to our public dramatic beauties hitherto unknown, they accuse me of plagiarisms, they point me out as a thief. It is true that I have at least the reflection to console myself with, that my enemies, like those who attacked Shakespeare and Molière, are so obscure, that memory will not preserve their names.”

How vastly obliged must be the shades of the immortal poets of Germany, of Racine and of Scott, that their hitherto unknown beauties have at last found a vindicator, albeit he sports them with as little regard to the original authors, as a royal lady recks of the oysters that gave birth to the pearls which glisten on her bosom! And how wretchedly Jules Janin, Thackeray, and a score of others must feel, at the thought of being known to posterity only as the anonymous assailants of the modern Shakespeare, of the Molière of the nineteenth century! We should like, by the way, to know

whence M. Dumas *conquered* that little anecdote of the bard of Avon.

There is no need of hesitating to express our opinion of the actual ability displayed by M. Alexandre Dumas in his dramatic compositions. As closet plays, their merits are by no means proportionate to their number; as acting pieces, the best of them serve to keep the curiosity in suspense by the employment of the most commonplace means, or to gratify the eye with gorgeous costumes, brilliant processions, well-ordered *tableaux*; but as to holding the mirror up to Nature, or seeking to impress upon the mind of the spectator any of those sublime lessons of courage, honor, and virtue for which we are accustomed to look in poems of that class, we might as well seek for similar teachings at the circus or the opera-house. The mission of the drama is a far nobler one than seems to have been dreamed of in the philosophy of M. Dumas:—

“ To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o’er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age.”

But, as we have said before, it is vain to criticize in the dark. Our blows, falling at random upon M. Dumas or upon some one of his coadjutors, are half the time as likely as not to hit the wrong man. It is sufficient for us to know that but a comparatively small part of the plays of Dumas really belong to him. We now proceed to his novels; for it is by these that he is chiefly known in America.

The first of his romances that attained any distinction, and one that will be read with pleasure when all the rest are forgotten, is “*Blanche de Beaulieu*,” a really charming little story, which was printed, with “*Laurette*” and “*Marie*,” two other short tales, under the title of *Nouvelles Contemporaines*, in 1826; the author being at the time but twenty-three years of age. Since then, either under the new title of “*La Rose Rouge*,” or some other, it has been frequently reprinted. But it was not until the popularity of his plays had got his name up all over the town, that Dumas fairly became the novel-writer

that he is. It was not until a fame that might almost be termed notoriety had made the Parisian editors as eager to have his name figuring in their columns as their readers were to swallow all that he had written, that he became a confirmed *feuilletonist*. This word may be briefly explained by mentioning that to most of the journals at Paris it is customary to print supplementary sheets, called *feuilletons*, containing a few chapters of some tale or romance by the most popular writer the editors can procure. Most of the modern French novels — most of our author's, at any rate — were issued in this way. The editor pays liberally for what many of his subscribers find the most entertaining pages of his paper, and the author has the additional advantage of making all he can out of its separate publication when it is completed. “La Salle d’Armes,” “Isabel de Bavière,” and “Le Capitaine Paul,” are three works which Dumas thus wrote in the fresher part of his career as a novelist. If he had any assistants, we know not who they were, and therefore believe these to be all his own. With their flashy, meretricious style, they possess just that sort of merit that had distinguished their brethren upon the boards, — a skilful grouping, and artistic, but coarse, contrasts of light and shade. The last-named of the three is a modest attempt to supply the deficiencies of Fenimore Cooper's tale of “The Pilot.” M. Dumas coolly takes up the thread of his brother novelist's story, and wherever he can find room, strings upon it the incidents of his own fiction. In 1839, however, our modern Alexander the Conqueror, *pro more suo dramatico*, gave to the public his “Jacques Ortis,” the examination of which has led us into a train of the oddest reflections into which we have ever been betrayed respecting the character and motives of a writer of eminence.

The title-page of this book, by what we cannot but consider a singular inadvertency, contains no other key to its contents than the words, “Jacques Ortis, par Alexandre Dumas.” The natural inference is, that it is an essay or novel, or something of the kind, upon the well-known theme of Jacopo Ortis, whose letters were published by Ugo Foscolo in 1802. There had been no less than four separate translations of these Letters into the French tongue, the last of which, by

Gosselin, was published at Paris by Didot, in 1829. "Jacques Ortis" opens with a preface signed Pier-Angelo Fiorentino, which presently enlightens us as to the nature of the pages before us, in proclaiming that it is the great, the admirable Dumas that has done the Italian nation the honor of giving to one of its sons new claims to fame by immortalizing his work in another tongue.

"‘There was but one man in France,’ continued M. Fiorentino, ‘who could understand and translate Ortis: that man was the author of Antony. . . . M. Dumas appreciates with such profound learning the hidden beauties of our most eminent Italian writers, that it was easy to see that this dramatic luminary would conqueringly bear away some of our most famous pieces, and that he would manage his seizure with so much address, that no one could compel him to restitution. The translation of the letters of Jacopo Ortis proves that my predictions were correct. M. Dumas has placed himself upon a level with Foscolo. In all justice, Ortis belongs to him: it is at once a conquest and a heritage.’"

Anglo-Saxon readers would revolt at such gross adulation prefixed to a man's own book; but a glance at the opening pages will convert all Fiorentino's praise into the bitterest irony. Would it be credited that this "seizure, managed with so much address that no one could compel him to restitution," — this "conquest and heritage" by the only man in France that could read and understand Ortis, — is the most glaring adaptation, conquest, annexation, — any thing, of course, but theft, — from the translation of Gosselin, that any one has ever seen? The charge is easily made; it is as easily substantiated. We print from Quérard citations, side by side, taken from the opening letters of either translation, and we put it to our readers, whether the resemblance between M. Dumas and Molière or Shakespeare, so far as they all are charged in common with appropriating the labors of others, goes any farther than that between the crow and the eagle? The one boldly seizes on his prey and devours it in mid-air: the other, ambitiously swooping at a prize which he lacks power to bear away, remains with his feet entangled in the wool of his intended victim, the inglorious spoil of the herdsman.

Translation of M. Gosselin.

“Des Monts Euganéens,
11 Octobre, 1797.

“Le sacrifice de notre patrie est consommé : tout est perdu ; et la vie, si l'on daigne nous la laisser, ne nous servira plus qu'à déplorer nos malheurs et notre infamie. Mon nom est sur la liste de proscription, je la sais : mais veux-tu donc que, pour me soustraire à mes oppresseurs, je me livre à des traitres ? Console ma mère : vaincu par ses larmes, je lui ai obéi, et j'ai quitté Venise pour éviter les premières persécutions, qui sont toujours les plus cruelles. Mais à présent, me faudra-t-il encore abandonner cette douce solitude où, sans cesser d'attacher mes regards sur mon malheureux pays, je puis encore espérer quelques jours tranquilles ? Tu me fais frémir, Lorenzo ; quel est le nombre des victimes ? Et nous, hélas ! Nous-mêmes Italiens ! nous trempons nos mains dans le sang de nos compatriotes. Il arrivera de moi ce que le sort en décidera : puisque j'ai désespéré et de ma patrie et de moi-même, j'attendrai avec calme la prison et la mort. Du moins mes dépouilles ne tomberont pas dans des mains étrangères ; mon nom sera pleuré en secret du petit nombre d'hommes vertueux qui partagent nos misères, et mes os reposeront sur la terre de mes ancêtres.”

Translation of M. Dumas.

“Des Collines Euganéennes,
ce 17 Octobre, 1797.

“Le sacrifice de notre patrie est consommé ; tout est perdu, et la vie, *si toutefois on nous l'accorde, ne nous restera plus que pour pleurer* nos malheurs et notre infamie. Mon nom est sur la liste des proscriptions, je le sais : mais veux-tu que, *pour fuir qui m'opprime, j'aie me livrer à qui m'a trahi* ? Console ma mère ; vaincu par ses larmes, je lui ai obéi, et j'ai quitté Venise, pour *me soustraire aux* premières persécutions, toujours plus *terribles*. Mais *dois-je* abandonner *aussi* cette ancienne solitude où, sans *perdre de vue* mon malheureux pays, je puis encore espérer quelques jours *de tranquillité* ? Tu me fais *frissonner*, Lorenzo ; *combien y a-t-il donc de malheureux* ? Et, *insensés* que nous sommes, c'est dans le sang *des Italiens* que nous, Italiens, *lavons ainsi* nos mains. *Pour moi, arrive que pourra* ; puisque j'ai désespéré de ma patrie et de moi-même, j'attends *tranquillement* la prison et la mort. *Mon corps* du moins *ne tombera pas entre des bras étrangers*. Mon nom sera *murmuré* par le *peu* d'hommes *de bien, compagnons de* notre infortune, et mes os reposeront sur la terre de mes ancêtres.”

That we may not deprive M. Dumas of any honor to which he is entitled, we have been careful to put in italics every

phrase in the foregoing extract which differs from the language of M. Gosselin; and we freely tender our compliments upon the success of the conquests therein made, not only of foreign, but of native authors. "No pent-up Utica contracts his powers." He levies with equal freedom upon the wealth of his own countrymen and upon that of strangers, and the ingenuity too with which an arm is substituted for a hand, a body for its bones, merits our special applause.

"The Adventures of John Davy" (Paris, 1840, four volumes, octavo) is a novel of considerable interest, bearing a strong resemblance to the sea-tales of Captain Marryatt, from which many of the ideas are doubtless drawn. "Le Maître d'Armes" (three volumes, octavo), "Le Capitaine Pamphile" (two volumes, octavo), and three other novels, all published in the same year of 1840, do not possess sufficient importance for our prolonged notice. "La Chasse au Chastre," a very entertaining romance, though bearing the name of A. Dumas upon its front, does not at all belong to him, and is not included in the collected edition of his works. It had been already published under the name of its legitimate author, M. Méry, when it was issued as the work of M. Dumas. If there is any reliance to be placed upon the assertions of Eugene de Mirecourt (*Fabrique de Romans, Maison Alexandre Dumas et Compagnie*, Paris, 1845, p. 46), there was very tricky conduct somewhere in this business; but we are not disposed to draw conclusions where we are not possessed of all the facts. After a few other novels, of no particular value, appeared "Le Capitaine Aréna" (Paris, two volumes, octavo, 1842), which was paraphrased by M. Dumas from "Terence le Tailleur"; "Albine" (two volumes octavo, 1843), professedly an original novel, but in reality a mere translation; and the "Chevalier d'Harmenthal" (Paris, four volumes, octavo, 1843), which was furnished to M. Dumas by the same gentleman who has written so many other works published under his name,—M. Auguste Maquet. There existed between Maquet and Dumas the closest intimacy; according to their own story, they were mutually bound to submit every thing written by either to the inspection of the other. But as the name of the former alone would not procure from the booksellers any thing like the

price which the most grotesque absurdity of the latter commanded, it was customary for the one to publish as his own the compositions of the other, and while the profits were divided according to a standard of their own, all the fame of the task remained with the one who had done nothing to merit it.

“The page slew the boar :
The peer had the gloire.”

M. Maquet was not the only one who dealt with M. Dumas in the sale of manuscript novels. “Georges” (Paris, three volumes, octavo, 1843), was in like manner the handiwork of M. Mallefille. It is one of the cleverest things that has ever been claimed as his own by M. Dumas. After six more octavo volumes of novels, we come next to “Sylvandire” (Paris, three volumes, octavo, 1844), written, like the “Chevalier d’Harmen-thal,” by Maquet; and then we arrive at the work which has undoubtedly made the fame of its purchaser in this country, and widely extended it over Europe, — the celebrated novel of “Les Trois Mousquetaires.” To say that the chief incidents of this tale are taken from the Memoirs of M. d’Artagnan, written by Sandraz de Courtilz, and published at Cologne (Rouen) by P. Marteau in 1701–2, in three volumes, will not at all detract from the merits of the work. Charles de Batz de Castelmoré, Comte d’Artagnan, — the ancestor, if we mistake not, of the Baron de Batz to whose zeal in the cause of Louis XVI. we alluded in our last number, — was a man whose life, from his departure from Bearn to the moment of his elevation at court to the high position of Captain of the Mousquetaires and favorite of Cardinal Mazarin, affords the happiest *matériel* for a romance-writer to work upon. Nevertheless, we fancy that our readers would be surprised to learn how little the invention was tasked to furnish some of the most interesting details in “Les Trois Mousquetaires.” The amours, — the duels of D’Artagnan with the three friends Athos, Perthos, and Aramis, — this precise nomenclature even, — are all to be found in the Memoirs to which we have referred. The author of the preface to the novel, it is true, points out, to those who desire to see a graphic picture of the times of Mazarin, the *Mémoires d’Artagnan*, but he does it

in a light, careless way, as though it were merely incidental to the more elaborate reference he makes to a certain manuscript volume of *Memoirs of the Count de la Fère*, naming even the particular shelf of the library in which it is to be found. The success of this effort to mislead his readers was so perfect, that the editor of the "*Bibliographie de France*" announced it as the publication of an ancient manuscript. Is it necessary to add, that no such *Memoirs of the Count de la Fère* ever existed?

"*Les Trois Mousquetaires*" was printed in eight volumes, octavo (Paris, 1844): "*Twenty Years After*," its sequel (Paris, 1845), filled no less than ten volumes of the same size. Both works were written by M. Auguste Maquet. "*Le Viscount de Bragelonne*," in six volumes, octavo, has since come out, a sequel to the sequel, and whether it is to be the ultimate, the penultimate, or the antepenultimate of the series, Heaven only knows. The posterity of that adopted babe may yet survive to figure in another twenty-four-volume series.

Variety is said to constitute the spice of life. Lest his readers should grow weary of too great a similarity in the endless string of entertainments that he offered them for seven francs a volume, M. Dumas wisely kept up a constant alternation of writers. "*The Chateau of Eppstein*," which succeeded his immortal *Mousquetaires*, we dare say, he wrote himself. "*Amaury*" (Paris, 1844, four volumes, octavo) he procured to be written by Paul Meurice. There is an amusing anecdote related of the history of this *conquest*, which we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers. Meurice, oblivious of the probability that his composition would never be read over by Dumas, but transmitted by him intact to the *fewilletons* of "*La Presse*," ventured on inserting a tremendous puff of the conqueror in his narrative, loudly calling upon the Academy to throw open its doors to that immortal genius. Doubtless M. Dumas would gratefully have appreciated this delicate compliment, meant for his eye alone; but alas! he never saw it till it had been read over half the town as his own opinion of his own worth,—a circumstance deeply mortifying to his sensitive spirit. Had he ex-

exercised but a grain of that discretion common to inferior capacities, and hesitated to impose upon the public as his own a story which was not only not his own, but of the very details of which he was totally ignorant, this calamity would never have befallen him. Into what embarrassments will not the eccentricities of genius sometimes lead its gifted possessors !

There is a similar story about "Les Trois Mousquetaires," in which M. Maquet, to convince a party of friends that his *chef* was accustomed to adopt, without a pen's stroke of correction, the compositions of his subaltern, inserted the most awkward paragraph perhaps in the French tongue. In the space of five lines he contrived to repeat the word *que* no less than sixteen times, and was so rash as to wager that not a single *que* would be found expunged when the copy was sent to the printer. How many does the reader suppose Dumas suffered to remain ? Five, — ten, — fifteen ? The precise number of sixteen were all that escaped the *conqueror's* critical pen. We have given this story as we find it.

"Amaury" was followed by "Cecile," and by a couple of other novels, which we have no reason to suppose not written by M. Dumas. Then came the famous "Count of Monte-christo," in eighteen volumes, octavo, the first part of which was written by the same Fiorentino who had expressed such delight at the meeting of Dumas and Ugo Foscolo, and the second by M. Maquet. As a matter of historical interest, we may mention that, in two of its episodes, the facts, very much as they are told in the novel, are to be found in Peuchet's "Memoirs extracted from the Archives of the Parisian Police" (Paris, 1837-8). A novel of Arnould's, called "The Wheel of Fortune," is also liberally drawn upon in the narrative of Morel's career. Whether the rumors were correct which whispered that the rest of Monte-christo was translated from some German novel or other, we do not possess the means of deciding, not being very well versed in the yearly efflux of the Leipzig fair. But so long as it was not written by Dumas himself, it matters little to us whether he *conquered* it at first or second hand, whether it came to his

arms a virgin bride, or a captive dragged from the distant shores of the Elbe or the Weser.

"Fernande" (Paris, 1844, 3 vols., octavo), by Hyppolite Auger; "Une Fille du Régent" (Paris, 1845, 4 vols., octavo), by M. Couaillhac; "La Reine Margot" (Paris, 1845, 6 vols., octavo), of which Maquet is suspected of being at least in part the author,—all appeared under the sole name of M. Alexandre Dumas. "La Guerre des Femmes," as it was called in "La Presse," has since been published in the form of four distinct novels,—"Ninon de Lartigues," "Madame de Condé," "La Vicomtesse de Cambes," and "L'Abbaye de Peyssac,"—eight volumes in all, most of which have, we fancy, been circulated in cheap translations through America. "The Corsican Brothers" (Paris, 1845, 2 vols., octavo) is a clever story: "The Memoirs of a Physician" promised to be an endless one; but we believe that, instead of the eighty volumes threatened in the prospectus, it hardly exceeded a dozen. We have not had the curiosity to inquire into its fate. "Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge" and "La Dame de Monsoreau" are two not unfair specimens (in fourteen volumes) of the better order of the author's abilities. The appearance of the last-named work, however, caused its writer a great deal of unmerited vexation and trouble. As he was justified in doing by contemporary writers, he had painted François d'Espinay Saint-Luc, one of the courtiers of Henry III., in no very flattering colors. His descendant, the Marquis d'Espinay Saint-Luc, indignant at the contemptible figure in which his ancestor was represented, appealed to the courts of law for redress; but the pages of history were found abundantly to sustain M. Dumas's view of the *mignon* of 1577, and the Marquis lost his case.

"Le Batard de Mauléon" (Paris, 1846) was composed with the aid of M. Maquet: "Les deux Diane" (Paris, 1846) also owes a great part of its origin to other hands than those of Dumas. "Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet" was the cause or the effect of a lawsuit between Dumas and some newspapers, on which our space will not permit us to dwell. Our paper has already grown under our hands to an extent we were far from foreseeing when we began, and our theme is still unexhausted. A long series of

novels, travels, histories, and miscellanies commend themselves to our friendly notice, and some of them have made in their day such a noise in the world, that we do not see how we can possibly pass them over here. There is no field of letters in which this enterprising artist has not ploughed; and from many he has raised the most astounding harvests. The histories of several regiments of the French army, written by his secretary, but published in his own name, under the patronage of the Duke of Orleans, are an amusing illustration of one man's sowing and another's reaping. His journey to Spain in the suite of the Duke of Montpensier, and his presence as a friend at the marriage of that prince, served to fill to the brim the cup of his glory. On his return from a visit to Africa (he crossed from Cadiz to Algiers in a government steamer), the public heard of nothing else but the wonders that this new conqueror had seen, the miracles he had performed. Hunting lions, visiting Arab chiefs, receiving on board the steamer a troop of unfortunate Frenchmen,—every thing that occurred in his travels was immeasurably different from the experiences of common men,—every thing had combined to do him honor. The upshot of the whole matter was, that, by exalting himself above the level of his brother authors, he provoked the indignation of the *genus irritabile* to a sufficient extent, not only to cause the production of squibs and satires of a day against him, but to lead the attention of the public to the innumerable plagiarisms and conquests referred to in this paper.

Many of the miscellaneous works of our author, including under this title the multitude of articles other than dramatic or fictitious, are possessed of a good deal of merit of one kind or another. Wherever patient research, analytical investigation, profound reflection, betrays itself in a passage, we may indeed be tolerably sure that he is not its writer. But for many exceedingly vivid sketches, more remarkable for stage effect than for an air of probability, for hastiness of execution than for accuracy of detail, for tasteful combination than for originality of conception, Dumas is entitled to ample credit. That he is not altogether fitted to shine as an historian, may well be inferred; how is it, then, that by his admirers—

and not unfrequently by men of good judgment—he is placed in the same rank with Chateaubriand and with Thierry? We can answer this question but in part. That some portions of his historical compositions should be esteemed as equal, if not superior, to the style of these great men, is a mere matter of taste; one critic thinks in one way, his neighbor in another. But that there are many passages in some of his volumes fully equal to corresponding passages in the works of his rivals, the incredulous may be convinced by the most cursory examination. It is a self-evident proposition, that Thierry is equal to Thierry, that Chateaubriand is equal to Chateaubriand,—that there can be no comparison instituted between a passage in a book of Dumas and a passage precisely identical in another book. Only, M. Dumas cannot be allowed any other praise than that of a faithful copyist,—than that of introducing to the admiration of the public the hidden beauties of those two obscure and unknown authors. For it is in vain to say, with the ingenious Mr. Puff, that “two people happened to hit on the same thought,—and Shakespeare made use of it first, that’s all.”

Let us turn to “*Gaule et France*” (Paris, 1833; or, better still, a later edition with notes, &c., Paris, 1842), one of the most admired historical productions of Monsieur Dumas. We are told by M. Granier de Cassagnac that no less than four hundred pages of this book perfectly correspond to the same amount of matter in Chateaubriand and Thierry. This is a severe charge against a disciple of the first-born of the Muses; let us see how he substantiates it. Is or is not the resemblance between the following parallel passages sufficiently close to warrant the charge of—conquest—against the Marquis de la Pailleterie? We think that it is. The opposing citations are taken from the “*Études Historiques*” of Chateaubriand and the “*Lettres sur l’Histoire de France*” of Thierry.

Chateaubriand.

“Ils abordaient les uns à pied, les autres à cheval ou en chariots, les autres trainés par des cerfs, ceux-ci portés sur des cha-

Dumas.

“Voici les Barbares les uns à pied, les autres à cheval, ceux-ci sur des chameaux, ceux-là sur des chars trainés par des cerfs;

meaux, ceux-là flottant sur des boucliers ou sur des barques.” (p. 158.) “Les Barbares parcourent les provinces, chassent devant eux, comme un troupeau, sénateurs.” (p. 177.)

“Les maisons de Carthage étaient des lieux de prostitution. Des hommes erraient dans les rues, couronnés de fleurs, habillés comme des femmes, la tête voilée.” (p. 174.)

“Genseric arrive : au dehors, le fracas des armes, au dedans le bruit des jeux ; la voix des mourants, la voix d’une populace ivre se confondent.” (*ibid.*)

“Alaric ne survécut que peu. . . . Les Goths détournèrent les eaux du Busentum ; ils creusèrent une fosse au milieu de son lit desséché, et ils y déposèrent le corps de leur chef avec une grande quantité d’argent et d’étoffes précieuses ; puis ils remirent le Busentum dans son lit, et un courant rapide passa sur le tombeau. Les esclaves employés à cet ouvrage furent égorgés.” (p. 165.)

“Attila, expiré sur le sein d’une femme, est exposé. . . . Les Huns se decouper les joues pour pleurer Attila, non avec des larmes de femmes, mais avec du sang d’homme. Des cavaliers tournent autour du catafalque en chantant les louanges du héros. . . . Le cadavre est confié à la terre, . . . enfermé en un triple cercueil d’or, d’argent

les fleuves les charriaient sur leurs boucliers, la mer les apporte sur des barques. . . . Ils vont chasser devant eux les populations, comme les bergers les troupeaux.” (p. 7.)

“Genseric marche vers Carthage la prostituée, où les hommes se couronnent de fleurs, s’habillent comme des femmes, et, la tête voilée.” (p. 9.)

“Il arrive ; au dehors, le fracas des armes, au dedans, le bruit des jeux, ici, la voix des chanteurs, là bas, les cris des mourants.” (*ibid.*)

“Alaric meurt. . . . Ses soldats détournent le cours du Busento font creuser une fosse pour leur chef. . . . au milieu de son lit desséché, y jettent sur lui de l’or des étoffes précieuses ; puis ils ramènent les eaux du Busento dans leur lit ; le fleuve passe sur le tombeau : . . . ils égorgent jusqu’au dernier des esclaves employés à l’œuvre funéraire.” (p. 12.)

“Attila expire dans les bras de sa nouvelle épouse et les Huns se font des incisions au dessous des yeux, afin de ne point pleurer leur roi avec des larmes de femmes, mais avec le sang d’homme. L’élite de ses cavaliers tourne autour de son corps, en chantant des chants guerriers le cadavre, enfermé dans trois cer-

et de fer. On met sur le cercueil des armes enlevées des carquois enrichis de pierreries et des drapeaux. Pour dérober à jamais la connaissance de ces richesses, les ensevelisseurs sont jetés avec l'enseveli." (p. 166.)

cueils, le premier d'or, le second d'argent, le troisième de fer, est déposé sur un lit des drapeaux, d'armes et de pierreries; et afin que nulle cupidité humaine ne vienne profaner tant de richesses funéraires, les ensevelisseurs sont poussés dans le fosse avec l'enseveli." (p. 13.)

Thierry.

"Le roi jugea prudent d'aller passer la nuit dans le palais épiscopal; le lendemain, au point du jour, il quitta la ville avec ses gens." (p. 388.)

"L'un des conjurés, croyant le moment favorable pour commettre le meurtre, sortit de dessous une espèce de voûte sombre, en criant à haute voix: Commune! commune!" (p. 288.)

Dumas.

"Le roi n'osa, cette nuit-là, coucher ailleurs que dans le palais épiscopal; et, le lendemain, au point du jour, il quitta la ville avec sa suite." (p. 220.)

"L'un des conjurés, s'imaginant que l'heure était venue d'exécuter le meurtre, sortit d'une voûte sombre et basse, et se mit à crier à haute voix: Commune! commune!" (p. 222.)

We had marked several other passages for quotation, but our limits warn us that we must speedily draw to a close. We have no longer either space to indulge in exhibitions of the manner in which this modern Alexander of letters waves his golden sceptre over the many fair provinces that belong not to him, and annexes their revenues to his own treasury, or to deduce reflections from such acts of genius. That M. Dumas has been a successful author, in one sense of the word, we cannot deny. That his publications must have been a source of enormous emolument to him, is a fact plain to the meanest understanding. The demand for them has been unceasing, and almost unbounded. We have seen a brief calculation of the publication prices of the works which had appeared six years ago, and the estimate showed, that to any one who had, as each of his books came out, bought and paid for a copy, the cost of the whole would amount to the neat little sum of sixteen hundred and eighty-seven francs, or nearly

three hundred and forty dollars! And since that time we presume that he has written a thousand or fifteen hundred francs' worth more. There was no exaggeration in the advertisement of the editors of the collected edition of his works, when they said, in relation to the diversity of subjects and the number of volumes that had already borne his name, that the drama, which for any other writer would have constituted an entire existence, was but as a prelude to Alexandre Dumas. His productions, continue the enthusiastic biblioplists, "already popular in their renown, shall become so in their price. Every cottage shall have a shelf for the select beauties of Dumas, every chateau shall have a *corps de bibliothèque*. For Dumas is young, Dumas is in the full vigor of health, and his genius, *que féconde sans cesse l'imprévu, est chaque année gros de quarante volumes!* Therefore those who love him not, admire him. But all the world loves him!"

There remained, we believe, but two branches of literature for this indefatigable mind to attempt; the one was to write a volume of sermons; the other, to edit a newspaper. The last achievement is no longer left doubtful. Several weeks since, we received the prospectus of "Le Mousquetaire," a daily paper, to be published at Paris, "propriétaire, rédacteur en chef, Alexandre Dumas"; and furthermore bearing this singular monition to all concerned: "Le journal ne reçoit pas de réclames des théâtres ni des libraires. Il paye ses loges et il achète ses livres."

It must not be supposed that the charges which we have repeated against M. Dumas have passed uncontradicted; but though denied, they have not been refuted. In the exercise of our judgment, we have endeavored to sift the truth from the conflicting statements on either side, and have not hesitated to expose what we believe the real state of the case. At the same time, we have not scrupled to produce specimens of the nature and style of the evidence adduced, sufficient to enable our readers to say for themselves what weight it merits. Some of the authors accused of writing the novels of Dumas deny the charge; some do not; we have given, in either case, the verdict of our conviction to the side which seemed most likely to be correct.

In conclusion, we cannot but express our sincere regret that a man of such brilliant parts (albeit none of the most solid) as M. Dumas, should have fallen into the misfortune of so constantly thinking the same thoughts, and expressing them in the same language, with other and earlier men, less gifted doubtless, but more original. As to the books purchased by him in their unpublished state, they may perhaps be considered by himself and his booksellers as thoroughly and perfectly his own,—selected with his perspicacity, paid for with his money,—and therefore subject entirely to his control. And being his, what is there to prevent his writing his name upon the title-page? But the unfortunate Thierry and Chateaubriand, what is to be done with them? They are not in the market; Chateaubriand is not even in the world; the passages kidnapped from them are wrongfully held captive among strangers; how shall M. Dumas reconcile it to his conscience to send his body's guest into that spiritual world where it will be inevitably encountered by the angry ghosts of the plundered victims? With what energy will the offended birds attack the popinjay, radiant in borrowed plumes, when he obtrudes himself upon their society! Here, a feather will be plucked away by Schiller; there, a waving plume by Corneille; on the one hand, Lope de Vega is again restored to his own; on the other, Chateaubriand wrests away a perfect shower of downy plumage; till at last the bird that entered such a magnificent peacock will be contumeliously driven away, a very bare, beggarly, miserable little daw!

After all, M. Dumas is not the first man who has suffered from coming a little too late into this world. The celebrated Donatus, the instructor of St. Jerome, long, long ago,—ages before Thierry wrote or other people “conquered,”—found the same cause of complaint. But it may be pardoned him, in the then crude condition of the literary world, that he never thought of “seizing his own” wherever he found it, but contented himself with merely anathematizing his predecessors. “*Pereant*,” he devoutly exclaims,—“*pereant illi qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*” “Let them be held accursed and cast out, who have said our good things before us!” The holy father lacked the philosophy of the moderns: we would commend,

rather than his unsparing anathemas, the more self-satisfied spirit of the Chevalier d'Aceilly, to all those who find themselves cruelly anticipated in the brightest moments of inspiration by some nobody of yesterday. Two hundred years ago, the accomplished chevalier, being reproached with the inroads he had made upon the works of the ancients, replied in this pleasant epigram : and we cordially commend its philosophy to all his successors : —

“ Dis-je quelque chose assez-belle ?
L'antiquité tout en cervelle
Pretend l'avoir dite avant moi !
C'est une plaisante donzelle !
Que ne-venait elle apres moi ;
J'aurais dit la chose avant elle ! ”

ART. IV. — *History of Liberty.* Part II. *The Early Christians.* By SAMUEL ELIOT. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. xxii., 413 ; xxiv., 431.

THE metaphors that enter so constantly into colloquial intercourse as to be shunned for their triteness by fastidious rhetoricians, are always founded on close and obvious analogies. This is eminently the case with terms derived from the pictorial art, as applied to history. All history is painting. Lowest in the scale of art and in the capacity of instruction we must place the mere annals of a state or of the race, whether in the dry details of the avowed annalist, or in the smoother paragraphs of the historian who plumes himself on entire freedom from passion and prepossession. Such a narrative is like the painting on a Chinese teacup, in which we can trace distinct outlines of the several objects, but can form no conceptions of their relative magnitudes and distances. As the features of a landscape group themselves on the canvas with some semblance to reality only when a single perspective focus is assumed, so can verisimilitude be given to the historian's narrative only when he has a fixed point of view, a definite theory of national development or decline, of

human progress, of political ethics. We need, to be sure, that the historian be an honest man. He must not suppress or distort undoubted facts. But if he arranges personages and events as they actually present themselves to his mind with relation to his own theory, we then get at least one possible perspective view of the period which the narrative covers; and if our theory differs from his, we may assume our own point of view, and rearrange the perspective with reference to it. Still better can this be effected by the comparison of authors, who have gone over the same ground with similar fidelity, but with widely varying social or political predilections. Thus no one view of Niagara can give an approximate representation of the cataract and its surrounding scenery; but in turning over a series of sketches taken from different points, we have been able to renew in a good measure the impressions made upon the spot. In like manner, Hume, or Lingard, or Macaulay may group the incidents of English history as we would not have them rest in our minds; but the perusal of the various histories of England by Romanists and Protestants, Whigs, Tories, and republicans, would enable us to combine their several representations into a picture of our own.

Gibbon's scepticism as to revealed religion determined the title and the scope of his great work. The material civilization which reached its culminating point in the Augustan age, constituted to his eye the most glorious phasis of human history; and Christianity was one of the destructive forces (the precursor and ally of the Northern barbarians) to which the peerless city, the invincible nation, the world-embracing empire, succumbed in dishonor and desolation. He therefore could only write a "Decline and Fall." Volney's *Ruins*—a threnody worthy a nobler aim—had a similar origin in a mind incapable of appreciating those elements of spiritual growth which germinate beneath shattered thrones and devastated kingdoms.

Mr. Eliot's Second Part of the History of Liberty is, to a considerable degree, parallel as to its subject-matter with Gibbon's great work; but it presents the converse of his diorama, lights for his shadows, shadows for his lights. It is a

Rise and Progress bearing even pace with the Decline and Fall. The first part, entitled "The Liberty of Rome,"* was an historical sketch of the so-called liberty of the ancient world. The thesis maintained in the earlier and the more recent work conjointly is, in brief, as follows. Ancient liberty was the liberty of communities and nations, as represented by kings, magistrates, aristocracies, or by the governing classes, in whatever form. It had no reference to individuals. It recognized no rights as appertaining to man by virtue of his simple humanity. It utterly excluded the conquered, the captives of war, the enslaved, from the pale of its privileges. The *demos* and the *plebs* shared its immunities only so far as their numerical array and physical force rendered it necessary to propitiate them; and for the most part obtained and kept whatever franchises they had by threats or violence, and generally by a series of contests, in which they were ultimately the losing party because they were unsustained by the consciousness of right, and regarded as mere plunder what was theirs by the law of God and nature. The liberty of the individual had its birth with that of the Founder of Christianity. Its charter is the revelation of God's paternity and human brotherhood. Its unlimited scope is determined by the lowly condition, surroundings, and fortunes of Him who was higher than the highest. Its dynamic force is "the power of the world to come," with its retributive sanctions. A sense of inalienable rights on the part of the less privileged, and a recognition of their rights by those invested with political or social superiority, are inseparable elements of Christian consciousness. The whole fabric of ancient civilization was opposed to these ideas, and was so constructed as to render their incorporation with it impossible. Hence the necessity of its destruction to give them room to grow. The institutions of Paganism received their sentence of death in the song of the herald angels. But, with the strength of centuries in their veins, they died hard, and the mighty agony of their death-throes was attested by the long series of persecutions and the blood of unnumbered martyrs. Moreover, in their

* Reviewed in N. A. Review, January, 1850.

dissolution there was a new fulfilment of the divine word to the first tempter concerning the seed of the woman, — “It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.” While Christianity aimed a fatal blow at Paganism, she came not from the conflict unscathed. Falsities and corruptions early marred her integrity and defaced her purity. Her conquered enemy left memorials of the struggle in deep and chronic wound-marks. When nominally supreme, she had lost much of her queenly strength and beauty. Her entire recovery is written, not yet in the records of the past, but in the divine year-book of prophecy. But the era of her undoubted convalescence closes the canon of ancient, and opens that of modern history; and at this point Mr. Eliot's labor is suspended, not, we trust, concluded.

The conception that underlies the work before us is one of unsurpassed grandeur. The history of these primitive ages has the majestic form and the rhythmical march of the loftiest of Christian epics. The idea, so far as we know, is original; but it ought not to have been so. We recognize it in our chronology; we reiterate it in the date of every letter. If Christ is not the central personage in social and political history, no less than in the Church of his professed disciples, it is absurd to date from his birth, and to ignore the preceding four thousand years from Adam downward. As the *Anno Mundi* starts from the finishing epoch of the material creation, so does the *Anno Domini* from that of the human *cosmos*, — from the endowment of man with all that makes him a whole and perfect man, — with the spiritual, immortal freedom of the second Adam to supplement the physical perfectness and lordship of the first. Here, then, we have the true and only true focus for historical perspective. Ante-Christian history records the preparations and foreshinings of the advent of the world's Emancipator; post-Christian history, the hinderances and developments of “the liberty wherewith he has made us free.”

As to the execution of this work, we must first of all speak with unqualified commendation of the author's accuracy. It would be difficult to point to a single instance of the suppression or unwarranted coloring of a fact. Events are never forced into harmony with the theory, or yoked into the traces

of epic unity, when they are in fact divergent and exceptional. In cases of conflicting testimony, an equal hearing is given to all the witnesses, and equal justice is done to opposite historical readings. First-hand authorities are always quoted, and the crowded references in the foot-notes indicate an affluence of resource and a thoroughness of investigation, which would lead us, did we not know that Mr. Eliot is a young man, to antedate his place on the Triennial Catalogue by a full score of years. Prodigies of youthful genius have been so common, that they are no longer prodigies. But, in the whole range of our reading, we know not another instance in which so early an age has yielded so rich results of patient study and profound scholarship.

We would also express our grateful sense of the elevated tone of sentiment that pervades these volumes. The keen spiritual discernment, the active conscience, the judicial intuition as to right and wrong, leave their tokens on every page. The author is not ashamed to write always as a Christian; and the moral code of the New Testament is his unvarying standard of appeal and of judgment. At the same time, there is no cant, no obtrusive moralizing, no show-language of devotion or religious feeling. Nor is the Christianity of the work that of a sect or a clique, nor yet that grovelling type which eludes sectarianism by being tame, neutral, and omnifaced; but that broad, catholic Christianity, which is of no party, because it transcends party limitations, and assumes that place close to its Founder's heart where differences are blended and contrarieties harmonized.

In an artistical point of view, Mr. Eliot offers himself to criticism under a disadvantage resulting from what we would on no account have had otherwise,—the title of his work. Had he professed to write merely a general history of the earliest Christian centuries, fidelity and explicitness in narration would have amply redeemed his promise. But if the avowed purpose be to indite the history of a sentiment or a principle, there should be a careful adjustment of details with reference to that purpose. Relevant events or personages should be made more or less prominent, as they are more or less directly connected with the development of the

leading idea, and their relation to it should be kept constantly before the reader's mind; while incidents and actors that have no direct bearing upon it should find their place in notes, appendices, or supplementary chapters. Now Mr. Eliot's chief defect is in the arrangement of his materials. His notes contain little except references and quotations; nor has he adopted any of the devices to which historians are wont to have resort, for the stowage of such facts or discussions as might impede the easy flow of the narrative. At the same time, his thoroughness and honesty will not suffer him to omit aught that can merit a place in a veracious chronicle of the times. The story is, therefore, somewhat lumbered in the body of the work, by matter that does not essentially belong to "the history of liberty." At the same time, the relevancy of the persons and transactions the most intimately connected with the growth of liberty is not always clearly pointed out, but is often left for the reader's implication. In fine, while the materials for the work were collected with the most patient care and strenuous industry, less time was probably bestowed in their arrangement than the author owed to his subject or to his own permanent reputation.

We are inclined to find a similar fault with Mr. Eliot's style, though in this regard the Second Part exhibits a manifest improvement upon the First. In point of dignity and elegance, there remains nothing to be desired or regretted. But there is a degree of diffuseness, which sometimes mars the perspicuity of the narrative. There is a frequent lack of directness and emphasis. There are few *staccato* passages. There is an evenness of style, that sometimes grows wearisome. The level is high table-land, and the author never sinks below it; but he seldom rises above it. There is a lack of the picturesque element, which indeed in excess converts history into fiction, but within proper limits aids the reader's imagination in painting the shapes and features of unfamiliar times upon the retina of the inward eye.

But we have exhausted our slender budget of fault-finding; nor would we have opened it, did we not hope soon to meet our author again on the same honorable career, and to greet his Part Third with a welcome all the heartier for criticism, which we cannot doubt will be as kindly received as offered.

In turning over these volumes for such extracts as would bear to be divorced from their context, we have lighted upon the following tribute to the noble series of Christian mothers, to whose energetic virtue and fervent piety the Church was indebted for some of her brightest ornaments :—

“A new generation appears. Its Emperors are of a different house from that of Constantine. Its Christian leaders are of a different stamp from that of Hilary and Valens, of Arius and Athanasius. New movements begin.

“It was to a few Christian mothers that these movements owed their greatest leaders. Thirty-two years before the accession of Julian, a boy was born at Cæsarea in Cappadocia, of a noble lady named Emmelia. Under her eye and that of her husband's mother, Macrina, Basil grew up until he reached the age at which a youth is wont to seek the instructions of men. Gregory, known by his later surname of the Nazianzen, was of the same age with Basil, like whom he had been reared by a mother's care. Her name was Nonna; and her son, dedicated before his birth to the Divine service, was educated from his childhood as an offering to God. The brother to whom Gregory wrote the letter lately cited was Cæsarius, a physician at first of Constantius, and afterwards of Julian. The thought of the mother, whose grief Gregory made the chief argument of his appeal, was sufficient to detach Cæsarius from the court. Basil likewise had a brother Gregory, subsequently called the Nyssen. To the women who nurtured them, these children owed their noblest principles when they became leaders of the leading party in the Empire.

“Another mother, the widow of a Gothic Præfect, was watching over her son Ambrose at Rome. Rather than part with him, when the time arrived for seeking other teachers than herself, she accompanied him in his search. From his earlier studies, Ambrose passed to legal pursuits, whence he rose to high distinctions in the Italian provinces. No other Christian influences appear to have been exerted upon his youth and early manhood but those of his mother and his sister. Their piety seems to have prepared him for the foremost place amongst the prelates of his age.

“Eusebius Hieronymus, whom we call Jerome, was of about the same age as Ambrose, both being some ten years younger than Basil and the Gregories. Jerome was born on the borders of Pannonia. ‘From the very cradle,’ he says, ‘I was nourished with Catholic milk.’ He speaks of his mother, but more particularly of his grandmother, as the teacher of his infancy. ‘From her arms,’ he says, ‘they had to take me by force when they sent me away to a master.’

“Younger than all these was Joannes, to whom the epithet of Chrysostomus, that is, the Golden-mouthed, was applied in after years. To his mother, Anthusa, the widow of an imperial general, Chrysostom owed the tenderest care, and to her he returned the sincerest affection. But as he grew up at Antioch, the passion for seclusion, to which many of his contemporaries yielded, seized upon him, the more strongly because his nearest friend had determined upon withdrawing from the world. Thus moved, Chrysostom resolved to resign the affections of home for the penances of a hermitage, where his best aspirations, as he thought, could have their only opportunity of being realized. Most Heathen mothers, prepared to see their children leading troubled, if not polluted lives, would have rejoiced to see their sons depart beyond the reach of oppressions and corruptions. But it was not so with Anthusa. The Christian parent believed her son capable of higher virtues as well as held to truer services than those of seclusion. Taking Chrysostom, as he relates, by the hand, she led him into her chamber, where she broke into tears, and into words more moving, as he confesses, than any tears. ‘I was not long allowed,’ she said, ‘to enjoy your father’s excellence; it did not so please God. His death, happening soon after your birth, too soon made you an orphan and me a widow.’ She spoke of her trials; of the pains that she had taken to preserve the property and to provide for the education of her boy, on whose account she had refused all suitors to her hand. ‘And yet,’ she continued, ‘I do not wish you to think that I am repeating these things with any intention of reproaching you. I but ask in return for what I have endured, that you would not now leave me in a second widowhood, or renew a sorrow that has at last become assuaged. Wait, at least, until I am dead; and that will not be long.’ The supplication prevailed; and Chrysostom remained with his mother to discharge the duty which her entreaties had exalted above the obligation of his proposed solitude. We shall read hereafter of the dignity and the usefulness to which Chrysostom attained in consequence of his filial obedience.

“Augustine, born some years after Chrysostom, in Numidia, has left a description of the anxious love with which his mother Monica was at this time guiding his infancy. ‘As a boy,’ he writes, ‘I had already heard of an eternal life. . . . Even from the womb of my mother, whose hopes were placed in God, I was sealed with the cross. . . . I believed, as my mother did, and as our whole household did, excepting my father. He, however, could not subdue the influence which my mother’s devotion exerted over me, nor could he prevail on me to delay believing, until he himself believed. It was my mother’s labor that Thou, my God, shouldest be my father rather than my mortal

parent.' To resist a husband, in order that a son might be preserved, was not then frequent in human experiences.

"To such mothers as Monica must be ascribed, in a great measure, what we have called the counterpoises against the imperial oppression. That the scale should turn in favor of liberty, required a fresh spirit springing from fresh sources. Who could open these? Was it the Christian leader, leaning upon the power of the sovereign? Was it his follower, accustomed to a dependence of his own as well as to that of the leader? It was apart from men, apart from their councils, as from their tribunals, that the love of Christian freedom needed to be renewed. The mother, watching over the slumbers and over the pursuits of her son, was the prophet of better times to come. Such times might not arrive, not, at least, during the life of those who were thus prepared. But the work of the Christian mother was not the less true, not, in the real sense, less effectual." — Vol. II. pp. 129 – 133.

In taking our leave for the present of Mr. Eliot, we crave indulgence for a brief space on the fruitful subject which he has so happily illustrated. We are no doubt liable to be misled by the ostensibly republican governments of Athens and Rome in their palmy days, and by stereotyped phrases that designate Greece as the cradle of liberty. But, in sober fact, the term *republic*, as applied to the states of classical antiquity, is but the negative of *monarchy* or a euphemism for *oligarchy*. In Athens the slaves outnumbered the free citizens, sometimes in the proportion of twenty to one, and single Roman citizens could count their bondmen by the thousand, or even the ten thousand. These slaves were either insolvent debtors, captives of war, or prizes of conquest, — often the equals or superiors of their masters in culture and refinement, yet utterly divested of legal rights, not even law-protected chattels, but no less subject to arbitrary and irresponsible control than dogs and cattle. While we have no plea to offer for negro slavery, we must maintain in this connection that it bears no parallel with the corresponding institution of the ancients; for the slave is now legally recognized as in certain aspects not a chattel, but a man, with rights and remedies which the law undertakes to guarantee and enforce.

But not the slaves alone, the nominally free poor were unprotected and unprivileged under the ancient republics, —

subjects, not co-sovereigns. In Athens, the citizens of the fourth or poorest class were ineligible to office, and legally incapacitated for bearing any part in the public deliberations. In Rome the plebeian *centuries* were so constituted as to assign to an individual vote less than a tithe of the influence attached to a patrician suffrage, and even this shadow of an elective or governing franchise was vouchsafed to the lower centuries only when a division among the upper made their presence in the *comitia* necessary. The whole history of Rome, from the expulsion of the Tarquins to the elevation of the Cæsars, is that of constant hostility between the patricians and the populace. The problem, in perpetual, though vacillating process of solution, was the *minimum* of rights and privileges which could be conceded to the plebeians consistently with their submission in peace and serviceableness in war. The Agrarian laws, which bore so infamous a name among patrician orators and historians, were no meditated aggression upon the rights of individuals, but simply repeated attempts to multiply the ranks of independent proprietors by dividing among the *plebs* lands which were the property of the state; and Spurius Cassius and the Gracchi incurred death and ignominy solely as the champions of the oppressed and down-trodden against the pride of caste which despised them, and the public policy which sought to perpetuate their degradation. In later times, indeed, the mere name of a Roman citizen, though borne by a pauper or a vagabond, conferred valuable rights and immunities; but not until the multitude of conquered provinces created a larger *plebs*, and elevated the Romans and their affiliated fellow-citizens into a nation of kings. And when that name had become a talisman of defence and honor, the mass of the people in subject states were not only disfranchised, but liable without remedy to whatever mode of extortion, oppression, or wanton cruelty could glut the avarice, gratify the caprice, or satiate the vindictive passions of proconsuls and proprætors.

As for Grecian liberty in gross, it was the liberty of the several states, not of their subjects. It was freedom as regarded Persian or Macedonian aggression, not with reference to domestic tyranny or aristocratic usurpation.

"The *tyrant* of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend."

Popular rights had absolutely no defenders. Sparta could vindicate the liberties of Greece by her brave three hundred at Thermopylæ; but her Helots at home had no doubt felt the edge of those selfsame swords in wanton slaughter or in legalized massacre.

But there was one state of antiquity in which we may trace the germs of personal liberty. In Judæa, none were disfranchised. The impoverished, the indebted classes, hired laborers, paupers, slaves, fugitives from bondage, all had rights and immunities which they could legally claim. Offices towards them, that entered not into the charity of any other nation upon earth, were enjoined as matters of legal obligation in the Mosaic code, which precluded pauperism, superseded mendicancy, and established a high average standard of comfort, intelligence, and self-respect. This state of things had not ceased to exist at the Christian era; for, notwithstanding the national degeneracy and corruption, the law of Moses was still the civil constitution and the social directory.

To verify this statement, we might compare the Roman plebeian under Tiberius with the Galilean fisherman of the same age. The plebeian was squalid, ignorant, and generally vicious. His scanty livelihood was eked out by largesses bestowed to obtain his shouts, his services in crimes of stealth or violence, or his physical force in civil commotions and brawls. His domestic relations were vague and brutish; his amusements such as fed the coarsest tastes and the vilest passions. The Galilean fisherman, on the other hand, was a free and an enlightened man. His home was decent and well-ordered. His family enjoyed his protection, and reciprocated his kindness. He was imbued in that noble Hebrew literature, to suppose which independent of Divine inspiration implies a greater miracle than any of which it bears the record. He could sing the psalms of David; and dipped his oar to the rhythm of the loftiest strains that ever flowed from human lip or pen. His curiosity was awake, his mind alert and active. When he drew his boat on shore, and rested with his

companions under its shelter, his talk was of the words of the seers, and the hope of the Great Deliverer. When the eremite John preached by the Jordan, when the Divine Teacher gathered his congregation on the mountain, he left his nets by the sea-side, and plodded many a weary mile to listen. Three times in the year he made his pilgrimage to the metropolis, and joined in the august rites that commemorated the early fortunes of his nation, and kept alive in all minds the great facts of its religious history. The New Testament makes us acquainted with many of these poor men, takes us into their villages and homes, leads us along the shores of their beautiful lake, and shows us how well fitted they were, in mental activity, intelligence, and probity, to welcome the words of Him who spake as never man spake. In no other quarter of the world, had he appeared, could it have been said that "the common people heard him gladly." Nowhere else would there have been common ideas and terms, that could have brought him without a perpetual miracle into so intimate a relation with the popular mind, and won him disciples, capable of becoming teachers of his religion, from among obscure villagers and peasants. Accordingly, Christianity, when first promulgated in Pagan countries, gathered its adherents chiefly from the middle walks of life, and worked its way only by slow degrees, and with many corruptions, down to the lower strata of society, among which in Judea it had found so prompt and genial a reception.

But Judaism lacked breadth and universality. It was the charter of Hebrew, not of human liberty. A heavy ritual yoke was the price of its civil franchise. Through the low and narrow gate of proselytism alone could the Gentile enter upon its immunities. It was reserved for Christianity to attach immeasurable worth and sacredness to every human soul, as the offspring of God and the heir of immortality. These fundamental ideas of the Christian revelation, intensified by the humanity and the redeeming sacrifice of its Author, are the twin pillars of individual freedom. They involve inalienable rights, and reciprocal obligations which have those rights for their measure. These rights were recognized, these obligations owned, from the earliest infancy of the Church, in

munificent provision for the poor, in the free sacrifice of superfluous wealth by the disciples, in the institution of an office expressly designed for the relief of want, and in the blending of distant and stranger communities into a commonwealth of mutual charity and almsgiving, the saints of Macedonia and Achaia sending their liberal contributions to the necessities of the impoverished disciples at Jerusalem. The slave, too, became "the Lord's freeman." The fugitive Onesimus is commended to his former master, "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved." With the progress of Christianity, the contrasts of social life were everywhere mitigated, and filaments of mutual respect and fellow-feeling united those who had previously sustained only the relation of the preying and the preyed upon. It was the first Christian Emperor that first extended over the slaves of the Roman empire the protection of the law; and it was from the Roman pontificate, during the rapid culmination of its power, that the decree of universal emancipation went forth.

We must indeed confess that Christianity is still far from having accomplished her appointed mission of human enfranchisement. Yet we may trace a broad distinction between the wrongs inflicted and endured in Christendom, and those that are done and borne on Pagan and Mahometan soil. On the latter, there is avowed and irresponsible despotism. Property, liberty, and life are at the mercy of royalty or its minions, without the pretence of right or the mockery of legal sanction. No self-justification, no alleged grounds of public safety or policy, no forms of legal inquiry and adjudication, are necessary to legitimate the foulest acts of extortion or personal outrage; but it is crime enough to be regarded with an unfriendly eye by one in place and power. Under the most despotic governments of Christendom, on the other hand, and for its most arbitrary institutions, there are legal forms and measures. There is not a human being in any nominally Christian country, be he king, noble, peasant, serf, or slave, who purports to be either above the control, or beneath the protection, of the law. Wrong must be normally wrought, under legitimate pretences. Oppression has its limits, and the oppressor beyond those limits is penally account-

able. To be sure, this is less rigidly true in practice than in theory, for the serf or the slave may be too remote from the centre of power and the seat of justice to register his grievance and claim redress; yet on the statute-book, in the intent, or at least the profession, of the supreme authority, he has rights, few though they may be, which cannot be invaded with impunity. This contrast, which, did our limits permit, we should be glad to trace, even between the mildest and freest forms of non-Christian, and the harshest and most arbitrary of (so-called) Christian governments, authorizes us, in accordance with the writer whose admirable work has elicited this paper, to maintain the identity of the history of personal liberty with that of Christianity.

ART. V.—*Explanations and Sailing Directions, to accompany the Wind and Current Charts, approved by Commodore Charles Morris, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, and published by Authority of Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy.* By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., Lieutenant U. S. N., Superintendent of the National Observatory. Fifth Edition, enlarged and improved. Washington: C. Alexander. 1853.

ONE of the latest of the new sciences which are the offspring of modern observation, is meteorology. The thick quarto before us is an account of efforts set on foot to ascertain, for public and private benefit, for the guidance and safety of national ships and of merchantmen, the laws of the winds, tides, and storms. Governments as well as individuals have become interested in the matter, although as yet no uniform plan in respect to the instruments and modes of investigation appears to have been established. But, in the outward philosophy of the material world, no point surely can be of more serious and happy concern, than to understand how the wild and, as we call them, lawless elements of nature are themselves brought into perfect obedience to unvarying rules.

Nothing can be more sublime and beautiful, than to see that order, which disposes and reins in the mighty masses of the universe, extending to all the lighter, less ponderable, and often invisible parts and elements of the creation. We think it a great triumph when the planets are weighed and their revolutions determined, eclipses predicted, the return of comets anticipated, the bearing of constellations to each other in immensity fixed, and globes, that had hid away in obscure paths, by the evident fellowship and affectionate perturbation of their companions, unearthed, so to speak, from their profound burrowing in the sky. But is it not even more wonderful, when the crooked current of the sea, and the flighty motion of the breeze, and the awful whirl and wheeling of the tempest, are in their troop made part in this great ovation and subjected to standards that promise to be as exact as those which take in the solid spheres, the elliptic orbits, and unerring conjunctions of the heavens? Truly it is a subject of marvel and congratulation, not only to believe, but to be actually learning, that such words as chance and mischance have really at bottom no meaning or pertinency through all the operations of Nature; that to the possible intelligence and ability even of man there is absolutely no such thing as what we denominate being at the mercy of winds and waves; that he is probably going to be able to trace the generation of a hurricane as he would that of a plant, and mark his path round the commotions that sweep from pole to pole as he throws a causeway over a torrent; and that in the mercy of that God, who reigns above and below, it may be not irreverently said, we shall by and by have a new, strange, double application of the sacred lines, —

“Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear!”

Like the bow of hope on the lurid thunder-cloud, such an expectation shines on the black and troubled ground of those marine disasters by which, during this very past season, so much valuable life and property — (it is said one hundred and thirty vessels with two thousand lives) — has been foundered or cast away on the pitiless rocks.

The work which has moved our pen, and whose title we have given, contains a vast amount of curious and precious information, which we should in vain attempt even to condense or epitomize in our pages, and suggests not a few questions perhaps more appropriate to a purely philosophic journal, and in the discussion of whose subtle depths or wide details we might not carry along the readers of a literary review. Perhaps, too, it is only justice to refer those whose minds may be specially exercised on the subject to the ideas of the accomplished and zealous author himself, as he has expressed them in his own words, though it costs us some little sacrifice of personal inclination, we confess, to omit the quotation of many a passage including facts novel or entertaining, important to every public navy and every little vessel on the world of waters, or welcome to every lover of truth. We can only make the cursory statement, that our writer's theme carries him over such topics as the tides and currents of the whole oceanic world, the general circulation of the atmosphere and its probable relation to magnetism, the influence of the Gulf-Stream on commerce, red fogs and sea-dust, clouds and the Equatorial Cloud Ring, the geological agency of the winds, the saltiness of the sea, the open sea of the Arctic Ocean, the importance of ascertaining the depths of the ocean, with directions for taking deep-sea soundings and the report of many experiments, and many striking circumstances with regard to the various species of whales; while the printed text of the volume is accompanied with numerous valuable drawings and maps, among which are the pilot sheet, the diagram of the winds, the storm and rain chart, the pilot chart, the thermal charts, the whale charts, and the basin of the North Atlantic Ocean. There are also tables showing the best average routes between New York and Europe, the routes to Rio, and the California passage, embracing proof that a regard to the results of manifold observations very considerably reduces the time of sailing to particular ports, and that thus, as well as by the progress of invention in other ways, and the direct art of locomotion, we may expect this time to be finally shortened in all the paths of the seas. Commending to all engaged in the multifarious trade, or the social and political inter-

course of the world at large, these heads, of which we are sorry to give here only so meagre a synopsis, we venture to ask attention to a few further remarks on the ocean, as an object, by the place it fills and the part it plays, winning upon the human mind and imagination, and, in the study or admiration it draws to itself, involving respect and sympathy for all who deal with it or make it their abode.

From the earliest times of man's neighborhood to the sea, it has been an object of great and predominating interest. All literature, sacred and profane, has paid its homage to the sea, and gathered thence power and beauty for its own shape and adorning. The Hebrew singer, in admiration and joy, cries out to God, "The earth is full of thy riches: so is this great and wide sea." Every reader must have been struck with the words of addition in this second clause with its flowing line like an organ-swell, as though the wind of inspiration, for a time gently breathing, on a sudden rose and swept through the psalmist's mind. Whence came this feeling of David about the sea? He dwelt in an inland town, probably had never seen much of the watery deep, and nothing at all of its vaster accumulations. He might have beheld the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, might have heard of the Arabian Gulf and the Caspian;—he might have known of his nation's commerce with Tyre, and had from stray travellers reports of the larger Indian Ocean which tosses its billows between South-eastern Asia and that crown of all islands for hugeness, the Australian land of newly discovered gold. But he knew nothing of the sea, as we are familiar with it, in its immensity, circling the globe and taking in all its continents as but a cluster of islands, filling the air with its eternal roar, and furnishing the scene where no inconsiderable part of the population of the planet are going after their gains or following their investigations in continual adventure and peril. Yet with his eyes or his imagination David gazed at the sea with wondering gladness, and he so saw God's goodness in it that he not only blessed him for it in his soul, but strung it on his lyre for a religious song, moved by its remotely fancied character or its lesser visible appearances to grateful anthems, not always lifted by those who have been introduced to its fuller glory.

While abiding on the sea's borders, walking amid the sound of its dashing like an endless hosanna to the Creator, clambering among the rocks that bind its wild tumult, whose sharp and yeasty points to the old Greek poet's pen took the figure of foaming tusks, in our silent and solitary pace we have often inwardly heard David's sublime refrain on his harp, his quick after-clap of praise and jubilee. Nothing is more important than that we should connect great and religious thoughts with those most familiar and chief objects of the universe which are ever in our sight, such as the earth and the sun, the moon and the mountains, the stars and the sea.

But with not a few a better acquaintance than David's with the sea does not excite David's emotion, as it is said that the great and conscientious man, the strong and severe John Calvin, lived on the brink of the splendid and rarely matched Lake of Geneva without his cheek ever kindling at it, or one image from its perfect proportions and exquisite changes stealing into the composition or color of his style. Such persons may ask, What is the use of the sea,—this infinite barren waste, so dangerous and dreadful, covered with gloom, lined with merciless crags, yawning into fathomless pits, dragging down uncounted lives and unreckoned treasure into its awful, unmeasured grave, with relentless fury howling and opening its jaws for still more prey, and hiding with its gray and ruffled mantle, that broadly flutters in the gale, nearly three quarters of the world; heaving at the tropics, icing the pole, and everywhere like a chained beast fretting and gnawing at its tether as discontented with the boundaries which the Almighty by his finger drew, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed"; as though the mad, melancholy, destroying element had an encroaching disposition, and like a demon must needs be fettered and repressed? What is the use of the sea? quoth the sceptic or objector. We reply with the question, Who shall number or estimate its uses, they are so many and so great? Is the rain useful, as it falls, Heaven's benediction on the parched ground, to revive and fertilize the earth, to make the subterraneous streams and springs of water, and ever freshly feed them for their clear issues, that we may not die of thirst,

—to bring forth from the quickened soil year after year “seed for the sower, and bread for the eater,” that we may not die of hunger,—to form all the rivers on whose green banks grow the richest harvests, and along whose current is borne their abundance to the abodes of men? Is this early and latter rain of any value? “Hath it a father?” as God said to Job. Truly its mother is the sea. It is born of the broad, weltering mass in ever-upsteaming vapor; it takes the sunshine for its carriage, and travels through the sky to drop gently on every place of want. “And who hath begotten the dew” which descends so noiseless and so small to the ground, that ear never heard nor eye saw its fall? It is sent for our behoof from that same tempestuous and raging ocean, which one would think could scarce have a hand in an office so delicate as distilling from its bitter brine the purest drops in all nature, to clothe the meadows in verdure and impearl every blade of grass. Whence too pass those clouds, swift couriers through the air, which, when they yield no rich freight to the land, yet temper and vary the light so gratefully to the eye, fill the sky with such spectacles of enchantment, and shield our heads from the smiting of what would often be the intolerable day? They are messengers of the sea. Well might the bard, beholding the sea in its softer moods and its finer attentions courting us with continual benefits, exclaim,—

“Hark to the greeting of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he can be!”

For kindly and constantly the sea pours out a horn of plenty on the shore against which it chafes, not in wrath, though we call it angry, but in mercy. Whence, again, the winds themselves, bearing the clouds and preventing or breaking up the stagnation of the air, that would else breed disease and death? The cooling sea, according to the law of gravity, shifting the strata of the air, affords us those pleasant varieties of temperature which are of so much consequence to health and happiness and life. The sea is the cave of the winds. The sea is the tonic of the world. The sea is the bracing girdle of all animated existence. Verily we shall make out a case for the sea, the rough, resistless sea, as being full of the riches of God’s benefaction to man.

But the argument is superfluous; for the half is not yet told. The sea is not only our well in mid-land, daily frequented, (for our many wells are really but one,) and not only our water-carrier to irrigate the earth, without whose aid the united forces of the human race, had they any fountain to dip from, could not keep the vegetable world for a moment so supplied with moisture, but that it would speedily melt away and perish into dust: the sea is also our road and grand means of communication. It does not separate, but unites, the members of the human family. It is no bar, but a bridge. Its liquid floor is trampled for ever by millions who go to and fro on errands of commerce and friendship, knowledge and invention. The sea, furthermore, is one of our great storehouses, wherein God has garnered up the food which forms a large portion of the sustenance of human life. And shall we, in selfish contemplation only of our own delight, forget that the sea is also the home of innumerable creatures, with as much right to life as ourselves, whom its uproar does not disturb nor its breakers involve in ruin, who glide in peace "with glittering scales" through its most terrible commotion, and have each one a sum of enjoyment, a little boon of life, making an aggregate amount of felicity counted by no deep arithmetician, and redounding to the incalculable praise of God,—the sea, the gloomy sea, birthplace and shelter and nutriment of it all? Well may our modern enthusiast, too well known to be named in this branch of science which especially touches the sea, rejoice less in mere health or mere worldly pleasure, than in the finding of a new species of fish; for, insignificant as it may seem to a common eye, it is finding a new form of the benignity of Heaven.

The temporal benefits of the sea, its place in the grand economy of Nature, its ministrations to the body, — the channel of intercourse, magazine of wealth, bond of nations, spring of life to man and bird and beast and plant, that it is, — all suffice to demonstrate its utility and vindicate the wisdom of its Creator. But it is not only a fund of means and appliances to our external wants; it is also an educator of internal power. How much intelligence man has gained in exploring the sea! How much faculty man has unfolded in wrestling

with the sea! How much intellectual skill and strength for his undying, immortal privilege has the mighty and hazardous deep on keen penalties demanded, by fearful warnings required, and with sure processes developed, before he could whiten it with his fleets, cut it swiftly in all directions with his keels, explore its coast indented with ten thousand harbors, and turn its fathomless, unspanned Atlantic abyss into a short ferry! Indeed, there is something finer than the sea itself, and that is its own offspring in the genius it has unfolded in those who have tempted its billows, till they can lay their hand on its mane, calculate its storms in their roundness and rotation like an orb as a problem in algebra, avail themselves of its gulf-streams, map out in depth and extent all its qualities, and convert it in every way, like a little tool in their hands, to their own purposes. The sea has been instructor, a rough but effectual schoolmaster. Mankind owes by far the greater part of its enterprise, fortitude, courage, to searching into it and battling with it,—ay, more, and more precious strength and bravery, by far, than to the bloody warring, always sad if ever needful, of man with man. The sea has verily been, as the term goes, an honorable field of conflict. The strife with the elements has been fruitful of noble spoils of victory, for a permanent possession in human welfare. Many a host of combatants has sunk, many a dear existence has gone down in it. But man must die somewhere, on land or ocean. He dies well anywhere in toil and duty. The education which God designs for the human soul goes on increasing to his sons in successive generations, while the spirit, that expires from the frame in faithful labor or in patient endurance, in a last sigh amid surrounding friends, or

“with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,”

through the crested surge as through the summer air, ascends to God for higher service. If our friends have died at sea, let us not mourn more than if they had died on land. Nay, let us speak a blessing on the voyagers of the sea. Ever honored be the conscript that has fought for us in this true naval contest! Morally guided, religiously saved, be the seaman, whom we may be tempted to despise as we meet him in the

street, yet who has grappled with wave and hurricane for our conquests, and plucked safety and comfort for us from the teeth of jeopardy and the black whirlpool of despair and ruin! Where but for him were our lordly mansions, our great cities, our magnificent marts of trade? Worthy is he of our grateful sympathy and aid on the shore,—for what is the town that we live in, but a house by his painstaking built from the sea? What is our civilization, but a growth out of the sea? What our humanity, but something as it were washed upon the land?

A wondrous volume of instruction, too, the sailor has opened to us. By no written book, by no ingenious instrument, by no philosophic scheme, by no other earthly object,—no, not by all the revolutions of the solar system, as we imagine its spinning orbs, or study in diagrams and orreries their shining motions, have we been so taught as by the sea. Tilling the land itself has not produced an ampler harvest of information, or stirred so bold an order of energies in the soul. From Phœnicia to Scandinavia, to England, to our Western world, this precious pupilage under the stormy winds and waves has gone on. The noblest structure, embodying the most of human thought and dexterity, beyond what is required for palaces or temples, is that house built for the restless sea, a ship. The sea, the wild sea, our teacher! It is as though God, when he made the ocean, said to it, “Go, be the educator of my human family! Tempt out their active faculties, sharpen their wits, quicken to forever higher efforts their invention, try their endurance, harden their nerves, lure them without end to new enterprise, sting their curiosity to hunt out all thy retreats and windings, from the burning line to either frozen pole, till shout and jubilee shall at last rise for the crowning merit of taking thy measure at every point, showing in the varying depths through all thy bottom, as in a mould, the inverted mountains of the globe, laying down every vertical or horizontal limit, till the noble vessel shall ride safe, for acquisition or communication of good, in every zone and by every promontory, scared by no frost or ice, taking Arctic and Antarctic, the Aurora Borealis and Australis, into the maze of her circuits.”

But there is a yet loftier use than any material, or even in-

tellectual or merely moral utility, in the beauty with which God has dressed the sea to charm the soul. The oldest learning has recorded the exclamations of amazement and delight with which men have for the first time looked on the sea, as though in it the Maker were showing them his most beautiful work. From the heroes of Homer in Greece to the soldiers of Cortez the Spaniard,

“ Silent upon a peak in Darien,”

runs the long exultation at sight of the sea; and from interior Canadian regions now over new iron roads rush throngs on their journey, not stopping at the highlands that beckon to them, to behold the sea. But who shall attempt to paint the marvellous beauty by which the sons and daughters of men are so drawn and gladdened! Many a picture on canvas of the ocean in its many different sittings has been made, but none quite like the picture which the ocean is in itself,—smooth and glassy, tempting the gazer with elfin witchery, or foamy-white raving at all approach, rising and falling with liquid lapse from side to side, in tidal change dancing with the sun and moon that reach down to it on its lustrous floor,—in its rudest dash on the rocks with more than any Niagara’s fulness making no harsh sound, but plaintive music as on the minor key, and anon over the playground of some little inlet in a frolic with its ripples, with which mingles, round all the headlands of the globe, the very thunder of its rage, the softest and mellowest as well as loudest sound in nature,—its whole aspect made by those three rings and enormous circles, the lines of all beauty, the arch of the sky, the bend of the earth, and the embrace of the horizon, matchless curves indeed at once of grace and splendor meeting in the mysterious point of farthest vision, till beauty on a scale so great waxes into sublimity, and they become the same thing, and the wheel within a wheel at length shows but a vanishing arc where the globular hemisphere of waves falls from view, and we as it were with it, over the edge of the round world, carrying the mind across the misty bound into the inconceivable infinity;—while perpetual exhalations ascend, tinged by the light with every hue, carved by the restless air with shifting

sculpture into every shape, with altering mood and ceaseless fairy motion gliding all through the sky and over the land, or folded into gloomy phantoms and charged with arrowy or chain lightning to please the sense and touch the imagination of those who never saw the sea itself, whence, as from some artist's secret chamber, at the Almighty's will, they are sent forth. The beauty of the sea! But that we must put our thoughts into words, it were vanity and presumption beside the sea, the great reality itself, to try to describe it.

But this beauty and grandeur lead us one step still further, beyond the eye and fancy to the diviner nature in us, for which the sea performs its highest function through its religious influence. For the immeasurable sea moves in us more than does aught beside, under heaven, a sense of God and a feeling of worship. Whatever we cannot weigh or fathom suggests at once the attributes of the Deity, — of Him whose “way is in the sea, and whose path in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known.” There are other sublime objects in this world; but when they have produced their whole effect on the heart, they fall short of the sea. The mountain shoots into the air, or the cataract plunges into the gulf, and shows all that it is or can do. The sea lies lowly and prostrate at our feet, lifting its head into no pretence, but stretching far away a boundless plain and hiding its magazines of strength in unsounded caverns. This, its reserved power, what an image of the Deity concealing the resources by whose unqualified display we should be overwhelmed! The most dreadful lashing of the sea, its tempest-tost waves, its wild assault on beach or rocky shore, though the most impressive and awful thing in nature, seems but the slightest sign of its tremendous force, is but its insensible perspiring, the feeblest demonstration of what, thoroughly roused, it could do. A little shifting of the level, the careless tipping of its basin, and how as in a moment should we be overflowed and buried! Truly the sublimity, that takes hold of our adoration, comes mainly from the sea. There are in the universe absolutely sublimer things. The stars in themselves are sublimer. But they are too distant and by most men too little apprehended to affect us in proportion to their sublimity. In the

sea sublimity is brought near, placed at our very feet, made in its hugeness moving and nimble, flashed upon our sight, and poured into our ear till it floods the soul, lifts us in transport from the ground, and speeds our admiration from itself to its Creator. This, indeed, should be held the inestimable advantage. Our chief debt to this material world is for whatever of grand and terrible in it thus excites to shudders of holy joy and rapt devotion before the Most High. Things esteemed disastrous and destructive to our outward peace and security thus become infinitely precious, more than atoning for their injuries by their spiritual benefits. The earthquake and the tornado, fierce storms and volcanic fires, though they shake and terrify and waste, notwithstanding bless, by reminding us, in our thoughtless enjoyments, of God. How they start men from idle self-indulgence and ease, admonishing them to lay up treasure, beyond wreck and convulsion, in heaven! How many knees have they made to tremble and bend in prayer, how many hard, stony hearts have they softened to submission, in how many rebellious souls have they wrought trust in Him who alone can save! But more than the rare volcano and infrequent earthquake, more than the occasional blaze and outburst from the sky, does the incessant heavy roll of the troubled sea, with the motion of its gigantic step, in hazardous, uneasy state bearing a thousand fleets on its back, bow men before the Almighty, and constrain their resort to that only protection which is perfect and supreme. Who shall tell how much religion has come out of the sea, of how many supplications it has been the parent,—entreaties not alone of the voyager for himself, but for his home, and from his home for him? How many breathings of confidence and sighs for preserving goodness have mingled with the ocean-hurricanes that inspired them, and, spite of their blast, more audible than their crash, have mounted to the All-hearing! Were it only as a shrine and oratory, a source of hymns and sacred songs, an altar of sacrifice in petition and praise, a great call to self-consecration, there would be use enough in the sea, reason for its existence from Him who has made nothing in vain, and who has left this magnificent phenomenon for his monument and memorial to all generations.

We confess as our principal blessing that Christian faith which can bend and find the Heavenly Father in a house made with hands, or can transform the narrowest room into a temple. But we should humble ourselves too in that larger temple which he has fashioned for himself. The strictest believer in an historic creed should not think it ill to enter that sanctuary of the sea, which, as from its holy spaces with its salt breezes it cleanses the air above and the ground below, only thus symbolizes the purity into which its well-observed flow and its moral embrace will season and wash our souls. If the mercies of God have been so great to us, that we feel we can name them only by calling them a sea, then let us be grateful for such an image of his love. If the pains and sorrows of existence have so poured upon our frame of body and soul that we look up and cry, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," yet for the holy influence from the passing gusty swell let our complaint end in lowly acknowledgment, and our song even in the tempest be to Him who comforts and delivers us with a love so great and an exceeding salvation, with a life which many waters cannot quench, neither floods drown.

We have, as we trust not unfitly, thus been led from the lower to the higher aspects of our theme. The sea has become of late years so attractive and familiar to our population, and has drawn so many to make their dwelling on its borders, that it may be pleasant, and must needs be profitable, to put it into the light of thought, and to entertain the best reflections of which it can fairly be made the subject. The coming season, as the sun shall wax in his heat, will again send a multitude for health and recreation to that ocean-side which the feet of our fathers first trod, and to which we go back as pilgrims. It is no inappropriate or untimely wish, that, in reaching their immediate outward objects, they may study the matchless spectacle in its relations to the mind, so that the sea may not only be playmate and physician, but preceptor too, teaching manifold lessons of wisdom, and among them such as will make the soul to be for ever wise.

- ART. VI.—1. *Notes and Emendations to the Text of SHAKESPEARE'S Plays, from Early Manuscript Corrections in a Copy of the Folio 1632, in the Possession of J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A., forming a Supplemental Volume to the Works of SHAKESPEARE, by the same Editor. The Second Edition, revised and enlarged.* London: Whitaker & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 528.
2. *Manuscript Corrections from a Copy of the Fourth Folio of SHAKESPEARE'S Plays.* Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 8vo. pp. 51.
3. *The Text of SHAKESPEARE vindicated from the Interpolations and Corruptions advocated by JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., in his Notes and Emendations.* By SAMUEL WELLER SINGER. London: W. Pickering. 1853. 8vo. pp. 312.
4. *A Few Notes on SHAKESPEARE; with Occasional Remarks on the Emendations of the Manuscript Corrector in MR. COLLIER'S Copy of the Folio 1632.* By the REV. ALEXANDER DYCE. London: John Russell Smith. 1853. 8vo. pp. 156.
5. *Remarks on MR. J. P. COLLIER'S and MR. C. KNIGHT'S Editions of SHAKESPEARE.* By the REV. ALEXANDER DYCE. London: Edward Moxon. 1844.

It seems strange that the text of Shakespeare, which has been in existence less than two hundred and fifty years, should be far more uncertain and corrupt than that of the New Testament, now over eighteen centuries old, during nearly fifteen of which it existed only in manuscript. The industry of collators and commentators, indeed, has collected a formidable array of "various readings" in the Greek text of the Scriptures; but the number of these which have any good claim to be received, and which also seriously affect the sense, is so small, that they may almost be counted upon the fingers. With perhaps a dozen or twenty exceptions, the text of every verse in the New Testament may be said to be so far settled by the general consent of scholars, that any dispute as to its meaning must relate rather to the interpretation of the words than to any doubt respecting the words themselves. But in

every one of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays, there are probably a hundred readings still in dispute, a large proportion of which materially affect the meaning of the passages in which they occur. The publication of Mr. Collier's recent volume, which, according to some critics, has not settled a single point which was formerly in controversy, has given us about a thousand new topics for the commentators to quarrel about. Many passages in the received text are also admitted to be hopelessly corrupt, as no consistent meaning can be given to them without doing violence to the language.

It would be a curious and important investigation to assign all the causes of this astonishing difference. But a full discussion of this subject would occupy a volume rather than an article; and our only purpose here is to speak briefly of the circumstances which have caused the text of our great dramatist to be so maimed and perverted, and have left so many passages to be settled by every reader according to his own taste and fancy.

The first of these causes may be found in the character of Shakespeare himself,—in his unconsciousness of the greatness of his work, and his consequent indifference about its preservation. He wrote, not for the press, but for the theatre; and the only success of any one of his plays which he seems to have cared for, was its effect in swelling the profits of the theatrical company in which he was both an actor and a shareholder. He did not superintend, and there is no reason to believe that he even authorized, the publication of one of his dramas. The interests of the company were best served by retaining them in manuscript and in their own possession, so as to prevent the representation of them in rival theatres. Thus, not even written copies of them were multiplied beyond the needs of this single band of performers. Surreptitious copies sometimes got out, and piratical booksellers published them, but generally in so imperfect and corrupt a state that the author might have been puzzled to recognize his own progeny. Yet Shakespeare seems to have given himself no further concern about the matter than was implied in taking better care of the manuscripts of his later plays, very few of which appeared in print before the collective edition of his works was published, in 1623, seven years after his death.

It may appear derogatory to the reputation of our great dramatist, to assert that he wrote his plays for profit rather than fame. But we have no doubt that gain was his only motive. Of the publication of his Poems, indeed,—the *Venus* and *Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*,—he seems to have taken more care, as if he looked to the good opinion that men might form of them. He certainly wrote dedications of them to the Earl of Southampton, and, as the tradition goes, received a splendid proof of this nobleman's munificence in return. He must therefore have prepared the manuscript for the press; and the text is accordingly found in tolerably good condition, having given but little trouble to the commentators. But the plays were written to please such audiences as thronged the rude theatres of that period,—cheap wooden structures, open to the sky at the place designed for the spectators, most of whom were also compelled to stand on the ground, either in front or at the sides. The applause of such a rabble was of little worth; all that was expected of them was their presence and the price of their admission. Provided the performances were attractive enough to allure a throng, the players cared for nothing further; and Shakespeare, who was one of the busiest among them,—at once actor, playwright, and shareholder,—was equally well satisfied. At times the company was honored with a request, or a command rather, to perform at the houses of some of the nobility, or even at court; but this honor was prized not so much for its own sake, as for the protection which it insured them, and the consequent permission to continue their gainful efforts to please the populace.

The English drama, it must be remembered, was then in its infancy; it was hardly twenty years old when Shakespeare entered upon the profession. The *Mysteries* and *Moralities* which preceded it were not of much higher rank than the performances of *Punch and Judy*, or of the *Doctor* and his *Merry Andrew*, at a much later day. The players seem, at first, to have been merely tolerated, not licensed. Under Edward VI., severe measures were taken to repress dramatic performances and the publication of plays. For two years, under Mary, they were totally inhibited. The government of Eliza-

both discountenanced them at first, but by degrees they were permitted. In 1572, an act was passed to limit the number of itinerant performers, and it was renewed with additional severity in 1597. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen succeeded in excluding them from the precincts of the city, but they found shelter in the liberties. Not till 1576 was any building set apart for theatrical representations; previously, they had only temporary accommodations in structures designed for other purposes. The Puritanic feeling seems to have been aroused against them, while they appear to have found favor with the nobility, and some indulgence at court. Thus, the several associations of players called themselves the companies of the Queen, the Earls of Leicester, Derby, and Sussex, and the Lords Hunsdon and Strange. The connection thus implied was probably little more than nominal; but the persecuted actors seem to have found some protection under it. Their chief dependence was on the strong attachment of the populace, with whom theatrical performances were as much in favor as bear-baiting, and but little more reputable. After Shakespeare had been on the stage about ten years, he was obliged to join his comrades in a very humble petition to the Privy Council, because some of the inhabitants of Blackfriars, where their playhouse was situated, had sent in a formal remonstrance, not only against the repairing and enlargement of the building, a work which had been already begun, but against any more dramatic performances. By the staid and respectable citizens of those days, the theatre was evidently regarded as a mere nuisance. The Council granted the petition of the actors so far as to allow the repairs to be completed, but forbade the contemplated enlargement of the house.

Little honor, but much profit, was to be expected from writing plays under these circumstances. Such was evidently Shakespeare's mode of looking at the matter; and many of his characteristics as a dramatist may be partially accounted for by this explanation of his purpose. Hence the wildness, freedom, and sweetness of his style, uncurbed by critics' rules; hence the mixture of tragedy and comedy, — the repetition of favorite characters, like Falstaff with his attendants, in sev-

eral plays,* — the frequent introduction of a clown or jester, and of scraps of old ballads or songs; hence the verbal quips and conceits, the presence of which we now regard as a blemish; hence, also, the choice of the subjects of his plays, most of which are drawn from popular stories and legends, and from the history of England, which, even as late as Henry VIII., had already become legendary in the memory of the illiterate populace. We have no doubt that the Porter's speech in

* The title-pages of the surreptitious quarto editions of the plays which were published in Shakespeare's lifetime are very significant, for they show which characters in them had especially commended them to the favor of the populace. Thus, in 1598, we have an edition of "*The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstafle.*" In 1600, we have "*The Second Part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir John Falstafle and swaggering Pistoll.*" The title-page of Henry the Fifth, published the same year, does not fail to specify "*his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll.*" Still more promising in its adaptation to the tastes of the populace was the bill of fare for *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was first printed in 1602: — "*A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstafle and the merrie Wives of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll and Corporall Nym.*" If this seems too much like a modern title-page to Mother Goose, it should be remembered that the populace are always children, and Shakespeare certainly treated them like children when catering for their tastes.

How he pressed English history into his service when laboring for the same end, may be further conjectured from the title-page of *Richard III.*, first published in 1597. "*The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous plots against his brother Clarence; the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephews: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death.*" This reads like an extract from Mr. Dickens's "*Child's History of England.*" To the vulgar, history, even that of their own country, is only a great story-book, not a whit more authentic, and certainly not more entertaining, than Shakespeare's plays or Scott's novels. We think that a sufficient argument might be founded on this very title-page against the whimsical Horace Walpole's "*Historic Doubts*" respecting Richard III.; for it shows what was the universal impression of the great body of the illiterate English people respecting that sovereign only about a hundred years after his death, — a period surely not too long for a very accurate portraiture of him to be handed down in household tradition. The grandfathers, if not the fathers, of some of those who first saw Richard III. played at the Blackfriars Theatre, might have told their children how the crooked-backed tyrant looked just before the battle of Bosworth Field. There was much truth as well as point in the reply of a statesman, who, when challenged for an authority respecting an alleged fact in English history, boldly answered, "*Shakespeare's Plays, — the only History of England I ever read.*"

Macbeth, which has given so much offence, was written to please that least reputable portion of a theatrical audience, which is accommodated now-a-days in the shilling gallery, and was designed to be omitted when the play was performed at court, or at a nobleman's house. When he wrote exclusively for "gentle" readers, and designed to dedicate his performance to a nobleman, Shakespeare's tone and manner were very different. Witness either the *Venus and Adonis*, or the *Lucrece*, which are perfectly regular poems, very uniform in versification, and showing artistic unity in the plot and embellishments. The remark may appear a bold one, but we fully believe that Shakespeare no more thought of *publishing* his Plays, than the late Joe Grimaldi did of printing his Pantomimes. They were designed exclusively for the stage, and for the exclusive benefit of the theatrical company to which their author belonged. They were not intended to add to his reputation, but to fill his purse; and this purpose they accomplished admirably.

Shakespeare came up to London a penniless young man, his father being on the verge of bankruptcy, and a stain resting on his own character from the youthful indiscretions which had forced him into an ill-assorted marriage, at the age of eighteen, with a woman older than himself, and had made the most influential country gentleman in the neighborhood of his birthplace his implacable enemy. The only friends he could claim in the great metropolis were the players whose acquaintance he had made, when, in the course of an itinerant round of performances, they had visited his native village; and his only resource was to join their company, and make himself useful in the best way he could. His post at first was an humble one, for he was reckoned only as the twelfth in a company of sixteen members; but he rose rapidly. "In 1596, he was fifth in a company of eight members; and in 1603, he was second in a company of nine members." Only eleven years after his seemingly desperate attempt to seek his fortune in the metropolis, he had become rich enough to buy "New Place," a "great house" in his native town, and establish his family in it; and five years afterwards he bought one hundred and seven acres of neighboring land, and attached it to his

dwelling. In less than a twelvemonth, he purchased two other tenements in Stratford, so that he was now a considerable land-owner. After making a very cautious estimate, Mr. Collier considers £400 a year (equal to at least £1,600, or \$8,000, at the present value of money) the very lowest amount at which his income can be reckoned in 1608." Ward, who was vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon less than fifty years after Shakespeare's death, says his income was so large "that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year, as I have heard." At the early age of forty-eight, still in the prime of his physical and mental strength, but seemingly thinking that he was rich enough and had worked long enough, he dissolved his connection with the playhouse, quitted London, and went down to end his days in quiet and inglorious ease at his native place, apparently unconscious that he had done any thing extraordinary. His plays—the foundation upon which has since risen the towering fabric of a reputation "the greatest in our literature, the greatest in all literature"—were carelessly left behind in London, for his old associates to do with them whatsoever they would,—the larger number of them still existing only in manuscript, in carelessly written playhouse copies,—the others in print, indeed, but only in pirated, unfaithful, and curiously maimed and distorted editions.

And in manuscript or in these "stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that exposed them," they remained till Shakespeare's death, and for seven years afterwards. He seems not to have bestowed another thought upon them after quitting London in 1612. He gave no direction about them in his will, whence we infer that his right of ownership in them had ceased, probably as soon as he sold out his other theatrical property. "Sundry manuscript plays" were perhaps enumerated in the inventory, together with "the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse," estimated at £500, and four out of the twenty shares into which the joint stock was divided, when the whole pecuniary interest of William Shakespeare in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres was disposed of to his old associates or successors. Prospero broke his staff, abjured his magic, and though he did not exactly "drown his

book," he certainly took as little care of it as if he had thrown it overboard.* Its new owners guarded their acquisition with more watchfulness than its author had shown. "With the single exception of *Othello*, which came out in quarto in 1622, no other new drama by Shakespeare appeared in a printed form between 1609 and the date of the publication of the folio in 1623." The editors of this noted volume, the chief source of "the received text" of the plays, were Heminge and Condell, two of Shakespeare's old associates in the theatre. In dedicating it to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, they represent themselves only as performing a pious "office to the dead,—to procure his Orphans," (as they appropriately term these abandoned children of his brain,) "Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame: onely to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage." This was a very proper tone for them to assume; but if they did not act for "selfe-profit," they certainly had no regard for the interest or rights of Shakespeare's heirs and natural representatives. Whatever profit may have accrued from the publication was shared between the printers and themselves.

We will now borrow again from Mr. Collier's excellent "Life" of Shakespeare, to which we have already been largely indebted.

"It is singular, if we rely upon several coeval authorities, how little our great dramatist was, about this period [1599], known and admired for his plays. Richard Barnfield published his 'Encomion of Lady Perunia' in 1598 (the year in which the list of twelve of Shakespeare's plays was printed by Meres), and from a copy of verses entitled 'Remembrance of some English Poets,' we quote the following notice of Shakespeare:—

'And Shakespeare, thou, whose honey-flowing vein,
Pleasing the world, thy praises doth contain,
Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece*, sweet and chaste,

* As *The Tempest* was written not more than a year or two before Shakespeare quitted London, and as it is even probable that it was the latest play which he wrote, it seems not too fanciful to conjecture, that, in the magnificent soliloquy of Prospero here alluded to, he had in mind his own contemplated withdrawal from the theatre, and abandonment of the dramatic art.

Thy name in Fame's immortal book hath placed ;
 Live ever you, at least in fame live ever :
 Well may the body die, but fame die never.'

"Here Shakespeare's popularity, as 'pleasing the world,' is noticed; but the proofs of it are not derived from the stage, where his dramas were in daily performance before crowded audiences, but from the success of his 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,' which had gone through various editions. Precisely to the same effect, but a still stronger instance, we may refer to a play in which both Burbage and Kempe are introduced as characters, the one of whom had obtained such celebrity in the tragic, and the other in the comic parts in Shakespeare's dramas; we allude to 'The Return from Parnassus,' which was indisputably acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth. In a scene where two young students are discussing the merits of particular poets, one of them speaks thus of Shakespeare:—

'Who loves *Adonis* love or *Lucrece* rape,
 His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life ;
 Could but a graver subject him content,
 Without love's foolish, lazy languishment.'

"Not the most distant allusion is made to any of his dramatic productions, although the poet criticized by the young students immediately before Shakespeare was Ben Jonson, who was declared to be 'the wittiest fellow, of a bricklayer, in England,' but 'a slow inventor.' Hence we might be led to imagine, that, even down to as late a period as the commencement of the seventeenth century, the reputation of Shakespeare depended rather upon his poems than upon his plays; almost as if productions for the stage were not looked upon, at that date, as part of the recognized literature of the country."—Collier's *Shakespeare*, Vol. I. pp. clxxix., clxxx.

Other playwrights seem to have been as careless as Shakespeare was about the fate *in print* of their dramatic performances, however anxious they may have been for success on the stage. If the play had been performed and applauded by the audience, and had thus put money in the author's purse, it had done its work; no gain in point of literary reputation was to be expected from printing what belonged to a department of literature that was held in so light esteem as stage-plays. Opinion on this point was just the reverse of what it is now-a-days, when poets, like Byron, Coleridge, and Brown-ing, write dramas to be printed, but not to be performed. When "The Rape of Lucrece," by Thomas Heywood, was

first printed, in 1608, its author took the unusual course of informing the public, in the Preface, that he had consented to its publication. Yet the impression is full of the grossest blunders, so that we may be sure he did not think it necessary even to see the proof-sheets. Mr. Collier says this edition, "with the author's *imprimatur*, is, we think, the worst specimen of typography that ever met our observation."

"We cannot wonder," adds Mr. Collier, "at the errors in plays surreptitiously procured and hastily printed, which was the case with many impressions of that day. Upon this point, Heywood is an unexceptionable witness; and he tells us of one of his dramas,

‘that some by stenography drew
The plot, put in print, scarce one word true.’

Other dramatists make the same complaint; and there can be no doubt that it was the practice so to defraud authors and actors, and to palm wretchedly disfigured pieces upon the public as genuine and authentic works." — *Ibid.* p. clxxviii.

Plays were falsely attributed to Shakespeare, and published with his name on the title-page, in which it is certain that he had had no hand whatever. Yet he seems to have taken no pains to expose the fraud, or to relieve himself from the imputation of having written what would surely have done him little credit. We ought not to wonder, then, that, when by the fraud of printers, and perhaps by the connivance of some of the inferior actors, very imperfect and disfigured copies of his dramas got abroad, and were published as his genuine productions, he did not disavow them, or complain of the blunders, as Heywood did, but allowed them to pass unnoticed. Sixteen of his plays were thus printed in quarto during his lifetime; and with the addition of *Othello*, which was thus printed in 1622, they formed the only means which the public had of judging his performances, except from their representation on the stage, till the appearance of the first folio edition of all his dramas, in 1623. Many of these plays in the quarto form passed through several editions, the later issue being sometimes a mere reprint of the former, and sometimes claiming to be "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." With regard to the whole sixteen we find no reason to doubt the positive assertion of Heminge and Condell, the editors

of the first folio, that they were "stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors." Some of them do not contain much more than skeletons of the plays, as they now exist, and are also deformed with blunders so gross, that they cannot be accounted for except on the supposition, favored by the lines already quoted from Heywood, that they were copied out, in part at least, by stenography, from the recitation by the players; and, of course, that many passages were imperfectly heard, and imperfectly preserved.* Others may have been printed, in part, from imperfect playhouse copies, surreptitiously obtained; that is, from transcripts of only one part, or of the speeches belonging to one personage in the drama, as they were copied out to be studied by individual performers. Copy for the printers may also have been obtained, or corrected, by inducing some of the actors to repeat their parts slowly at an alehouse or tavern, so that the words could be taken down. A very defective copy, obtained by the first of these methods, for the earliest edition in quarto, may have been subsequently "augmented and amended" by the other expedients, for the later issues. Mr. Charles Knight, a strenuous defender of the untenable hypothesis that Shakespeare himself authorized some of these quarto publications, and even furnished the manuscript for them, they being the first rude sketch of dramas which he afterwards greatly enlarged and improved, is obliged to confess that five out of the sixteen were certainly pirated and extremely defective editions.

We consider this hypothesis untenable, because it is very unlikely that Shakespeare, who allowed the grandest produc-

* That certain booksellers printed a number of plays, surreptitiously procured, in 1637, we learn from an edict of the Lord Chamberlain, addressed to the Stationers' Company, in June of that year, in which he states that complaints had been made to him to that effect by the players, the legal proprietors of those "books of comedies, tragedies, interludes, histories, and the like, which they had (for the special service of his Majesty and for their own use) bought and provided at very dear and high rates." The players added, that by these unfair publications, "not only they themselves had much prejudice, but the books much corruption, to the injury and disgrace of the authors." That a high price was set by the players upon the manuscripts in their possession of plays as yet unpublished, we know from the direct testimony of Humphrey Moseley, in the preface to the collection of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas which he published in 1647.

tions of his mature genius, like Macbeth, the Tempest, Othello, Julius Cæsar, and many others, to remain in manuscript throughout his lifetime, and who left no directions about publishing them even in his will, should have voluntarily given to the world the first rude sketches of his earlier plays, — sketches which soon appeared to him so imperfect, that they needed to be entirely rewritten before they could keep their place even upon the stage. Besides, it may reasonably be doubted whether Shakespeare ever retraced his steps, and took up again for more elaborate and careful treatment a subject which he had once dismissed as a drama fit for representation. He rewrote, indeed, the plays of others; but we have direct and unimpeachable evidence that he did not rewrite a speech, a line, or a word in a play of his own. More than any secular writer whom the world has known, he realized the theory of inspiration. Heminge and Condell, his associates and the editors of the first complete edition of his plays, inform us explicitly, that "*what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*" And Ben Jonson, also his intimate friend, says, "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line." Honest Ben directly adds, it is true, "My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand!" But Shakespeare and he had very different notions of composition. His dramas were wrought out, as if he had been still piling bricks, with the sweat of his brow; while the thoughts of the gentle bard of Avon voluntarily "moved harmonious numbers." Jonson may have rewritten his plays, but Shakespeare never.

With regard to the quarto editions, whether they were all pirated or not, it is indisputable that they are lamentably maimed, botched, and defective. The first of them was Romeo and Juliet, which appeared in 1597, seven or eight years after Shakespeare began to write for the stage. Two years afterwards, a second edition of the same play appeared, claiming to be "newly corrected, augmented, and amended"; and in three subsequent issues, the "augmentations" had become so large, that while, in Stevens's reprint, the first edi-

tion occupies only *seventy-three* pages, the edition of 1609, reprinted in the same volume and same type, fills *ninety-nine* pages. Some of these augmentations, as Mr. Knight says, "are amongst the most masterly passages in the whole play"; but he forgets to add, that there are others which are not much needed, and are hardly worthy to be Shakespeare's *first* thought, much less his *second*. And even the more imaginative and exquisite lines which first appear in the later edition are, for the most part, but additions of considerable length to speeches and soliloquies, which, to an impatient copyist hastily taking down the words from the player's recital, might appear tedious and unnecessary for the full development of the plot or distinct portraiture of the characters. Thus, the long speech of the Friar in the opening scene of the fourth act is expanded from *thirteen* lines in the first publication to *thirty-three* in the edition of 1609. It is far more likely that the copyist omitted the twenty lines in the former case, than that Shakespeare added them in the latter, as they are not wanted for the business of the plot, and are rather an impediment if the drama be considered as an *acting* one. Juliet's soliloquy in the third scene of the same act was retrenched in a similar manner by the copyist for the first edition in quarto, after he had given all the necessary points in it to enable the reader to understand the progress of the incidents. Shakespeare did not rewrite his plays for the mere purpose of eking out long speeches with poetical tail-pieces. Passionate and wildly fanciful as the lines are, which were first printed in the later quarto, they are but the natural — the inevitable — completion of Juliet's thought as the mighty master conceived it.

Hamlet was first printed in quarto in 1603, and was reprinted in the same form the next year, with the following addition to the title-page:—"Newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie." Here we have a very distinct assertion that the first quarto was *not* a true and perfect copy, and we know that it does not contain much more than half of the play as it now exists. Even Mr. Knight, therefore, is obliged to confess that it was piratical, and that it may

have been "published in haste from a short-hand copy, taken from the mouths of the players"; though he still adheres to the hypothesis, in this case utterly indefensible, that the Hamlet enacted on the stage in or before 1603, from which this stolen short-hand copy was taken, was not the Hamlet which we now have, but only an immature first draft, — the earliest conception, and comparatively feeble expression, of what was afterwards wrought into a noble drama. In other words, he maintains that the deficiencies of the first quarto are attributable to the piratical copyist in some small degree indeed, but in great part to Shakespeare himself, who had already, and even some years before, written such plays as *Henry IV.*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *King John*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. He confesses that "all the *action* of the amended Hamlet is to be found in the first sketch"; so that Shakespeare rewrote the piece, in this instance as in the former one, merely for the purpose of lengthening out the speeches with poetical imaginings and philosophical aphorisms, leaving the plot and the characters just as they were before. Among the many puerile conceits and baseless suppositions of the commentators on Shakespeare, this hypothesis stands unmatched for absurdity.

We lay it down almost as an axiom, then, that whenever the early quarto editions fail to give, even in a perverted and misprinted condition, *the whole* text as we now possess it, the omissions and deficiencies are attributable solely to "the frauds and stealths of the injurious impostors" who published them. Several of these editions are confessedly complete, or nearly so, being probably derived from full playhouse copies that had been surreptitiously obtained, though the printers sadly marred and defaced them on the published pages. But others are so imperfect, that, if we depended for the text upon them alone, Shakespeare would seem to fall to the level of a second-rate dramatist. The first quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, as we have seen, contains only about three fourths of the text; the first Hamlet only about half. The quarto *Henry V.* contains only about eighteen hundred lines, while the perfect text has thirty-five hundred. Malone justly says, "The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript pro-

cured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakespeare's. The choruses, which are wanting in it, and which must have been written in 1599, before the quarto was printed, prove this." The folio Othello has one hundred and sixty-three lines that are not in the quarto; and as the quarto of this play was published six years after Shakespeare's death, and only one year before the folio, Mr. Knight is obliged to abandon his hypothesis, and to acknowledge that the earlier edition was piratical and defective. Richard II. in the first quarto is defective by a whole scene, containing one hundred and fifty-four lines; and the Second Part of Henry IV., as printed in the folio, has about one hundred and fifty lines that are not in the quarto. The quarto Lear omits only about fifty lines of the genuine text; but its surreptitious and defective origin is still more clearly indicated by another peculiarity, which we will allow Mr. Knight to describe.

"In the quarto text, the metrical arrangement is one mass of confusion. Speech after speech, and scene after scene, which in the genuine copy of the folio are metrically correct, are, in the quarto, either printed as prose, or the lines are so mixed together, without any apparent knowledge in the editor of the metrical laws by which they were constructed, that it would have been almost impossible, from this text alone, to have reduced them to any thing like the form in which they were written by the author. This circumstance appears to us conclusive, that *these quarto copies could not have been printed from the author's manuscript.*"

Summing up the whole matter, then, we may ask, What would be the state of Shakespeare's text, if we were obliged to depend solely upon the editions that were published in his lifetime? In the first place, twenty of his plays, many of which are among the noblest of his efforts, would be lost to us altogether. For the text of The Tempest, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, Winter's Tale, King John, Julius Cæsar, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, and eleven others, we are dependent *solely* on the folio of 1623. In the second place, the sixteen plays that were printed while their author was yet living are all piratical copies, obtained by stealth and by expedients obviously so incompetent to furnish an accurate copy, that hardly a line in them can safely be pro-

nounced to exist just as Shakespeare wrote it, except upon internal evidence, or from its agreement with the copy of the same play which is found in the folio.

The next question that arises is, How perfect is the text of the plays in the folio of 1623? It is comparatively little to say, that Heminge and Condell, the editors of that volume, seem to have limited their efforts to merely supplying the printers with material for play-house manuscript copies, such as they then were, of all the dramas, and not to have troubled themselves at all about the correction of the press. Glaring typographical blunders abound in it; verse is printed as prose, and prose as verse; the punctuation throughout seems to have been made at haphazard; words are omitted, mistaken, and transposed, and sometimes the types appear to have been jumbled together into what bears hardly the semblance of a word. A more important consideration is the state of the manuscripts which were furnished to the printers. In 1612, Shakespeare ceased writing, gave up all connection with the theatre, and, of course, with his plays, and retired from London; and in 1616 he died. It follows, that all the twenty plays which were first printed in the folio had existed in manuscript, without being seen by their author for at least eleven years, and some of them for a much longer period. The *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for instance, was probably written about 1592, and had therefore existed only in written copies for thirty-two years; *Measure for Measure* and the *Comedy of Errors* had thus existed for over twenty years. The Globe Theatre was burnt down in 1613, and it is more than probable that all of Shakespeare's original manuscripts which had survived to that period were then destroyed. The written copies were multiplied by careless transcribers for the use of the different performers, sometimes the whole being copied out, at other times only the part of one of the personages in the drama. The prompter's books were probably complete, while those used by individual actors were more or less defective. Alterations and omissions were made from time to time, to adapt the performance to the varying exigencies of the theatre or the altered taste of the times. We have a slight but curious indication of the improved mo-

ality of the English populace, consequent upon the diffusion of Puritanic feelings and opinions under James I., in the fact, that not a few of the expressions in the play of Henry IV., as they appear in the quartos, and which were thought profane, especially some of the ejaculations of Falstaff, were in the folio softened or expunged. Such expurgations, as they do not affect either the wit or the sense, are not to be regretted. But there were others which are more serious.

To shorten the performance, portions of long speeches, and even parts of the dialogue, were marked to be omitted by the actors in recitation; and when new copies came to be made, to replace those which had been lost or worn out, the copyist omitted to transcribe what had ceased to be acted. We have said that *Lear* in the folio contains about fifty lines that are not in the quarto; and we must now add, that the quarto has about two hundred and twenty-five lines, which are indisputably Shakespeare's, that are not in the folio. The omissions were probably made to shorten the performance, as, without them, *Lear* is the longest of the author's plays except *Hamlet*. The passages that were struck out are chiefly descriptive, every thing being retained which was necessary to the progress of the action or to the development of character. But among them are some of the most masterly passages in the drama, rich in the inexhaustible wealth of Shakespeare's imagination, and glowing with the fire of passion. Thus, the whole of the third scene of the fourth act, containing "a Gentleman's" inimitable description, given to Kent, of the manner in which Cordelia, in France, received the news of her father's maltreatment by her sisters, is left out in the folio,—perhaps for the very reason that the passage is so beautiful and striking, that it would infallibly have been marred in the delivery by such an actor as was thought competent to play the very inferior part of an anonymous gentleman. And yet that most unhappy editor, Mr. Knight, blindly and stubbornly supporting his hypothesis that the author revised and altered the text of his own dramas, strenuously maintains that the omission of this exquisite scene was Shakespeare's own act,—his only reason being that it is "purely descriptive," and he "cannot avoid believing, that the poet sternly resolved to

let the effect of this wonderful drama entirely depend upon its action"! We should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Knight "cannot avoid believing" in Ferdinand Mendez Pinto and Baron Munchausen.

In Richard II., as it exists in the folio, we do not find about fifty lines that are printed in the quarto. To prove that they were omitted only to shorten the performance, and not because they contained blemishes or were supposed not to be genuine, we need only quote five of them, contained in Richard's speech when he banishes Bolingbroke : —

"And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep"; &c.

The earliest quarto edition of Hamlet, as we have noticed, is a very imperfect one; but the second quarto is comparatively complete, and even contains some two hundred lines which are not found in the folio. Among them is the magnificent passage (in a speech of Horatio, Act I. Scene 1) describing the omens that preceded the assassination of "the mightiest Julius," — a passage very similar to a corresponding one in the play of Julius Cæsar. For example, —

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

Still more important is the omission of the whole scene that contains the grand soliloquy of Hamlet, beginning, —

"How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge!"

The only motive for such abridgment must have been the desire to shorten the performance of the very long play.

We need not pursue this collation, having adduced sufficient proof that the folio, though much more trustworthy than the quartos, is far from giving us a text which can be relied upon for fulness and accuracy. Of course, we can trace the omissions of the folio only in those cases (and in them but partially) in which the plays had been previously

published. How many and how important the abridgments are in the twenty plays that were first published in 1623, we cannot even conjecture. But judging from analogy, even from the few instances that have here been mentioned, it is safe to affirm that many of the most exquisite passages that Shakespeare ever wrote are lost to us for ever.

There is but one other point to be noticed in this brief sketch of the condition of the text of our great dramatist. In reference to quite a number of plays, we are left in doubt whether they were written by Shakespeare or somebody else, or how great his share in them is, if any. This doubt exists with respect to five of the plays which are published as his in the folio of 1623, viz. the Three Parts of Henry VI., Titus Andronicus, and Pericles; and there are at least half a dozen other plays, which, save that they are not inserted in Heminge and Condell's edition, have about as good a claim to be considered his as the poorest of these five. In his capacity of playwright to the theatrical company to which he belonged, Shakespeare seems first to have exercised his 'prentice hand in altering and adapting to the purposes of the stage the productions, anonymous for the most part, of other dramatists. Before giving birth to any children of his own brain, he adopted many of the progeny of other people, and sent them forth to the world with a much fairer chance of life and prosperity than they had received from their natural parents. Some he rewrote almost entirely; but even in these, some uncharacteristic defect, some meanness of phrase or poverty of thought, betrays their doubtful origin, and proclaims them base-born. In others, his amending hand is but seldom visible, and the only wonder is why their parentage was ever ascribed to him. Very early in his career, a sour and envious brother dramatist complained bitterly of him as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers,"—as one of those "puppets that speak from our mouths, those anticks garnished in our feathers"; and who, "being an absolute Johannes *Fac-totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country." The charge of plagiarism that is here insinuated is simply absurd; for Shakespeare gave away his own property, instead of appropriating that of other people. He claimed nothing

in respect to authorship, not even that which was wholly his own. He took up miserable and naked children, who were running parentless and shivering through the streets, and, after feeding and clothing them, sent them away again, without giving them his name, to be fathered by any one who might claim them. And yet, as Mr. Collier remarks, he was the "Johannes Fac-totum" of his theatrical associates. "He was an actor, and he was a writer of original plays, an adapter and improver of those already in existence, (some of them by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele,) and no doubt he contributed prologues or epilogues, and inserted scenes, speeches, or passages on any temporary emergency." Because he was so entirely careless about the credit which might accrue from such performances, what he thus wrote has irrecoverably perished. We know not how much the whole dramatic literature of the later part of Elizabeth's reign and the early part of James's owes to Shakespeare. Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher are certainly under heavy obligations to him.

The conclusion that must be drawn from this summary view of the evidence is, that the text of no eminent writer, whether ancient or modern, with perhaps the single exception of *Æschylus*, has come down to us in so uncertain, defective, and corrupt a condition as that of Shakespeare. The account now given will be found fruitful, if we mistake not, in important inferences respecting the proper criticism and emendation of the text. And it also throws much light on the question which has been so fiercely mooted for the last year or two between Mr. Collier and the other commentators on Shakespeare. Suppose an ancient playhouse copy should be discovered, containing thousands of manuscript emendations, which clear up many of the most obscure and corrupt places in the text, and which can be traced back, by very satisfactory evidence, to a period at least as early as the Revolution of 1688, and perhaps anterior even to the Restoration in 1660. Such a discovery, we might well imagine, would be hailed with great joy by the admirers of Shakespeare all over the civilized world. It may seem strange and almost unaccountable, then, that the professed critics, commentators, and

editors of Shakespeare's text, who now form a numerous and very active class of literary men, both in England and this country, far from welcoming the discovery, should manifest extreme jealousy and irritation, and lend all their efforts towards discrediting the value of the newly found emendations, and impugning the character of him who brought them to light. If a bomb-shell had been fired into the critical camp, it could not have raised a greater commotion than the announcement of the corrections found in a copy of the folio of 1632. The press could not work fast enough to give vent to the indignation of the corps of commentators; "Remarks," "Observations," "Criticisms," "Vindications," &c. were published faster than any one could read or hardly count them. Those who could not find means to send forth a book or a pamphlet had recourse to the periodicals; and the articles upon the subject threatened to give the public a surfeit of Shakespearian literature. The whole hive of critics appear to have swarmed for the sole purpose of stinging Mr. Collier to death. In the Preface to the second edition of his "Notes and Emendations," he remarks, with some pathos:—

"My accidental discovery of the corrected folio of 1632 has, I fear, tended to cool friendships of long standing; and individuals with whom I was formerly acquainted now look upon me as if I had done them some personal injury, which they could not overlook, and yet did not know how to revenge."

This onslaught of the whole body of commentators upon one of their fraternity seems to us not only inconsistent with fairness, but to look too much like an attempt to forestall public opinion, and to bear down reason and testimony by sheer vociferation. If we had the Irishman's disposition to be "any body's customer in a row," we should take up the cudgels stoutly in Mr. Collier's defence, and think we could make out a fair case for him. But we have no taste for controversy, and have an especial dread of a battle among the commentators. Dr. Johnson long ago remarked, that the art of writing notes to Shakespeare is not of difficult attainment. "The work is performed," he said, "first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the

former editors, and showing, from all that goes before, and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism." If one would see this remark fully exemplified, let him glance at the several publications in which Messrs. Singer, Dyce, Knight, and Halliwell — all rival editors of Shakespeare — have assailed Mr. Collier's discovery. One important fact these gentlemen seem to have entirely lost sight of, — which is, that the question is not at all personal to Mr. Collier, that the emendations which he has lately published are not *his* emendations, that he has in fact played but a very humble part in the transaction, being only the medium through which they have been given to the public, and that the importance and interest of the communication which he has made are fully attested by this very pothier among the commentators, — by the immense pains which the persons who seem to consider the text of Shakespeare as their peculiar property have taken to prove that it was absurd and valueless. Dr. Johnson tells us, that he "always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong." If this principle be a sound one, the correctness of the emendations which Mr. Collier has recently discovered and published is unquestionable.

As we do not intend to take any further notice of this discreditable personal controversy, it is but fair to Mr. Collier to say, that he seems to have acted throughout with commendable fairness, discretion, and modesty. He has not put himself forward obtrusively, he has not defended *all* the emendations which he has discovered, and he has shown singular candor in renouncing, without a sigh, on the authority of the anonymous old corrector of the folio of 1632, many of the opinions which he had expressed and strenuously defended in his recent elaborate edition of Shakespeare. He has thus given his assailants an opportunity to triumph over him, — an opportunity which all of them, excepting Mr. Dyce, have

been ungenerous enough to use to the full extent. But they have not been candid enough even to allude to the fact, that the annotated folio of 1632 has, in very many instances, convicted *them* of gross error in their former comments upon the text, and that, if the authority of the old annotator is admitted, their critical reputation will be seriously impaired, and their editions will become almost valueless. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* We suppose that Mr. Collier possesses the copyright in England of his newly discovered emendations, and if their genuineness be universally recognized, he will have a monopoly for many years of the only good edition of Shakespeare. This is his good fortune, and he deserves it; for by his previous labors alone, he had contributed more than any other living man to the known facts in Shakespeare's biography, and to the restoration and elucidation of Shakespeare's text.

We propose, in the first place, to give a brief view of the *external evidence* in the case, a point which has not yet received the attention that it deserves. Copies of the old folio editions of Shakespeare, containing manuscript corrections of the text made by some unknown hand, are not rare or difficult to be had. Mr. Singer tells us he possesses two of them; the Earl of Ellesmere has a third; a fourth once belonged to the poet Southerne; and a fifth exists here in Boston, of which some account has been given in a pamphlet that is now before us. Such annotations have not usually been found to be either numerous or valuable. Accordingly, when Mr. Collier became the owner, about five years ago, of a much worn and defaced copy of the folio of 1632, on the cover of which was written "Thomas Perkins, his Booke," he hardly noticed its written marginal corrections, but threw the volume aside as being nearly valueless. After a while, his attention being again accidentally turned towards it, he was struck with the astonishing number and minuteness of the written annotations, and also with sundry plain indications that they had been made by some person connected with the stage, either as actor or manager, apparently for the purpose of creating a very accurate playhouse copy. He then attempted to trace the history of the volume, but at first was wholly unsuccessful in the endeavor. Before the second edition of his book

was printed, however, he obtained some important information, which he details in the Preface.

Mr. Parry came forward and stated that he owned the volume about fifty years ago, and that it had been given to him, towards the close of the last century, by a connection of his family, Mr. George Gray, who was a collector of rare books. Mr. Parry described from memory both the exterior and interior of the book, its missing leaves and innumerable corrections, with such minuteness as to leave no doubt that it was the very copy which has since come into Mr. Collier's hands. It is not certainly known how Mr. Gray obtained it; but Mr. Parry had always understood and believed that he procured it from a place called Ufton Court, a few miles from his own residence, which had long been occupied by a Roman Catholic family of the name of Perkins. This family had been broken up, and their library sold, at the time when Mr. Gray became the purchaser of the volume. The family was of some note and antiquity, one member of it having married Arabella Fermor, the heroine of the Rape of the Lock, and another, Francis Perkins, having died at Ufton Court in 1635, only three years after the publication of the folio which has been annotated. There was a distinguished actor on the stage, named Richard Perkins, who is known to have borne a part in the representation of Webster's "White Devil," before that drama was published in 1631. He was also in some measure a poet, as he wrote a copy of verses prefixed to Heywood's "Apology for Actors." Mention has been found in print of a Richard Perkins, who, at an unknown date, married a Lady Mervin of Ufton Court; and Collier supposes it barely possible, that this was Richard Perkins the actor. This conjecture is rendered improbable, however, by the known fact, that the actor, after the playhouses were shut up by the Long Parliament, lived for some years at Clerkenwell, where he died not long before the Restoration. Still it is not unlikely that he was the manuscript annotator of the volume, and that it passed from him to his relative, Thomas Perkins, whose name is written on the cover, and who transmitted it to the family at Ufton Court. This conjecture seems the more plausible, as the cover on which the name is written does not seem to have

been the original binding of the volume. Thomas Perkins may have prized the volume highly, on account of the marginal corrections made in it by a relative, and may therefore have given it a new binding and written his name upon it.

The character of the handwriting makes this hypothesis extremely probable. Mr. Collier states his belief, that the writing is not much later than the time when the volume came from the press (1632); and we are not aware that this statement has been impugned by any of his assailants among the commentators, some of whom must be very familiar with the chirography of the period in question.* Indeed, one who has seen many specimens of the handwriting of the founders of New England, from 1630 to 1660, on turning to that in the fac-simile prefixed to Mr. Collier's volume, will be struck with many obvious points of resemblance, such as the form of the long *s*, the peculiar shape of *e*, the prolongation of *h* below the line, &c. Mr. Collier also states very positively his present conviction that the writing throughout the volume is by the same hand, though he was at first inclined to believe, from a difference in the ink employed on different pages, that two or more persons might have written in the volume; and we are inclined to give full credit to his statement, because he has shown such commendable frankness in mentioning several slight circumstances that might create a presumption against the authenticity of the manuscript readings.

But we do not need to press any doubtful circumstance into the argument. It is enough that the chirography and other external evidence prove beyond all question that the marginal corrections were entered at least as early as the publication of the fourth folio, in 1685; other considerations will enable us to carry the date of them still farther back,—to a period antecedent to the issue of the third folio, in 1664. So it is enough to be assured that the emendations were made for theatrical purposes, and by some person connected with the stage, either as actor or manager, whether it were Richard Perkins, or one of his fellows or successors.

* Mr. Collier also asserts, that the manuscript notes in its margins were made before the volume was subjected to all the ill usage which has reduced it to its present defaced and dilapidated condition.

“Many passages, in nearly all the plays, are struck out with a pen, as if for the purpose of shortening the performance; and we need not feel much hesitation in coming to the conclusion, that these omissions had reference to the representation of the plays by some company about the date of the folio, 1632. To this fact we may add, that hundreds of stage directions have been inserted in manuscript, as if for the guidance and instruction of actors, in order that no mistake might be made in what is usually denominated stage-business. It is known that in this respect the old printed copies are very deficient; and sometimes, the written additions of this kind seem even more frequent, and more explicit, than might be thought necessary. The erasures of passages and scenes are quite inconsistent with the notion that a new edition of the folio, 1632, was contemplated; and how are they, and the new stage-directions, and ‘asides,’ to be accounted for, excepting on the supposition that the volume once belonged to a person interested in, or connected with, one of our early theatres? The continuation of the corrections and emendations, in spite of and through the erasures, *may* show that they were done at a different time and by a different person; but who shall say which was done first, or whether both were not, in fact, the work of the same hand?” — Collier’s *Notes and Emendations*, pp. xvii., xviii.

In this last sentence, Mr. Collier seems to us to state quite too modestly or doubtfully his conviction, that the erasures and emendations of the erased passages were made by the same hand. The MS. Annotator, as we shall in future call the unknown author of the written emendations of the folio of 1632, appears to have amended the passages, because he had no doubt that they were genuine; at the same time, he crossed them out only to indicate that they were to be omitted in the performance. He did precisely what was done by the players in Shakespeare’s own day, and what no modern editor, critic, or commentator would have thought of doing. We have already proved that many passages of considerable length, amounting to two hundred and fifty lines in a single play, had been struck out from the manuscript copies that were used by Heminge and Condell in editing the first folio edition of Shakespeare,—struck out, not from any doubt whether he wrote them, but only to shorten the time required for performing a long drama. An editor or annotator, who was preparing the copy, not for representation on the stage, but only to

be published and read, in which case the length of a play is of no importance, would never have dreamed of taking such a liberty; and many persons, who have looked at the matter only superficially, have thought that, because the MS. Annotator used such indefensible license with the text, he could not have had warrant or authority for any part of his proceedings. On the contrary, the license thus taken by him affords good evidence in his favor, as it proves that he was an actor at an early day, when such freedom was deemed allowable, and one that relied chiefly upon old playhouse copies, instead of being an editor at a much later period, who relies only upon conjecture, and who may alter a word here or there, though he would never dare to erase a sentence.

Another fact casually mentioned respecting these erasures supports an important inference about their date, which seems to have escaped Mr. Collier's notice. All passages of an indecent or needlessly licentious or profane character are carefully struck out, evincing, says Mr. Collier, "the advance of a better or purer taste about the period when the emendator went over the volume." For instance, the Porter's speech in *Macbeth*, and portions of the dialogue between Hamlet and Ophelia, are erased. Now at what period was the prevailing taste so pure as to authorize, and even require, the omission of such passages? Not surely after the Restoration, when the gross licentiousness of the stage was countenanced by the still grosser licentiousness of the court, — when plays were publicly acted which are now deemed not fit to be read, — and when Dryden and Davenant polluted even Shakespeare by their stupidly obscene alterations of *The Tempest*. Was it not rather in Charles the First's time, when, as we have seen, the diffusion of Puritanism compelled the editors of the first folio to strike out the profane ejaculations of Falstaff, and some minor indecencies, which had been tolerated in the publication of the earlier quartos?

Again, it should be remembered that the Long Parliament, in September, 1642, ordered all the theatres to be closed; (they had previously been shut up nearly a year, beginning in May, 1636, on account of the plague;) and that a more imperative and effectual ordinance was published in 1647, "for

the better suppression of stage-plays, interludes, and common players." Rigid measures were adopted a year afterwards to enforce this act, and we know that it was enforced with great strictness until the eve of the Restoration. Not till 1658 did Davenant venture to occupy the Cockpit, Drury Lane, with a theatrical company; and even then he called his representations *operas*, and did not grow bold enough to cause regular stage-plays to be performed till just before Charles II. landed in England. The theatres, then, were closed, and the actors' vocation was gone, for about sixteen years. It appears extremely probable that one of the principal performers or managers should have sought employment or diversion, during this period of enforced leisure, by correcting what was then the latest complete edition of Shakespeare, using for this purpose his own recollection of some of the leading parts, which he had committed to memory for the performance of them, and also all the now useless stores of the prompter's room, consisting of old manuscripts and marked copies of the quartos and of the first folio. There must have been very many transcripts, either partial or complete, (for the use of a large theatrical company,) of at least twenty of the plays, down to 1623, when the first folio was published; and as this folio was a rather costly volume, instead of buying copies enough of it for the whole troop, it is most likely that they continued to rely, in part at least, on their old manuscripts; and it is by no means extravagant to suppose that a number of these written copies, which either had been in frequent use, or had been laid aside and forgotten, continued in existence for at least twenty years,—that is, down to the time when the theatres were shut up by the Long Parliament. The player, therefore, could have had no lack of materials to work with; and the work which he performed was certainly respectable in amount. Mr. Collier tells us that there are over twenty thousand emendations, and from various signs he concludes that the MS. Annotator must have been engaged several years in making them.

Is there any later period, during which a *player* (for we consider it to be demonstrated that the MS. Annotator was a player) was equally likely to have the requisite leisure,

inclination, and materials for so great an undertaking? Can we find such a period in the reign of Charles II., when theatricals were in greater favor than they ever had been, or ever have been since,—when playhouses were numerous and thronged,—when we may reasonably suppose that all the histrionic talent in the kingdom was developed and in full employment,—but when Shakespeare was so little in repute, that his plays can hardly be said to have kept possession of the stage, except in the form of the tasteless, obscene, and barbarous alterations of them by Dryden, Davenant, and others? The same considerations apply, not indeed with equal, but with great force, against the hypothesis that the emendations were made under James II., William and Mary, or Anne; but we need not here dwell upon this point, for, as we have said, the proof from other sources is complete that they could not have been entered in the margins after 1685, the date of the fourth folio.

Observe, that we have as yet confined our attention entirely to the *external* evidence, and the only point which this evidence has been cited to prove is, that the manuscript annotations in question were made in a copy of what was, when they were made, the *latest* complete edition of Shakespeare; in other words, these annotations were entered before the publication of the third folio, in 1664. And we must avow our conviction, that the evidence cited is sufficient for the point to be proved; for it may be doubted if the age of any undated ancient manuscript, either of the Scriptures or the Latin or Greek classics, is determined within one hundred years upon testimony as conclusive as that which has now been given. From (1.) the ascertained history of the volume, considered in its connection with the Perkins family at Ufton Court; from (2.) the appearance of the chirography, when compared with other specimens of handwriting under Charles I.; from (3.) the nature of the passages marked to be omitted in the performance; and from (4.) the fact that the emendations were made by a player, and that the playhouses were shut up from 1642 to 1658,—we regard it as proved that the MS. Annotator had finished his work in 1664. In what follows, we shall proceed upon the supposition that this point is established.

In treating of the *internal* evidence in favor of the MS. Annotator's emendations, we wish, at first, to use only that portion of it which is conceded (to go for what it is worth) even by his most bitter and resolute assailants,—by those who are well acquainted with the subject, but who, at the same time, have the strongest motives for depreciating the value of Mr. Collier's discovery. Thus even Mr. Singer, who is, beyond all question, the blindest and the most bigoted of the corps of editors and commentators that have attacked the recently discovered corrections, and who is enabled to deny the necessity for many of them only by putting forward, as undoubted readings, some very curious *conjectural* emendations of his own,—even Mr. Singer admits the authenticity of nearly all that portion of the MS. Annotator's labors, in which he has been unconsciously followed by most of the modern commentators, from Theobald downward. He thinks, however, to make this admission only a damaging one for Mr. Collier's cause, by a sneering remark in each case; such as, "This is another of the *undesigned* coincidences," or "This is a happy coincidence again." In other words, he insinuates that Mr. Collier *has committed forgery*; and he sometimes makes the insinuation a very open one, as in the following passage, where the italics are Mr. Singer's own.

"There are two or three more *coincident* corrections in this scene; but as they have been long since admitted into the text, the mention of them would be superfluous, but for the frequent occurrence of such wonderful sympathy between the corrector and those who are supposed to have come after him."—Singer's *Text vindicated*, p. 43.

After the abundant proof now given of the antiquity of the manuscript corrections in Mr. Collier's book, this charge, which fails to be criminal only because it is so prodigiously absurd, may be safely said to be derogatory only to him who made it.

Mr. Singer is so delightfully silly as to assert, in plain language, that the old MS. Annotator has stolen *from him*,—from Mr. Singer, who published an edition of Shakespeare in 1826, and who, according to an advertisement carefully annexed to his present book, is about to issue another edition

of the great dramatist, in which he hopes "to have the gratification of leaving the text of Shakespeare *in a much more satisfactory state* than I found it." But let us consider the alleged case of plagiarism from his former edition. In Love's Labor's Lost, we find, according to the old folios, the following line:—

"So [pertaunt like] would I o'ersway his state."

The critics have been greatly perplexed by the two words which we have inclosed in brackets; and the MS. Annotator tells us, what no reasonable being except a commentator will doubt, that the line should read,—

"So *potently* would I o'ersway his state."

Now for Mr. Singer.

"As I have never seen the corrector's book, I am obliged in self-defence to think it possible that he had seen mine; for in the edition of Shakespeare I gave in 1826, the line stands,—

'So *potent-like* would I o'ersway his state.'

And having no faith in coincidences, when they are so marvellously repeated hundreds of times, I feel constrained to draw this conclusion. Be it observed, however, that *potent-like* is a nearer approach to the old reading than *potently*, and *I cannot but wish the corrector had kept closer to my reading.*" — Singer's *Text vindicated*, p. 24.

Bravo! Mr. Singer. If your proposed new edition of Shakespeare should contain many such words as *potent-like*, it will be a *curious-like* production, and we will certainly buy a copy.

Mr. Dyce is an able and gentlemanly critic, all of whose suggestions are deserving of respect; and though laboring under the strong bias against the value of Mr. Collier's discovery which must affect all who have been, or are to be, editors of Shakespeare, or who have committed themselves by published criticisms upon the text, his concessions are comparatively frank and bountiful. He has reason, indeed, to favor the MS. Annotator, who sanctions several happy criticisms and conjectural emendations contained in his "Remarks on Collier's and Knight's Editions of Shakespeare," published in 1844. "My opinion is," says Mr. Dyce, "that

while [Mr. Collier's volume] abounds with alterations ignorant, tasteless, and wanton, it also occasionally presents corrections which require no authority to recommend them, because common sense declares them to be right."

But of all concessions made by opponents, we prefer to use those of an able critic (*query*, also an editor of Shakespeare?) in *Putnam's Magazine* for October and November last, because he has taken pains to make the expression of his opinion exact by classifying the emendations according to their relative merit, and numbering those in each class. Of the 1,303 modifications of the text by the MS. Annotator which are specified in the *first edition* of Mr. Collier's book, (we are using the *second* edition,) this critic tells us that 249 are what he calls "old";—that is, a few of them may be found in the text of the first folio or the old quartos, but the greater part agree with the conjectural emendations that have been proposed by critics and commentators "during the last hundred and fifty years." Of these 249, he says, 29 have been rejected by previous editors, and he judges that 47 others are "inadmissible but plausible," and the remaining 173 are already admitted and form part of the received text. We have here, then, the exact number of Mr. Singer's "remarkable happy coincidences." As this critic himself, after considerable wavering, places the date of the MS. Annotator's labors "not earlier than about 1670," and says elsewhere "that some of the [MS. corrections] are about a hundred and seventy-five years old there can be no question," while the race of "critics and commentators" certainly did not begin to work till Rowe published his edition in 1709, and did not accomplish much before Theobald's "Shakspeare Restored" appeared in 1726, it follows, that the *MS. Annotator is entitled to the whole credit of the 173 admitted, and the 47 plausible corrections, in the suggestion of which he preceded all other persons by at least a quarter of a century.* Observe further, that it is not merely the anonymous American critic who concedes that this large number of corrections is admissible, but the whole corps of critics and editors who have since adopted them have virtually made the same admission; and at least as much as this may be fairly inferred from the language already quoted from Singer and Dyce.

Again, of the 1,054 modifications of the received text which the critic in *Putnam's Magazine* declares are peculiar to the old MS. Annotator, he admits that 119 are "inadmissible but plausible," and 117 "*seem* to be admissible corrections of passages which need correction";—grudging language, which shows rather the unwillingness of the concession than any doubt as to its justice and propriety. Adding these to the former sums, we have a total of *one hundred and sixty-six plausible, and two hundred and ninety admitted corrections of the text, the sole credit of which is due to the MS. Annotator.* What one editor, critic, or commentator can claim the original suggestion of an equal number of *conjectural* emendations, which even strongly prejudiced rivals and opponents admit as either plausible or unquestionably sound? Theobald, one of the earliest, and certainly the best of the whole corps, who, because he was the happiest in conjecture, was exalted by Pope to his painful preëminence in the Dunciad, and has been regularly abused by every dunce of an editor and commentator since his own day,—Theobald probably cannot claim half as many. In our own times, critics and editors of Shakespeare very seldom aspire to the perilous honor of "conjectural emendations," but confine their labors almost entirely to what they call restoring the old, genuine text, and shovelling away the heap of absurdities which have been accumulated by the guesswork of former commentators, — never failing, however, to pilfer slyly a number of the best guesses from the mass, and to install them quietly in the text. Mr. Dyce, the ablest of their number, has proposed perhaps a score of new readings, most of which do honor to his taste and discernment; Mr. Singer, the feeblest of the set, may have published fifty guesses, of which it can only be said that the best are atrociously bad.

If the truth must be told, antiquarianism and bibliomania have spoiled our latest set of commentators. They seem more bent upon showing the extent of their collection of rare or unique books and pamphlets,—rare or unique because so worthless that no one for two or three centuries has ever thought of republishing them,—and the great compass of their reading in the most obscure and forgotten part of the litera-

ture of the Elizabethan period, than upon correcting or elucidating the text of Shakespeare. A disputed reading is with them only a pretext for a vast display of cumbrous and out-of-the-way erudition. We are sorry to add, that this seemingly harsh remark is especially applicable to Mr. Dyce, whose last published volume, of only 156 pages of large print, contains perhaps three or four hundred citations from at least half as many authors of the sixteenth or the early part of the seventeenth century, whom no one but a zealous antiquarian ever heard of. We open the book at random for an example, and find this line of Shakespeare,—

“Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,”—

the meaning of which appears too obvious to need any elucidation, *illustrated by thirty-three citations* from such authors or books as the following:—*Tiptoft Earle of Worcester*, *The Lord Hastings*, *England's Eliza*, A. Fraunce's *Countess of Pembrokes Yuychurch*, 1591, *A Herrings Tayle*, 1598, Barnes's *Divel's Charter*, 1607, Armin's *Valiant Welshman*, 1615, Hubert's *Edward the Second*, 1629, *Fuimus Troes*, 1633, &c., &c. And the point to be proved by this barrow-load of stupid quotations is, that the writers of Shakespeare's time sometimes indulged in such an iteration or jingle of words as “*stuffed bosom*” and “*perilous stuff*,” in the line which forms the text,—a point which might be fully and easily made out from Shakespeare himself. We do not forget that the world is indebted to antiquarianism for a very few needed illustrations of a few obscure expressions in our great dramatist. But the thing is carried altogether too far. Any tasteful student of Shakespeare will exclaim, Give me a bushel of those much abused conjectures, generally rash but sometimes striking and happy, of Theobald, Warburton, Hanmer, and others, rather than a cart-load of this conceited and fantastical learning. The best and most justifiable display of it, Farmer's “*Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*,” with all its wit and curious erudition, always seemed to us to *prove* little or nothing except the writer's misplaced industry.

But to return from this digression. Our readers have probably anticipated the only remaining point in our argument,

though it is the one that constitutes the strength of the case in favor of the old MS. Annotator. This indefatigable corrector,—whose very name has perished, and whose manuscript labors, two centuries after his death, were picked up at a bookstall for thirty shillings,—but who, by the confession even of his jealous rivals and opponents, has distanced all competition in the race of *conjectural* emendation, and who has restored the true text of Shakespeare in hundreds of instances, while the best of his imitators was painfully amending a score of lines,—this miracle of critical ingenuity was *a poor player, who lived in an age (the first half of the seventeenth century) when conjectural emendation of an English author was an art as yet unheard of, and when the writings of our great dramatist were so little known or prized, that four rude and uncritical editions of them sufficed for a century.* In Charles the First's time, or under the Commonwealth, a Theobald would have been a miracle, and even a Singer would have seemed a curiosity. We can more easily imagine another Shakespeare to have arisen about 1640, than an amender of Shakespeare's text by guesswork; for the race of playwrights was then still in being, though that of critics and commentators was as yet unborn. The folio of 1632 was a mere reprint of that of 1623, and it added more errors of the press than it corrected. The edition of 1664 bears no marks of an editor's care, except the insertion of half a dozen apocryphal dramas; and that of 1685 is as carelessly printed as its predecessors. "Neither of the two latter folios is of the slightest authority in determining the text of Shakespeare." In urging this argument, we do not need to place any great stress upon the value or genuineness of the MS. Annotator's corrections, but only upon their extraordinary number and minuteness. In that uncritical age, that a person should have been willing to give the labor of several years to making twenty thousand alterations of Shakespeare's text *by mere conjecture*, is a story that outrages all the laws of probability. And when we add, that hundreds of these alterations are found equal or superior in merit to the best that have been produced by the taste, learning, and critical acumen of the next two centuries, the tale becomes absolutely incredible.

There is but one way of explaining the mystery. The old Annotator was no critic, no ingenious contriver of new readings, but simply a scribe, who worked from the materials in his possession as blindly as the compositor in a printing-office follows "the copy," whether that copy be sense or nonsense. He was, as we have suggested, a player out of employment, who sought to amuse his forced leisure by forming, from his own recollection of the plays in which he had often been an actor, and from the old manuscripts in the prompter's room, a text which should be more correct than the two wretchedly printed folios, and which, by its numerous stage-directions and passages noted to be left out in the performance, should be a trustworthy and available guide when the playhouses should be opened again. He proceeds like a proof-reader, not like a commentator; that is, he simply enters the correction in the margin, without adding a word of his own, by way of explanation, defence, or criticism. Commentators are not wont to be so concise. He often passes over obscure and corrupt passages, not having wherewithal to amend them; and still oftener makes an admirable emendation of a line, which, in later times, no one even suspected of corruption. Sometimes he makes an explanation unconsciously, as when, intending only to enter a stage-direction, he pours daylight over something in the text, around which all subsequent editors have groped in darkness. We need only allude to his famous stage-direction in the *Tempest*, which shows the cause of that sudden somnolency of Miranda which has so often perplexed the reader. A modern emendator would surely have paused to clap his hands and glorify himself on such a discovery. The MS. Annotator is evidently unconscious that there is any difficulty to be overcome; for always having seen the play rightly performed in this respect, every point appeared to him obvious and natural.

But the decisive consideration to prove that the MS. Annotator worked from authority, and not from conjecture, is, that he supplies omissions and makes corrections, which, as every reader of common sense can see, lie wholly beyond the reach of conjectural emendation. Here we must adduce in-

stances, and we approach this part of our task with unfeigned diffidence and reluctance. The maxim, *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, is nowhere so applicable as to proposed emendations of the text of Shakespeare. It is notorious that no two critics can be found to agree in opinion as to the merits or genuineness of any half-dozen proposed new readings. One is amused to find this remark so strikingly exemplified as it is among the several assailants of the MS. Annotator. Mr. Dyce affirms that to be certainly right which Mr. Singer says is undeniably wrong; and the critic in *Putnam's Magazine* adopts what both declare to be inadmissible. We are sorry not to be able to follow even Mr. Collier's lead in this matter; for we deem his selection of the best and least questionable emendations of the old Annotator often eminently unfortunate; and his argument in defence of those which may admit of doubt is frequently a lame one, and rather weakens his cause. Our own selection, in the judgment of many, may be doubly censurable; but when several instances are adduced, though one or two be condemned, the general verdict may be trusted as to the collective force of those which remain, so as to substantiate our conclusion that *all* of them *could not* have been framed by mere conjecture.

1. In the Winter's Tale, when Paulina "offers to draw the curtain," as a stage-direction of the MS. Annotator informs us, before the supposed statue of Hermione, Leontes exclaims,—

" Let be ! let be !

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already

I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.

What was he, that did make it ? "

The whole line which we have italicized is supplied by the MS. Annotator, the passage having been printed in all editions without it. Before the discovery of his corrected copy of the folio of 1632, several editors had perceived that the sense was imperfect, and had placed a printer's *dash* after "already," at the end of the second line, as if Leontes in his ecstasy had left his sentence unfinished. The line now supplied seems to us so obviously Shakespearian in its turn of thought and expression, and tallies so precisely with the re-

mainder of the speech, that it would almost argue insanity to doubt its genuineness. Mr. Dyce says, "On first reading the new line, it appeared to me so exactly *in the style of Shakespeare*, that, like Mr. Collier, I felt 'thankful that it had been furnished.' But presently I found that it was *too Shakespearian*." His reason for thinking so is, that Leontes, only a few speeches before, has exclaimed,—

"I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?"

Standing like stone with thee!"

Mr. Dyce concludes, as he thinks Shakespeare never repeats himself, "that a reviser of the play, with an eye to the passage just cited, *ingeniously* constructed the said line to fill up a supposed lacuna." With all submission, we must prefer Mr. Dyce's *first* thought to his second; for in all our acquaintance with critics and commentators, we have not yet found one who appears "ingenious" enough, with so slender a clew, to invent so Shakespearian a line as the one here given by the MS. Annotator. Whatever may be said of the similarity in the thought, the similarity in the expression is confined to the one word *stone*; and as this is thrice repeated in the single speech cited by Mr. Dyce, we are not surprised to find, several speeches afterwards, that it is repeated twice more, this striking addition being also made to the thought, "*stone looking upon stone*." Let him who doubts the genuineness of this addition to the received text, invent an equally good one. Fortunately we are enabled to judge, as one of them has actually made the experiment. Mr. Singer says, "If a line were wanting, and that is more than doubtful, *a much better one* has been suggested:—

"But that, methinks, already
I am in heaven, and looking on an angel."

O Mr. Singer!

2. In the Second Part of Henry IV., Lord Bardolph draws a parallel between the building of a house and the carrying on of a war, and takes the case of a man attempting to build, and finding out by woful experience that he has not counted

the cost. In this case, as in every other, we italicize what is supplied in writing by the MS. Annotator, and include in angular brackets that portion of the received text which he has struck out. Read the passage, omitting all that is in italics, and you have the received text; read it again, omitting all that is in brackets, and you have the speech as amended by the MS. Annotator.

“What do we then, but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices ; or at [least] *last* desist
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up,) should we survey
 The plot [of], *the* situation, and the model ;
 [Consent] *Consult* upon a sure foundation ;
 Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else
 We fortify [in] *on* paper, and in figures,” &c.

We say nothing of the minor verbal emendations of this passage, though without them a portion of it is unintelligible, and with them the meaning is clear and consistent. But the whole line which is supplied by the MS. Annotator is so obviously necessary to make out the sense (the words, “To weigh against *his* opposite,” having otherwise nothing to correspond to them, and “his” no antecedent), and is so clearly in the manner of Shakespeare, that we have not the slightest doubt that it came from his pen.

Neither Mr. Dyce nor Mr. Singer says one word about this emendation, and considering its irresistible claims, their silence does not appear very ingenuous. The critic in *Putnam's Magazine* also passes it over without direct notice, having previously made up his mind against the whole class of emendations to which it belongs,—those, namely, in which entire lines are supplied to complete a deficient sense. “No matter,” he says, “how great the deficiency which they attempt to supply, or how remarkable their intrinsic merits”; they must be rejected, because “they are not emendations of typographical blunders, not the correction of that which is ill done,

but the doing of that which was left undone"; and he adds, very rightly, that "the interpolation of an entire line by one man is as little justifiable as the interpolation of an entire scene by another."* Here the critic has in view the very consideration on which our present argument is based, though he makes a most illogical use of it. He sees clearly, as every one must do, that *entire lines cannot be supplied by conjecture*; and having previously made up his mind that the MS. Annotator had nothing but conjecture to depend upon, he decides that the supplied lines must be rejected, *however great the internal evidence in their favor*. But we argue thus:—The internal evidence that the two entire lines supplied by the MS. Annotator could not have been written by a commentator, is irresistible; we grant that they could not have been supplied by conjecture; therefore we have conclusive proof that the MS. Annotator could not have supplied them by conjecture, but must have worked with an authority before him.

3. We have not yet done with the entire lines supplied by the MS. Annotator. Witness the following, which is added to a speech of Sir Eglamour, in the fourth act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear,
 Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
 I give consent to go along with you."

* The reason given by this critic for affirming "that the corrections in Mr. Collier's folio could not possibly have been made before 1662, when Davenant introduced the first scenery ever exhibited upon a public stage in England," is very curious. According to the stage directions of the MS. Annotator for *Love's Labor's Lost*, Biron "gets him in a tree," and makes some remarks while "in the tree." The critic argues that such stage directions could not have been put forth before Davenant's stage improvement was made. Why not argue, also, that the whole first scene of *The Tempest* is spurious, because it is supposed to take place on board a ship? or that many scenes in *As You Like It* ought to be rejected, because they take place amid a whole forest of trees? It is evident that Biron is directed to speak "in a tree," just as Juliet makes love in "a balcony,"—not that either the tree or the balcony was real, or even a good imitation of the reality; but the actor was perched on a stand a few feet above the stage, with a partial covering in front, and the spectators' imaginations did the rest. We may remark, in passing, that the stage direction just cited, "*He gets him in a tree*," is a phrase that we should not expect to find after the Restoration, and from a modern fashioner of conjectural readings, it would be simply ludicrous. The phrase is Elizabethan, or certainly not later than Charles I.

Omit the line in italics, and Sir Eglamour is made to say, that, as he knows Silvia's "*grievances*" "virtuously are placed," he consents to go along with her to Mantua, — which is nonsense. The line supplied furnishes just the meaning that is needed, and tallies perfectly with Silvia's preceding speech; and though it is not so obviously Shakespearian in its turn as the two previously cited, it is far above the power of any modern commentator to forge, and we therefore incorporate it without hesitation into the mighty master's text.

4. Again, in the third act of Coriolanus, Volumnia says,

"Pray be counselled:

I have a heart as little apt as yours

To brook control without the use of anger ;

But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger

To better vantage."

Without the line in italics, the sense is evidently incomplete, as there is nothing to which Volumnia's heart is "little apt"; and we can plainly see how, in the careless printing of the first folio, the line was accidentally omitted. The next line also ending with the same words, "use of anger," the printer's eye was caught by them, and he did not observe that they were repeated. The omission was supplied by the MS. Annotator, and who can believe that he, or any other man, was capable of forging such a line?

5. Lines in prose, as well as in verse, are sometimes omitted in the first folio. Thus, in the second act of *The Twelfth Night*, a speech of Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the Clown's reply are printed as follows, the two lines just filling up the breadth of one of the two columns that constitute the folio page:—

"*An.* There's a tetrill of me too; if one knight give a

"*Clo.* Would you have a love song, or a song of good life?"

Here it is palpable that, by a printer's blunder, a portion of Sir Andrew's remark has dropped out. The MS. Annotator thus supplies the omission:—

"*Sir Toby.* Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

"*Sir An.* There is a tetrill of me too: if one knight give away sixpence, so will I give another: go to, a song.

"*Clown.* Would you have a love song or a song of good life?"

He who was capable of inventing the words in italics, so perfectly in keeping with Sir Andrew's character and manner, might have written without effort the whole comic portion of *The Twelfth Night*. In mercy to Mr. Singer, we forbear to quote his comment, and the way in which *he* proposes to fill up the gap.

6. As a specimen of the careless way in which the first folio was printed, we will now give a passage from *All's Well that ends Well* (Act I. Scene 3), precisely as it stands in that important volume.

"*Clo.* Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that she sighed as she stood, *bis*
And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there 's yet one
good in ten

"*Cou.* What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song
sirra.

"*Clo.* One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pur-
rifying ath' song: would God would serue the world so
all the yeere, weed find no fault with the tithe woman
if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might
haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,
or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Latteriewell," &c.

We will now print the extract as the lines are arranged by the modern editors, and with the alterations and additions of the MS. Annotator in italics.

"*Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*?
Fond done, done fond, *good sooth it was*;
Was this King *Priam's* joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

"*Count.* What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

"*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song, *and mending o' the sex.* Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quotha! An we might have a good woman born — but *one* — every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well," &c.

The MS. Annotator certainly did not correct this passage and fill up the gaps in it *by conjecture*, though he might have done it by inspiration, or on the authority of a manuscript.

7. In *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act II., Scene 1), Beatrice compares "wooing, wedding, and repenting" to "a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace," thus: —

"The first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, 'till he sink *a pace* into his grave."

Without the words in italics, no one would have supposed that the passage needed any emendation; but the MS. Annotator supplies them, and thus preserves a pun, very much in Shakespeare's manner, in which consists all the drollery of the latter part of the description.

8. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act II., Scene 1), the Host exclaims, at the end of a short speech, according to the first folio, "Will you go, An-heires?" The types were evidently jumbled together here, into one of those inexplicable compounds which are sometimes found, as all correctors of the press will testify, on the *first proofs* at a printing-office; and all the commentators have been greatly puzzled to know what "An-heires" means. "Warburton suggested '*heris*, the old Scotch word for master'; Steevens, *hearts*; Malone, *hear us*; Boaden, *cavaliers*, &c." The MS. Annotator tells us to read, "Will you go *on, here?*" The Host, being in a hurry, exhorts them again, just afterwards, "Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?" Yet Mr. Dyce is dissatisfied with this simple and satisfactory emendation, and, in his usual manner, on the strength of an expression found in an old play printed in 1647, wishes us to read, "Will you go on,

Mynheers?” This is almost as bad as Mr. Singer’s conjectures. We have quoted it only to show how completely the best critics are at fault, when they have nothing but internal evidence to depend upon, in the case of a passage that is obviously corrupt.

We have not space for more instances, and more are not needed, though we could select from Mr. Collier’s volume at least one hundred emendations, that have nearly as good a claim to a place in the text (judging from internal evidence alone) as the eight here mentioned. Individual readers might object to two or three out of the number; but that *the whole eight should have been invented, or made up by mere conjecture, by a poor player in the earlier part of the seventeenth century*, is a supposition so extravagant and incredible, that it cannot be entertained for a moment. As the examples given are taken from eight different plays, the proof seems to be conclusive that the MS. Annotator possessed authoritative materials for the emendation of a correspondingly large portion of Shakespeare’s text; and by enlarging the selection of instances, the same argument might be made to apply, with nearly equal force, to at least four fifths of the plays that are included in the second folio. The Annotator must have had some means, beyond his own ingenuity, for amending at least thirty of the plays; though it does not follow that his means were adequate to the *entire* correction of any one. Probably he had imperfect manuscripts, — transcripts of one or more of the sets of speeches to be spoken by each performer at the representation of one of the dramas. And these manuscripts themselves, having been copied and recopied many times, must have contained many errors of transcription, and probably, also, some alterations designedly made by the performers for various purposes; as we know that they softened Falstaff’s profane ejaculations. We can thus account for a number of obviously corrupt passages, of which the MS. Annotator takes no notice, and also for certain alterations proposed by him that are manifestly indefensible. His authority, at the best, is no higher than that of the first folio, which we know to have been printed in great part from playhouse manuscripts; though the internal evidence

shows that he made a far more careful use of his manuscripts than the printers of that folio did of theirs. But his authority, though not superior, and perhaps not equal, to that of the first complete edition in print, *is still an authority of the same class*. He gives us (to adopt a principle of classification which Griesbach has made familiar in reference to the manuscripts of the New Testament) a new *recension* of the text, made from manuscripts of equal antiquity with those used in printing the first folio, though probably not so complete,—that is, not covering an equally large portion of the text. This conclusion is again rendered extremely probable by the fact, that, in several instances, the reading adopted by the MS. Annotator coincides with that of the old quartos, while it differs from that of the first folio.

The conclusion of the whole matter, according to the view here taken of it, is, that the text for future editions of Shakespeare should be made up from collation of the three leading authorities,—the old quartos, the first folio, and the corrections of the MS. Annotator,—not omitting any entire line found in either of them (as nothing, which probably came from Shakespeare's own hand, should be lost); and where the three vary, the choice between them must be decided by internal evidence alone. These three, and these three only, are authoritative sources of the text; all else depends on mere taste and conjecture.

The principle thus stated enables us to obviate at once the only objection of any importance that has been made to the readings of the MS. Annotator. It is objected that many of these readings are obviously inadmissible, and (so far as internal evidence can prove any thing) cannot have formed part of Shakespeare's own text. We admit it; but we must remind the objectors, that *precisely the same thing can be said of the first folio*. Hundreds, perhaps we might say thousands, of readings in that edition are now rejected by almost unanimous consent, the passages containing them being obviously corrupt. The folio also omits a great number of entire lines, (we have pointed out four or five plays in which about six hundred are left out,) which are indisputably genuine. This objection, consequently, to the labors of the

MS. Annotator, falls entirely to the ground; it is of no weight whatever.

It may be said, however, that the number of inadmissible readings proposed by him bears so large a proportion to those which may be allowed to be correct, as to discredit his whole performance. If we were compelled to accept, for instance, the computation made by the critic in *Putnam's Magazine*, and allow, that, out of one thousand three hundred and three proposed modifications of the text, only two hundred and ninety are good, and one hundred and sixty-six more are plausible, there would be some force in this argument. But this critic, as well as all the English assailants of the newly discovered corrections, proceeds upon the assumption that the MS. Annotator worked by conjecture alone, without any authority whatever; and this assumption being now turned the other way, the internal evidence assumes an entirely new aspect. Thus, to borrow the instance selected by Mr. Collier, if the old reading (with which all minds had become familiar) of Lady Macbeth's appalling invocation, had been as follows:—

“Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the *blankness* of the dark,
To cry, ‘Hold, Hold!’”—

what would be said of any critic who should advise us to substitute *blanket* instead of *blankness*? He would certainly be placed, on the scale of conjectural emendations, lower even than Mr. Singer. Let all the corrections proposed in Mr. Collier's volume be tried in this manner;—that is, suppose that they constitute the old and received text, and let what are now the old readings be regarded as conjectural emendations, and we doubt not that the general voice would pronounce in favor of at least five sixths of the corrections now recently brought to light. The corps of critics, commentators, and editors would probably do battle in favor of the whole of them. But this mode of trial, as Mr. Collier very candidly admits, would not be a fair one, the prejudice in favor of the old reading being strong enough to outweigh almost any amount of internal evidence. The only method of weighing

the two sets of readings fairly against each other, on their intrinsic merits alone, would be to adopt the principle which we have now laid down, and to suppose that they are of *equal* external authority; to suppose, for example, that they were both first published in the same year, from two equal and independent sets of manuscripts. Tested in this manner, it is very safe to say that at least a majority of the MS. Annotator's readings would be preferred.

"It cannot be surprising," says Mr. Collier, "that individuals who for many years have been accustomed to see passages, even such as are avowedly corrupt, repeated in every edition, and to hear them recited by the best performers of our own or other days, should at first feel repugnance to proposed alterations, however excellent." It should be noted, also, that this prepossession attaches itself most strongly to those expressions which are salient on account of their rarity, their obscurity, or their doubtful construction, and which, for this very reason, are most likely to be corrupt. These are peculiarities in the text, — marked passages, as it were, which have attracted the attention and exercised the ingenuity of all loving readers of the great dramatist, each one of whom has probably selected for them a pet explanation of his own, and they have thus naturally come to be regarded as peculiarly Shakespearian. Weighty and palpable must be the evidence that would displace them. Thus, when Othello exclaims,

"Put out the light, and then put out the light";

when Macbeth soliloquizes,

"If 't were done, when 't is done, then 't were well

It were done quickly";

when Gadshill describes those who are about to rob on the highway with him as "burgomasters and great *oneyers*"; when Dogberry speaks of himself as "a fellow that hath had *losses*," — the expressions have become consecrated, as it were, in the mind of every loving admirer of Shakespeare, and he will resist to the death any change in them. A similar feeling (it would be too harsh to call it a *prejudice*) exists with regard to many expressions in the common English version of the Scriptures, which might be profitably amend-

ed, as they are either ungrammatical, incorrect, or obsolete, if the change did not disturb in the minds of millions associations which ought to be held sacred. It would be unquestionably more correct to say, "Our Father *who* art," than "Our Father *which* art"; and when we read, "Jesus *prevented* him, saying," we know that the expression in this sense is obsolete, and may even convey a wrong idea to common readers. Yet what person of taste and devotion would like to hear these expressions altered in reading from the pulpit? We need not show how this feeling has operated to prevent the emendations of the MS. Annotator from being fairly weighed on their intrinsic merits. We respect the feeling itself, as it springs from an amiable and honorable source. But it should not blind our eyes to the weight of testimony.

The most common mode of attacking Mr. Collier's volume has been to select the weakest and least defensible emendations, or those which most strongly counteract the prepossession just described, and then to appeal vehemently to the common feeling of reverence for Shakespeare, which should guard *his* text from tasteless *conjectural* alterations. In the first place, this reasoning is unfair. Let the best conjectural emendator—let Theobald himself—be tried by the test of the poorest and least probable changes that he has proposed, and his reputation as a critic would instantly disappear. Secondly, the reasoning contains a gross *petitio principii*; it takes for granted the two chief points at issue, namely, that the first folio, in the case of the very words in question, does contain *the* text of Shakespeare, and that the corrections of the MS. Annotator are mere guesswork. This gross fallacy, as we have seen, is the sole reason assigned by the New York critic for not even taking into consideration those cases in which the MS. Annotator professes to have restored an entire line to the text.

The most common complaint against these emendations is, that they often clear up obscurity at the expense of reducing a poetical expression to a prosaic one, and frequently restore rhythm and metre to lines which, in the received text, were glaringly deficient in one or both. Now certain assumptions form the groundwork of this complaint, which we are by no means inclined to admit. We deny that Shakespeare is gen-

erally, or even frequently, an obscure writer, or that he is a lawless versifier. The obscurity of a passage, we hold, is at least *primâ facie* evidence that it is corrupt. On this point, we are sorry to be obliged to differ from so able and judicious a critic as Mr. Hallam.

"It is impossible to deny," he says, "that innumerable lines in Shakespeare were not more intelligible in his time than they are at present. Much of this may be forgiven, or rather is so incorporated with the strength of his reason and fancy that we love it as the proper body of Shakespeare's soul. Still can we justify the very numerous passages which yield to no interpretation, knots which are never unloosed, which conjecture does but cut, or even those which, if they may at last be understood, keep the attention in perplexity till the first emotion has passed away? We learn Shakespeare, in fact, as we learn a language, or as we read a difficult passage in Greek, with the eye glancing on the commentary; and it is only after much study that we come to forget a part, it can be but a part, of the perplexities he has caused us." — *Literature of Europe*, Vol. III. p. 92.

With all submission, we think that this criticism was written without that careful study of the history of the text, which discloses the astonishing extent, and the causes, of its corruption. An obscure writer is habitually and continually obscure, the defect arising from some peculiarity in his habits of thought, or from his imperfect capacity of expression. But Shakespeare is obscure only by fits and starts. Take some of his plays the text of which is least imperfect, such as Richard II., Romeo and Juliet, or King John, and we may read scene after scene without finding a sentence which would present a difficulty to a child's understanding. Then suddenly comes a passage, most frequently a single sentence, which is as dark as Erebus. Take the long passages which are most frequently quoted and recited,—the affecting scene between Prince Arthur and Herbert, the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, the long speeches in Julius Cæsar, several of the soliloquies in Macbeth and Hamlet,—and omit perhaps half a dozen lines in each, and the rest is as lucid as a child's story-book. All experience goes to show, when we know the circumstances of the case, that the lack of perspicuity is a persistent and inbred characteristic of style, that constantly

betrays itself. An obscure writer is obscure upon system, as it were, never being perspicuous but by accident. Just the reverse is true of Shakespeare.

Again, an incomplete command of language is the most frequent cause of a labored and perplexed style. But among all the characteristics of the great dramatist, we know hardly of one so marvellous as his absolute mastery of expression. Language is his tricky spirit, as Ariel was to Prospero, and does his "strong bidding" gently,

"be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds."

For any purpose, he can "task Ariel and all his quality." Shakespeare wrote for the populace, and it was his business to make himself intelligible to the populace. And this he accomplishes without effort, without painfully ransacking the vocabulary, or mutilating the thought in its expression. The plainest and most familiar terms, the short and pithy Anglo-Saxon phrases in which common men talk on common occasions, serve to exhibit all the riches of his imagination and the depths of his philosophy. With the ordinary coin of the market-place, he pays the ransom of kings. Take the most thoughtful and imaginative musings,—the remonstrance of Isabella to Angelo against the abuse of power, Portia's eulogy on mercy, Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide, Lear's ravings on the injustice of this world, Claudio's ecstasy of fright at the near prospect of death, and a thousand others,—dissect the language (if you can have the heart to do it), and note the homeliness of the words and phrases, when they are taken singly. At times, again, Shakespeare seems to play with language; he runs in sport over the whole gamut of expression, but with the assured touch of a master hand sweeping the keys. Hamlet, who has just been using the vocabulary of the street and the gutter, begins to tell the bewildered Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,—

"Indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; *this most excellent canopy, the air*, — look you! — *this brave o'erhanging firmament, this*

majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than *a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors*."

Macbeth says his hand, never to be cleansed from blood, will rather

"The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red."

It would be a miracle if such a writer were obscure. His page has been begrimed and covered with dark spots, only through the rough handling it has received.

It may well be, that the restoration of the true text, though it dissipates the obscurity of a passage, will seem to lessen its poetical effect, as darkness is one source of the sublime. Even this result is not much to be deplored. Shakespeare will not lose much, if only that portion of his poetry is taken away in which we can with difficulty spell out a meaning. Critics of the German school have used a great deal of cant on this subject, as if there were an esoteric significance in many expressions, not to be deciphered by people of common understanding. They forget that the mighty master belonged himself to the people, and wrote for the people. It would almost seem as if they prized the sense of any passage only in proportion to the difficulty of getting at it. In many lines, which are simply corrupt, they have, after their stupidly profound fashion, discovered a world of meaning. According to their apprehensions, Shakespeare is like Hudibras, who

"could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."

However misplaced or senseless the expression may seem to ordinary readers, they can discover some remote analogy in it, some glimpse of a hidden truth, or some erratic flight of the imagination, to which they cling with all the more earnestness, as it is not visible to eyes profane. Then comes the MS. Annotator, and, by restoring a letter which had dropt out, or altering the collocation of a word or two, reduces the passage to plain narrative, or simple prose, and they cry out, —

"Pol, me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, . . . cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error."

We cannot sympathize with them in their affliction. However prone Shakespeare is to the use of figurative language, it will not surely be denied that he uses words in their literal, at least six times as frequently as in a metaphorical meaning. It follows, then, that an emendation of the text, which, in clearing up an obscure passage, reduces a figurative expression to a literal one, is at least six times as probable as a different suggestion, which does just the reverse. So, also, while we admit that Shakespeare's lines are often left, designedly or carelessly, unrhythmical and unmetrical, it is certain that his versification is far more frequently regular than irregular; and therefore, to say the least, there is no presumption against a newly proposed reading, in that, while it dissipates obscurity or completes the sense, it also pieces out an imperfect verse, or restores smoothness to a halting one. Keep these observations in mind, and at least half of the criticisms which have been made upon the work of the MS. Annotator cease to have any weight whatever.

We have already spoken of the erroneous principles of what may be called the antiquarian and bibliomaniac mode of amending or criticizing the text of Shakespeare. Mr. Dyce's volume abounds with mistakes of this class, of which we can cite only the following instance. In the third act of the Comedy of Errors, Antipholus of Syracuse says to Luciana,—

“Far more, far more, to you do I [decline] *incline*.”

The MS. Annotator tells us to substitute *incline* for *decline*, which is the reading of the folio; and Mr. Dyce thus objects to the emendation.

“The manuscript corrector merely substituted a word more familiar to himself and those of his time than ‘*decline*.’ That the latter is what Shakespeare wrote, is not to be doubted: compare Greene. ‘That the loue of a father, as it was royall, so it ought to be impartiall, neither *declining* to the one nor to the other, but as deeds doe merite.’ *Penelope's Web*, sig. G 4, ed. 1601.”

As only one authority is here cited for the use of the word with this unusual signification, we cannot help suspecting that in Greene's text, as well as in Shakespeare's, “*declining*” was substituted for “*inclining*” by a mere error of the press.

But however this may be, every one will admit that it is safer to try to ascertain what Shakespeare wrote from Shakespeare himself, than from Greene. Turning to Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance, we find about twenty instances in which "*incline*" is used in its present ordinary signification. We select the following cases.

"I more *incline* to Somerset." — *Henry VI.*

"If he would *incline* to the people." — *Coriolanus.*

"We must *incline* to the king." — *Lear.*

"Would Desdemona seriously *incline*." — *Othello.*

Using the same convenient guide, we find some twenty cases more in which "*decline*" appears in what is now its usual meaning, and not one instance, except the very case now in question, to the contrary. Take the following examples.

"Who thrives, and who *declines*." — *Coriolanus.*

"At the height, are ready to *decline*." — *Julius Cæsar.*

"Spare speech : *decline* your head." — *Lear.*

"A great name should *decline* ?" — *Henry VIII.*

In view of these cases, we presume even Mr. Dyce will admit that it "is not to be doubted" that the proper word is "*incline*." In his bibliomaniac ardor, he overlooked thirty or forty undeniable examples, which were close under his eyes, for the sake of quoting one doubtful case from a book which nobody but an antiquarian ever heard of.

But our remarks have already extended to an inconvenient length, and we must here leave the discussion of a fascinating topic. Our purpose has been, throughout, not so much to vindicate the great importance of Mr. Collier's discovery, as to show the causes why it has been so vehemently assailed, and the false principles of criticism which have been applied, in this case and in many others, to the examination of Shakespeare's text. But the question will finally be decided by the sure instinct of the public taste, which, we cannot doubt, will soon reverse the sentence of the present generation of editors, critics, and commentators, and finally incorporate into the received text far the larger portion of the emendations made by a poor player in the first half of the seventeenth century.

ART. VII. — *A Memoir of the Late* REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, Massachusetts. By his Father. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 528.

WHILE the world is full of struggles for fame, and its history is little else than a history of successes or failures in these contests, — while we daily see the wreck, the abandonment, the hopeless return to port, — reputation seems to have been thrust upon the unambitious, retiring William Croswell. He prohibited the publication of his poems, and directed his sermons to be burned; he eschewed public performances, loathed the platform, had no skill in debate, avoided controversy, was a man of few words, printed nothing in his own name, filled no ambitious and crowd-compelling pulpit, minded not high things, but condescended to men of low estate; yet his is one of the few names of the clergy of this generation which will be passed down to another age. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," and even in the corrupted currents of this life it sometimes happens that "he that humbleth himself will be exalted."

Dr. Croswell was purely and entirely a priest. "His heart was wholly in the priesthood. He loved to pray. He loved to minister the sacraments. He loved to preach. He loved to catechize the children. And when he lifted up his manly voice in the old hymns and anthems of the Church, it seemed as though a strain of the eternal worship had strayed down from heaven." His mind was of the poetic cast, his faculties and sensibilities nicely tuned to harmony, and open to the quickest impressions of beauty. In youth he read much in secular verse, but after his ordination, his whole being seemed yielded up to the direct and immediate service of the Most High, in acts of praise and worship. Scarcely any thing came from his pen that was not of a strictly religious character, that did not tell of a consecrated fountain which could send up nothing but consecrated waters. Even his name he made the subject of a kind of dedication, under the motto, "*Fons crucis, fons lucis*," "by the name of Crosse-Welle,"

in verses of no little merit. Yet Dr. Croswell was far from being a recluse, an ascetic, or an enthusiast. No man could well have a larger circle of more devoted friends than he; in his intercourse with the world he was mild and complaisant; men of the world pronounced him a gentleman, some ultraists may have thought him a friend of publicans and sinners, and those only who knew his daily and hourly walk knew the self-denial, nay, the self-forgetfulness, the abstemiousness, the living sacrifice of himself which he constantly offered to the good of men and the glory of God. During the seven years of his last ministration in Boston, the rich and educated sought him, while he sought the poor and ignorant. Yet such was the balance of his mind, that he could do justice to both classes; and it is hard to say which mourned him the more sincerely, or sustained the greater loss in his death. The daily visitor of the garret and the cellar, he could look with approving kindness on the innocent dancing of children in the houses of the more wealthy; and temperate, even to abstemiousness, his untasted glass yet stood half filled before him at the table of his friends. The natural man loved the beautiful and grand in nature and art, the delights of friendship, the quiet reading of poems and essays, and poetic and religious meditation; but the man of grace sought toil and privation and exposure, and the severest and humblest duties of the common soldier in the sacramental host. The zeal of his friends, overcoming and almost disregarding his own wishes, brought him into fame by his writings, and the very controversy which he shunned was the means, at last, of giving conspicuity to those leading points of his mind and character, for which his labors and sacrifices in humble spheres of life had been forming so deep and harmonious a background.

William Croswell was born at Hudson in the State of New York, on the 7th day of November, 1804. He was the third child of the Rev. Harry Croswell, D.D., now rector of Trinity Church, New Haven. His mother was of the family of Shermans, of Connecticut. He was educated at Yale College, where he took his degree in the class of 1822. Both at school and in college, he was a good scholar, but never a hard or an ambitious student. The strife for academic honors passed

unnoticed by him, while he conscientiously performed his daily duties, and gave his mind, in leisure moments, to nature, poetry, friendship, and the simple duties and pleasures of home. After his graduation, he spent four years, being still quite young, chiefly in general studies at home. His father says, —

“ William, though doubtless well qualified by his devout and serious turn of thought to enter upon theological studies, hesitated for a long time in his choice. His extreme diffidence and distrust of himself led him to shrink from the high responsibilities of such a profession. There was a constant struggle between his inclinations and his fears. He felt an ardent desire to prepare for the sacred office, but his convictions of duty were not sufficiently strong to overcome his natural want of confidence in his fitness ; and it will be found, as we proceed in his personal narrative, that it was not until a later period that he had so far overmastered his scruples, as to present himself for confirmation.

“ William devoted much time to reading, always giving the preference to works of substantial value, such as the English classics and the standard poets. He seemed averse to tying himself down to any steady pursuit. This was not the effect of instability or fickleness, but arose from the fact that his heart refused all sympathy with secular concerns. He spent some time in travelling and visiting his friends, and occasionally sought some temporary employment ; but wherever he might be, or however occupied, he found it impossible to divert his mind wholly from the one great object, which was gradually working its influence upon his heart and conscience.” — pp. 21, 22.

His uncle, who was a physician of high standing, made him an advantageous offer to enter upon that profession ; but he declined it, partly from a lack of interest in any other than clerical studies, partly from an aversion to surgical exhibitions and duties which he could never overcome, the mere sight of a subject placed on the table for dissection making him faint and sick with horror. Soon afterwards, his cousin, the distinguished editor of the Albany Argus, made him a proposal, which included the study of law, with occasional employment in reporting and editing. He made a short trial of this, but soon abandoned it ; and spending a brief period at New Haven in the little more than nominal study of the law, in 1826, after a long testing of his purpose, many fears and doubts,

and much self-examination, he devoted himself to the ministry and began his course of theological studies.

Mr. Croswell entered the General Seminary of the Episcopal Church, at New York; and although his residence there was but for a short time, on account of failure in health, yet it was long enough to introduce him to the acquaintance and bring him under the influence of Bishop Hobart, then at the height of his reputation and influence, toward the close of his brilliant episcopate. After a short sojourn at New Haven, he went to Hartford, and there, in conjunction with Mr. Doane, now Bishop of New Jersey, he edited for two years a religious newspaper called *The Episcopal Watchman*, at the same time pursuing his theological studies. The marked talents of the two editors, especially in their poetical contributions, which were freely copied by other journals, gave the periodical a large circulation and considerable influence. The current of Mr. Croswell's thought and feeling is indicated by the titles of the principal pieces contributed by him:—Lent, Confirmation, Infant Baptism, Christ bearing the Cross, St. Bartholemew, St. Matthew, St. Luke, Christmas, St. John the Evangelist, Communion of the Sick, Michaelmas, Hymn for Advent, Brook Kedron, &c., &c. The following sonnets are selected, to show the degree of skill he had then attained in the mastery of verse, as well as the development of his powers of thought.

“TO A WINGED FIGURE BY RAPHAEL.

“Whether thou gazest up to some far isle
In the star-sprinkled depths above, where live
The race from whom thou art a fugitive,
Unseen, unheard from, for a dreary while;
Or whether, seeking to restrain the smile
That rises to thy lips, thy fingers strive
To hide what eyes so bold and bright contrive;
Or whether, meditating good or guile,
Thou retest on thine arm contemplative, —
Are problems deeper than the thought can dive.
But if thy breast be not a holy pile
Where naught unclean hath entered to defile,
Then Heaven forgive thee, false one! and forgive
That I should trifle with a theme so vile.” — p. 38.

"THE KNELL.

"Not e'en thy heavenly and harmonious swell,
Calling to Sabbath worship with a sound
From tower to tower reverberated round,
Can with my spirit harmonize so well
As that sad requiem, melancholy bell!
Which with unvaried cadence, stern and dull,
Tolls for the burial of the beautiful.
There is a potent and a thrilling spell
In every solitary stroke, to start
Long-cherished thoughts from memory's inmost cell,
And deep affections; while each warning tone
That rests, 'mid solemn pauses far apart,
Like drops of water dripping on a stone,
Cheerless and ceaseless, wears into the heart." — p. 39.

"MICHAELMAS.

"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
While, with our brethren of the crystal sky,
God's glorious name we laud and magnify.
Angels, Archangels, Powers, and Potentates,
Dominions, Thrones, and thou, preëminent
Among the leaders of the orders bright,
Who beat in battle from the starry height
Th' apostate spirit down his dread descent.
With these, O Michael, the redeemed unite
In that triumphant and eternal hymn,
Which, passing to each other, Cherubim
And Seraphim continually do cry:
'Holy, thrice holy, Lord of love and light!
All glory be to thee, O God most high!'" — p. 61.

At the end of two years, Mr. Doane having been called to Trinity Church in Boston, they relinquished the editorship of the journal, and Mr. Croswell devoted himself solely to preparation for his sacred office. He received his first orders at New Haven, from Bishop Brownell, in 1828. This was the great epoch of his life, to which in after years he looked back almost as if to a new birth. What affected him deeply craved poetic expression; for poetry was not with him an

entertainment or relaxation, but nature and action. His lines entitled "The Ordinal" are as often quoted, and as much read and felt, as any that have come from his pen.

"Alas for me, could I forget
The memory of that day
Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet
E'en sleep can take away!
In dreams I still renew the rites
Whose strong but mystic chain
The spirit to its God unites,
And none can part again.

"How oft the Bishop's form I see,
And hear that thrilling tone
Demanding, with authority,
The heart for God alone!
Again I kneel as then I knelt,
While he above me stands,
And seem to feel as then I felt
The pressure of his hands.

"Again the priests, in meek array,
As my weak spirit fails,
Beside me bend them down to pray
Before the chancel rails;
As then, the sacramental host
Of God's elect are by,
When many a voice its utterance lost,
And tears dimmed many an eye.

"As then they on my vision rose,
The vaulted aisles I see,
And desk and cushioned book repose
In solemn sanctity;
The mitre o'er the marble niche,
The broken crook and key,
That from a Bishop's tomb shone rich
With polished tracery; *

* "Referring to the tomb of Bishop Jarvis, whose body reposes under the chancel of Trinity Church."

“The hangings, the baptismal font, —
All, all, save me, unchanged, —
The holy table, as was wont,
With decency arranged;
The linen cloth, the plate, the cup,
Beneath their covering shine,
Ere priestly hands are lifted up
To bless the bread and wine.

“The solemn ceremonial past,
And I am set apart
To serve the Lord, from first to last,
With undivided heart.
And I have sworn, with pledges dire,
Which God and man have heard,
To speak the holy truth entire
In action and in word.

“O Thou, who in Thy holy place
Hast set thine orders three,
Grant me, Thy meanest servant, grace
To win a good degree;
That so, replenished from above,
And in my office tried,
Thou mayst be honored, and in love
Thy Church be edified.” — pp. 53, 54.

In the spring of 1829, Mr. Croswell, being admitted to priest's orders, was settled over the parish of Christ Church, in Boston. Here he remained for eleven years, pursuing the even tenor of his way as a parish priest. His letters are full of his sermons, his baptisms, his burials, his visitations of the sick and needy, his Sunday schools and catechizings, and his preparation of the young for Confirmation. At the same time, he mixed, though sparingly, in the best intellectual society in Boston; he read and studied in the Athenæum, was a regular visitor at the exhibitions of fine arts, and had an eye and heart open to the beautiful in natural scenery, and the mournful or pleasurable in the social lives of his friends. He became acquainted with Dr. Channing, of whom he says: “I have frequently met Dr. Channing, and have ceased to

wonder at the prodigious influence he exerts over his party. His manners are most simple and unobtrusive. His flow of conversation is sweet, quiet, and placid, and his power of the fascinating and tranquil kind. He gains a great deal, too, by his grave and solemn complacency, which never relaxes into a smile." He remained a bachelor, and fitting up a room in the rear of the church for his study, which he called "The Cloister," he became more identified with his church than modern clergymen usually are. The antiquity of the edifice, familiarly known in Boston as "The Old North," its peculiar and Anglican arrangements and style, its chime of bells, its situation in the midst of the older portion of the town, arising from among crooked and narrow streets on the side of Copp's Hill, all combined to make it an object of special interest to him. He received invitations to other places, among the rest to All Saints Church in New York; but he declined them in favor of his attachment and sense of duty to his present charge. His stay in Boston was the more sure, while his "friend and more than brother," Bishop Doane, was there also. The friendship between these gentlemen was of a character so devoted and entire, as to pass quite beyond the line of what is ordinarily called by that name. It took hold on things to come, as well as things present, and they seemed necessary to each other's well-being and happiness. On the occasion of his friend's consecration to the bishopric, he wrote the following, which is one of his best sonnets.

"AD AMICUM.

"Let no gainsaying lips despise thy youth;
Like his, the great Apostle's favorite son,
Whose early rule at Ephesus begun:
Thy Urim and thy Thummim — Light and Truth —
Be thy protection from the Holy One:
And for thy fiery trials, be there shed
A sevenfold grace on thine anointed head,
Till thy 'right onward' course shall all be run.
And when thy earthly championship is through,
Thy warfare fought, thy battle won,
And heaven's own palms of triumph bright in view,
May this thy thrilling welcome be: 'Well done!'

Because thou hast been faithful over few,
A mightier rule be thine, O servant good and true!"

—p. 118.

Again, on his removal from Boston, he addressed him in the following lines.

"TO G. W. D.

"I miss thee at the morning tide,
The glorious hour of prime;
I miss thee more, when day has died,
At blesséd evening time.
As slide the aching hours away,
Still art thou unforgot;
Sleeping or waking, night and day,
When do I miss thee not?

"How can I pass that gladsome door,
Where every favorite room
Thy presence made so bright before
Is loneliness and gloom?
Each place where most thou lov'dst to be,
Thy home, thy house of prayer,
Seem yearning for thy company:
I miss thee everywhere."—p. 129.

And the reader cannot fail to be interested in the lines he addressed to the son of Bishop Doane, who bore his name, and to whom he was godfather.

"TO MY NAMESAKE, WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE,

ON HIS BAPTISM.

'Formosè Puer.'

"Childe William, I have little skill,
But much of heart and hope,
To clear from every sign of ill
Thy happy horoscope.
The occult gift is hid from me,
Nor may my art divine
Thy life's unfolded destiny
From this sweet palm of thine.

“ But in thy mother’s tender love,
Thy father’s anxious care,
And, more, the answer from above
To our baptismal prayer, —
In these a hallowed influence dwells,
A charm that’s heavenlier far
Than might of planetary spells
Or culminating star.

“ The power of holiest rites, fair boy,
The tears that oft will wet
Thy forehead from excess of joy, —
These be thy amulet!
On these auspicious prospects rest,
These figure out thy fate;
How can they fail to make thee blest, —
Blest, if not fortunate?

“ A childless man, well may I deem
Thy name my highest pride,
Rich in thy parents’ dear esteem,
Though poor in all beside;
Well may my heart with gladness ache,
Flower of a noble stem,
If one will love thee for my sake,
As I have honored them.” — pp. 116, 117.

About this time Bishop Doane edited the first American edition of Keble’s *Christian Year*, to which he appended, as notes, sonnets and odes on similar subjects, by his friend, Mr. Croswell. This is the only collection of his poems, and he permitted it reluctantly, and with great self-distrust. But it has given him a wide and high reputation both here and in England.

This period is also animated by a series of interesting letters between Mr. Croswell and his friend, Captain J. P. Couthouy, a distinguished member of the Exploring Expedition of 1838. Some of the letters of Captain Couthouy, written from South American cities, from South Sea Islands, and from the heights of the Andes, are of high merit, and

show a man of strong mind, as well as one well grounded in pure religion.

In 1840, owing to some difficulties which are not fully explained in the biography, and which in after years were more than fully healed, he resigned the rectorship of Christ Church, and took the charge of St. Peter's Church at Auburn, in New York. Here he remained for four years, during which period he married an estimable lady of Boston, and became the father of one child, a daughter. This portion of his life is not marked by any events of peculiar interest. He liked the climate and the society, and his congregation were attached to him. But it is plain that his heart had become more and more set, with each advancing year, upon a more earnest, self-sacrificing ministry,—a ministry to the poor and benighted in some great city,—and also a more thorough embodiment of the system of a working, sympathetic Church,—a priesthood of daily service, frequent communion, and constant visitation,—than he could find scope for, in the quiet of an interior town.

At about this time a revival of a peculiar character had taken place in the Church of England. It emanated from Oxford, under the auspices of men to whom, whatever else may be said of them, the praise of learning and piety cannot be denied. Before this time, there had been two prominent types of religious sentiment in the Church of England. The Erastian, a mere High Tory Establishment interest, looked upon the Church as an institution founded by Henry VIII., to be maintained as a mode of securing law and good order. The High-Churchman of this school locked up his church from all the world except on Sundays, and then locked himself and his family safely in a big pew, in which he held an exclusive privilege, shut out the poor, discouraged the agitation of religious subjects, and thought he was making the Church an admirable engine of conservatism. The other element, known as the Evangelical, deserving credit for a greater "zeal of God," yet worked counter to the system of the Church, and indeed almost altogether out of it, and rather added to the influence of dissent. The new movement drew men from both these parties, and introduced a new division,

to which the old appellatives of High and Low were hardly applicable. Avoiding terms of disparagement to either, they may perhaps be as fairly denominated Catholic and Evangelical, as by any other names. The new movement has gone on *more humano*, and has borne along with it some bigotry and some things fantastical. Still it is justly entitled to the credit of having awakened the Church of England, and put fresh life into its forms and appliances. It has opened the churches, freed the schools and colleges, increased the labors of the clergy, reinstated the poor in the house of God, and revived the sacraments, observances, and duties connected with the social life, the dearest domestic ties, the epochs in the history of every man and every household, — with birth, childhood, youth, marriage, age, sickness, recovery, death, burial. Through its agency at Christmas, “the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together beautify the sanctuary,” and at Easter or Whitsunday, childhood and maidenhood bring their first offering of flowers to be sanctified in the service of the Most High. It has done much to break down aristocratic privileges in the worship of God, for it has brought to bear against them popular feeling, Christian duty, and priestly interest. It has built and renovated churches, re-established the broken font and overturned altar, multiplied schools and seminaries for free instruction, so that the ignorant are taught, the rich are taxed, the sick are visited; and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. It seeks to reduce overgrown salaries and foundations, and to apply the surplus to free education, the building and maintaining of free churches, and the frequency and dignity of divine worship. For this it is willing to sacrifice much of the supposed advantage of connection with the state and the patronage of the government. Wiser in its conservatism than the Georges, it sends bishops into every colony and province; and at home would multiply them for usefulness, at the expense of their wealth and external dignity.

In America, time was when the Episcopal Church was looked upon too much as a respectable relic, a kind of chapel of ease and gentility, where good taste and privilege could reign undisturbed. The churches were built in fanciful

spots, sumptuously pewed and cushioned, carefully locked six days in seven, and on the seventh opened to a select audience. The transplanted Erastian, here only an assuming Dissenter, could not commend his church to the confidence or sympathy of the people, while the zeal of the Evangelical, embarrassed by a machinery it could not use, resulted in an imperfect imitation of the Methodists and New School religionists. The new movement sought to make the Church a working, active, sympathetic Church. It increased its duties and services. It sought to bring it home to the business and bosoms of men; to make it a teacher and minister to the poor and humble. The privilege and ease of the proprietor were to yield to the rights of the many. The central situation, the open door, the free sitting, the frequent service, the well-worn aisle, were to show that churches are built for the glory of God in the good of man. The absolute unity and equality of all in the communion was to be the truest, most heartfelt, and only reliable equality and fraternity upon earth, overriding all distinctions of age, sex, rank, nation, or color.

Not concerning himself much with the nicer controversial points of this movement, and not without due caution as to its tendency, Dr. Croswell sympathized deeply in its promised practical results. A few laymen of the Episcopal Church in Boston, of the same mind and views, had organized a parish, upon the principle of free sittings to all, frequent services, and a full and complete performance of all ecclesiastical offices and ministrations. They extended an invitation to Dr. Croswell to become their first rector, and this offer presented to him so exactly the field of labor he desired, that he accepted the invitation at once, and returned to Boston. The first service of the new church was held on Advent Sunday, from which circumstance the parish took its name.

It is quite evident to the reader of the Memoir, that from this time a stronger spirit was breathed into the official life of Dr. Croswell. He established the daily morning and evening service in his church, which was uninterrupted up to the day of his death. This caused his church to be almost always open, and as he was to be found there daily, at stated hours, it became a place of resort for persons who needed aid or counsel

for mind or body, or the offices of religion in their families. He became known as a visitor of the sick and dying in jails and hospitals, and his church as a place where a minister and friend could always be found. His adherence to his duties throughout the protracted cholera season of 1849, when he was, for several weeks, one of the few of the Protestant clergy who continued permanently in the city, endeared him to all classes. His parish prospered wonderfully under his guidance, and from a small gathering in an upper chamber, it became in a few years one of the most prominent and influential congregations in that communion. And so far from wearying under this increase of duties, he says (which will be a useful hint to other clergymen) that by the daily service he formed such a habit of public speaking, that he was less fatigued on Sundays than he used to be, and had no more "blue Mondays."

But his course was not to be without its interruption and severe trials. The bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Dr. Eastburn, regarded the transactions of which we have spoken in a very different light from that in which they were seen by Dr. Croswell. Bishop Eastburn, being of the Evangelical school, looked with great distrust upon the revival of daily service, frequent communions, free sittings, and the entire style and system of preaching and ministration which accompanied the Oxford movement. He saw in it fatal tendencies to Romanism, and thought it his duty to put it down. He entered upon this task with the confidence of conviction and the excitement of apprehension. So far as the state of the case can be gathered from the correspondence between him and Dr. Croswell, the points in this unhappy controversy would seem to be these. At the close of the Bishop's annual visitation, for confirmation and examination, he expressed an unfavorable opinion of the arrangements of the church and the mode of conducting a portion of the service. The objections were, that there was a large cross in the chancel window, that the rector turned his back to the people and faced the altar in acts of prayer and worship, that he did not change his dress for the sermon, and that the Psalms were used at certain parts of the service in which it was customary to sing metrical hymns. The con-

versation on these points, however, was hurried and informal, as the parties were unrobing in the vestry. No correspondence or interview ensued, and this was the first communication between them. After a few days, a circular letter was published by the Bishop in a newspaper of the diocese, proclaiming his disapprobation of the arrangements and conduct of service at the Church of the Advent. This was, of course, circulated widely. It is written in plain and earnest language, and in the course of it he characterizes the services as "superstitious puerilities," "offensive innovations," having "pointed and offensive resemblance to that idolatrous papal communion," and as "degrading to the character of our Church, and perilous to the souls of our people."

This letter was answered by Dr. Croswell, in a long letter, which also had a wide circulation. It would be doing injustice to both parties to treat the controversy as one relating to mere ceremonies. Both regarded it as involving principles of importance. Dr. Croswell conscientiously believed that he was carrying out the system of his Church in its fulness, and the Bishop as conscientiously believed the action of Dr. Croswell to indicate tendencies which, unchecked, would lead to serious evils. The Bishop deemed it his duty to make a public denunciation of the church and its rector, while Dr. Croswell thought his rights as a presbyter violated by a public censure passed without presentment, or trial, or the opportunity to make defence secured to him by the canons of his Church. Dr. Croswell's letter is an argument in vindication of all his services and arrangements at the church, as in accordance with the rubric and the best authorities. But he takes the further position, that he had received no private accusation, by word or letter, from the Bishop, before the public denouncement; and adds, that the canons furnished the Bishop a complete remedy in the way of discipline; that, in all cases of heresy in doctrine or irregularity in practice, a presbyter has a vested right to be proceeded with according to the canons, with the protection of examination, trial, proof, and legal sentence; and that he is guaranteed against official public censure when these are not resorted to.

We do not purpose to follow out this controversy in its

details. The result was, that Bishop Eastburn refused to visit the church, or perform the rite of Confirmation in it, and would not permit any clergyman to officiate for him who officiated at the Advent. Dr. Croswell offered to leave the services and arrangements of the church at the disposal of the Bishop on the day of his visitation; but the Bishop required a promise of continued conformity to his wishes. Dr. Croswell modified a few particulars, but to the rest he adhered, deeming them matters of principle, on the ground that he could not abandon them, after the Bishop's public denunciation, without a confession of guilt, and that the rights of all presbyters and parishes were involved in the question, whether a bishop can require entire conformity to his own wishes and tastes in the details of arrangements and services, at the peril of public censure and exclusion from episcopal offices, when he does not see fit to make the alleged irregularities matters of judicial inquiry and decision, in the manner provided by the canons. In consequence of these difficulties, the parish of the Advent remained unvisited, although, by an arrangement made annually, under protest on each side, the candidates from the parish were confirmed by the Bishop in one of the churches of the city, Dr. Croswell taking part in the services.

This controversy drew attention to Dr. Croswell and his parish, both here and abroad, and he received a proportionate degree of regard and encouragement from those who sympathized with his objects. It attached to his parish a kind of historical importance, which, enhanced by the profound piety and devotedness of the rector, the public respect felt for his laborious and self-sacrificing character, and the zeal and devotion of his parishioners, added greatly to its prosperity. It is plain, from the course taken by Bishop Eastburn on the occasion of Dr. Croswell's death, that he became relieved, by the developments of time, of his apprehension of Romanizing tendencies in Dr. Croswell. Could he have revoked his circular letter, containing imputations of so grave a character, it is probable that the differences might have been arranged. Or if he had presented the alleged defections and irregularities for examination and trial, a decision of the tribunal of

final resort would have ended the controversy. Yet it cannot but suggest itself to the reader, that the Bishop felt, that, while he had more to lose than his opponent by an adverse decision, there was, too, great probability of such a result from the fact that, while later usage coincided with the Bishop's view, the letter and spirit of the Liturgy gave strong assurance to the position of Dr. Croswell.

That the reader may judge of Dr. Croswell's manner of conducting this controversy, and may form an opinion of his position as stated by himself, the following letter is extracted.

"BOSTON, *December 8, 1846.*

"RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—I was truly concerned to find, by your note of explanation of the 30th ultimo, that a compliance with your own preferences, as to the modes of worship on the occasion of administering Confirmation at our chapel, would fall far short of satisfying your demands. It had been the unanimous understanding between the vestry and myself, that the arrangements of the chancel, and the method of celebrating divine service, should on that occasion be entirely at your own disposition, and we were prepared to take your own directions with regard to them. Thus much we were willing to concede, for the sake of peace, and from an anxiety to avoid the appearance of compelling you to any thing like a compromise of your opinions, or that might seem to betray a disregard of your feelings. At the same time, it is due to ourselves to say, that we feel even such a requirement, under the circumstances, to be a dangerous precedent, and not therefore to be yielded as a matter of right, but simply with a view to prepare the way for the administration of that solemn ordinance 'consistently with what you feel to be your own duty.'

"After maturely weighing your letter with this explanation, I now understand you distinctly to require nothing less than this, as a condition absolute and precedent to the discharge of episcopal offices in our church; viz. an assurance or pledge that certain changes shall be made in our arrangements and mode of conducting divine service; and that these alterations shall be permanent and continuous.

"Now, I fully admit that there may be departures, not from the written law of the Church only, but from a recognized and legitimate usage, of such a character as to warrant a bishop in refusing to perform episcopal offices in a church where they exist. Yet I do, with all solemnity, protest against this ground being taken with reference to things not required by the Church, about which there is admitted

doubt, and a recognized diversity of practice and opinion in the Church. To use a sort of interdict in order to compel conformity to each bishop's private tastes, preferences, and opinions, I cannot but feel to be a violation of the rights of presbyters and parishes. It is not possible that such a claim should be submitted to and carried out,—and even if it were, though I do not mention it as a reason, yet it deserves to be considered,—however it might seem to create greater uniformity within each diocese for a time, it would certainly result in a more marked difference between different dioceses, and in the same diocese, under different bishops.

“I have had much opportunity, during the last year, carefully, and I may say daily, to consider our arrangements and mode of worship, and have been confirmed in all my previous impressions with regard to their consistency with the rubric, as expounded by the best ritualists, and as to their salutary tendency in preserving in my own mind, and that of my fellow-worshippers, the reverence which is due in divine ministrations. It is freely conceded that there are points in which they differ from those that obtain in the church of which you are rector, and from those which generally prevail at present in this neighborhood. At the same time, it cannot be denied that these very usages have not only been followed without objection in other portions of the Church, but have received the sanction of the highest authorities. And even in this neighborhood, as the oldest rector in this city, I have lived to see various diversities of practice, and many considerable changes in the arrangements of chancels; and it would be easy to enumerate particulars in which they differ on points where the Church has given no discretion. In none of these things, I am satisfied, has the parish of the Advent gone beyond the latitude which the Church allows, or offended against either the letter or the spirit of its rules, or violated its decent or seemly order, or afforded a bishop any warrant for depriving us of the episcopal visitation and offices which are secured to us by the canons.

“Another obvious difficulty is suggested by your requirement of a personal promise or pledge to pursue a certain course, and this, too, not for a special occasion, but unlimited in its terms. When I was admitted to the holy order of deacons, first, and then of the priesthood, in addition to the solemn vows of ordination, I signed a declaration, in which I engaged ‘*to conform to the doctrine and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.*’ These obligations rest upon me with all their weight at this moment; and for any offences in violation of them, I am liable to canonical proceedings. I have reason to object to giving any pledges beyond these; and over and above the

duties put upon me by the Church, I regard the enacting of such pledges as a dangerous precedent,—especially when required, as it is here, under the penalty of cutting off from important privileges. If I remember Bishop White's commentary aright, the standard by which the bishop's 'godly admonitions' are to be directed, are the various established institutions of the Church, and not his private opinion. 'The Church,' says he, 'is under a government of *law*, and not of *will*.' If the assurance which you require relates to the established institutions of the Church, then it is superfluous; if, as in this case, it is for something beyond those, and for the purpose of securing conformity to private opinion, or local practice, on points upon which there are diversities of opinion and practice in the Church, then the requirement, under the penalty which you have affixed to it, is one in which I am unwilling to involve myself; and the claim of a right thus to demand it, I feel bound, on general principles, to withstand. As a personal matter, it may not be improper for me to allude to the peculiarity of my position, in being called upon *privately* to abandon observances for which I have been, in the most public manner, censured by yourself, and which you have held up to the world as perilous and degrading; since the relinquishment of them, under such circumstances, could hardly fail to be regarded as an admission of the character imputed to them, if not also of the legality of that act of censure.

"It has occurred to me that you may possibly be under mistake as to what is actually done at our chapel. We know that there have been false representations, and are still, to some extent, false impressions, abroad on the subject; and it has always seemed to me that your circular indicated a wrong conception of our usages. Yet our worship is public and daily, and nothing is concealed. I would call your attention to my letter of December 6, 1845, and to the resolves of the wardens and vestry which accompany it, as containing a full and fair statement of our arrangements and mode of conducting divine service. If you have supposed that any thing else is done by us than is stated in those documents, we shall be happy to correct your impressions, or to communicate any more particular information which you may desire. But while I acknowledge your offer of a personal conference, yet, after what has taken place, and in consideration of the importance of the subject, I think you will agree with me, that whatever may pass between us should not be left to depend upon the recollection of conversations; a state of things which is always embarrassing to the parties, and especially so after any considerable lapse of time.

"If, on a full consideration of the case, you adhere to your determination to refuse a visitation, I have no other alternative, consistent

with a due regard to those of my flock who would otherwise be deprived of privileges to which they are entitled, but to submit. Though I am well persuaded of their readiness to meet their bishop wherever he may appoint, it will occur to you that there may be strong preferences as to place. If they are not to receive Confirmation in the place where they have received their deepest religious impressions and been knit together in one, and at the foot of the holy altar where some of them have already made, and all hope to make, their first communion, I trust it will seem but reasonable to request that they will not be required to attend at the church of any of my junior presbyters. In a word, if the bishop refuses to come to us, we hope, at least, to be permitted to come to the bishop in his own cathedral church. Considering also the age and circumstances of some of the candidates, I would further ask, that it may take place on the Lord's day, and at the usual hour of morning or evening service. On any Sunday after the Epiphany which you may appoint, I will endeavor, the Lord being my helper, to be prepared to present myself with such as he shall have given me.

"I remain, right reverend and dear sir,

"Yours, in the holy office of priesthood,

"W. CROSWELL.

"Right Rev. MANTON EASTBURN, D.D., Bishop, &c."

— pp. 389 – 392.

Sunday, the 9th day of November, in the year of his Redeemer 1851, was the last day of William Croswell upon earth. It was seven years, to a day, from his arrival in Boston to take charge of the new parish. The account of his death is given in so graphic and simple a manner by his venerable biographer, that the reader would be a loser if it were not transcribed in the very words.

"During the intermission, it was remarked by his family that he never appeared more cheerful. He seemed to promise himself much enjoyment in the approaching services;—first, in admitting an infant, by holy baptism, into the bosom of the Church; and last, in addressing the little ones of his flock, in whose spiritual welfare he took the deepest interest. His sermon to the children, from 2 Kings v. 2, 3, was written in a style of beautiful simplicity, perfectly plain, and well adapted to the capacity of his juvenile hearers, and yet full of the most sublime and elevated thoughts. As he proceeded in the delivery, it was perceived that he occasionally betrayed some signs of faltering in his speech; but this was very naturally imputed to his emotions, and would not have attracted particular notice, had he not also, from time

to time, placed his hand in an unusual manner upon the back of his head, as if suffering from pain or distress. ‘The children,’ remarks an eyewitness, ‘were much affected as they saw, or thought they saw, tears stealing from his eyes. His voice, which was ever gentle and soft, and could scarce shape itself to a tone of reproof but that it would falter into music, meanwhile assumed, as from some presentimental emotion, those tones of tender pathos which rendered his speech no less fit than if it had been specially meant for a valedictory to the little ones of his flock.’ After proceeding through about two thirds of his manuscript, he closed his discourse abruptly, with a few remarks and the customary ascription. He then pronounced distinctly, from memory, the first stanza of the hymn previously appointed to be sung by the choir:—

‘Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.’

But in giving the number of this hymn, which is the *eighty-eighth* in the collection, he named, by a most striking and extraordinary inadvertence, the *one hundred and eighty-eighth*, in which these lines occur:—

‘Determined are the days that fly
Successive o’er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.’

The choir, however, governed by his original directions, sung the hymn appointed, during which he stood, as usual, facing the altar. At the conclusion, he knelt down at the chancel rail, and said from memory, his book having fallen noiselessly from his hand, the following collect:—

“‘Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*’

“But now his strength seems to have entirely failed. Instead of rising and turning to the congregation, as was his custom, to pronounce the concluding benediction, he remained on his knees, and said, with a faltering voice, the apostolic blessing. The congregation immediately took the alarm, and his friends rushed forward to his assistance. He was borne down through the church to the vestry-room, and from thence in a carriage to his residence. Though at first evidently con-

scious, he seemed unable to articulate distinctly, and uttered but a few words; and being apprised by the physicians in attendance of the dangerous nature of his attack, he composed himself quietly on his couch, and closed his eyes, as if in a calm sleep. His old, long-trying, and faithful friend and father in the Gospel, the Rev. Dr. Eaton, was soon at his side, and, finding him unable to speak, if not unconscious, knelt down, and taking him by the hand, offered the Commendatory Prayer of the Church.

“As the word *Amen* was pronounced by the venerable priest, the last breath was perceived to pass, gently, quietly, and without a struggle, from the lips of the dying soldier of the cross, and he was at rest in the bosom of his Saviour!”—pp. 475–477.

Dr. Croswell's death produced a deep impression in this city, and upon his Church throughout the Union. Testimony to his worth was borne by the clergy, the public press, and the people of all classes and denominations. His death is annually commemorated in his parish. His body was borne from his house to the church, by the hands of eight of his faithful parishioners, with eight of the clergy as pall-bearers, while thirty-four clergymen of his communion, headed by Bishop Eastburn, closed the procession, all in the vestments of their sacred office; and the whole procession moved uncovered along the public street to the church, where the crowded edifice, the solemn music, the deathlike stillness, broken by the sobs of the bereaved congregation, all bore witness to the greatness of the loss and the depth of the affliction.

The resolutions passed by the Parish of the Advent are of so striking and affecting a character, that it would be wrong to omit them here.

“PARISH OF THE ADVENT, BOSTON,
Sunday, the twenty-second after Trinity, A. D. 1851.

“At a meeting of the *wardens and vestry*, holden at the church immediately after evening service, the committee appointed to proceed to New Haven in company with the body of the late rector of this parish, the Rev. William Croswell, D.D., and to attend to its interment at that place, *reported*, that they had discharged the duty assigned to them; the body having been buried at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 13th of November, at the New Haven cemetery, ‘*deep in the*

ground,' in accordance with the wishes of the deceased. The following resolution was thereupon adopted by a unanimous vote, and entered at large upon the record:—

“*Resolved*, That now, for the first time, when the last rites have been paid to the mortal remains of our beloved rector, we will strive for a moment to control our grief, and to give expression, in some feeble degree, to what *no words can measurably express*.

“Although it does not become us to sorrow as others which have no hope, yet we cannot behold the desolation of our house of prayer, and remember the affliction which weighs upon the family of our beloved rector, without offering to them the testimony of our sympathy and condolence.

“We, therefore, the Church and Congregation whom he served, are ready to bear witness concerning our brother appointed to the Priesthood over us:—

“That he duly exercised his ministry to the honor of GOD and the edifying of HIS Church,—

“That he considered well with himself the end of his ministry towards the children of GOD, towards the Spouse and Body of CHRIST,—

“That he never ceased his labors, his care, and diligence, but did all that lay in him to bring all such as were committed to his charge unto an agreement in the FAITH and knowledge of GOD, and to ripeness and perfectness of age in CHRIST,—

“That he was a faithful dispenser of the word of GOD and of HIS holy sacraments,—

“That, without preferring one before another, and doing nothing by partiality, he did not shun to declare unto all, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, *the whole counsel of GOD*,—warning us that, without exemption or dispensation, we must obey *both the greatest and the very least* of the holy commandments of JESUS CHRIST.

“And now, since we, among whom he had gone preaching the kingdom of GOD, shall see his face on earth no more, we take record that he is *pure from the blood of all men*.

“We remember that, by the space of seven years, he ceased not to warn every one, morning and evening, with his prayers, taking heed unto himself and to all the flock over which the HOLY GHOST had made him overseer, feeding the Church of GOD, which HE hath purchased with HIS own blood.

“And while we sorrow most of all for the words which we *must* speak,—‘We shall see his face no more,’—we are consoled by the

remembrance, that, *when his LORD came, he was found watching,—as one that waiteth for his LORD,—his loins girded about with priestly robes, and the spiritual lights of his ministration burning;* and we therefore call upon his family to bow with us in humble resignation to the mysterious will of GOD, and, with us, to

“BLESS HIS HOLY NAME for all HIS servants departed this life in HIS faith and fear, beseeching HIM to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that, with them, we may be partakers of HIS heavenly kingdom. Grant this, O Father, for JESUS CHRIST’S sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. AMEN.”—pp. 489–491.

The biographer has also extracted the following passage from an argument of one of his parishioners at an ecclesiastical trial.

“Public rumor! I was educated to despise it. A sound, well-conceived public opinion, on a subject upon which public opinion can intelligently act, I regard with due respect; but mere rumor I should be ashamed to own as a motive for one moment or one action of my life. When the counsel for the prosecution passed his eulogy on the memory of the late Dr. Croswell, I could not but think what a rebuke his whole life was to public rumor. If ever a man was the destined victim of public rumor, that man was William Croswell. Not left to its low haunts, but elevated to the dignity of episcopal sanction, promulgated by episcopal proclamation, (of the general or canonical propriety of which I do not now wish to speak,) it charged him with ‘degrading the character of the Church, and perilling the souls of our people.’ But, in patience and confidence, *he lived it all down!* He went forward in the due discharge of his noble duties, in daily prayers, daily public service, daily ministrations to the poor, and sick, and afflicted, not without much suffering from the relentless attacks on his name and usefulness,—sufferings which shortened his days on earth; and the daily beauty of his life made ugly the countenance of detraction and defamation. Public confidence, a plant of slow growth, grew about him. Public justice was rendered to him without a movement of his own. He fell at his post, with all his armor on. About the time of the evening sacrifice the angel touched him, and he was called away. He fell, with his face to the altar, with the words of benediction on his lips, surrounded by an almost adoring congregation, mourned by an entire community. All men rose up and called him blessed. From the distinguished rector of St. Paul’s Church, in his noble sermon from the text, ‘My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!’ to the humblest orphan child in the obscure alley who missed

his daily returning visit, — all, all, with one accord, sent up their voices as incense to heaven. I had the honor and privilege to be one of the few who, seven years before that day, received him on his entrance into the city to take charge of his infant parish. I am proud and grateful to remember that I was one of those on whom, in his long struggle, in a measure, according to my ability, he leaned for support. And seven years, almost, I believe quite, to the very day, I had the melancholy privilege, with that same company, of bearing his body up that aisle which he had so often ascended in his native dignity and in the beauty of holiness !

“I should be an unworthy parishioner, pupil, I may say friend, of his, if I allowed myself to defer for a moment to public rumor on a question of character or principle. I should be forgetful of his example if I allowed any one to do so who looked to me for counsel and direction. No, gentlemen, let us all, lay or clerical, call to mind his life and his death ; and let public rumor blow over us as the idle wind, poisonous only to those who open their senses to receive it.” — pp. 507, 508.

This biography comes to us in an interesting manner, having been prepared by the venerable father. He had, shortly before, in view of impending death, arranged his own manuscripts and journals, for the inspection of this son, when the solemn order of the procession was reversed. He may say to us, in the words of the full-hearted statesman, in the moment of his bitter bereavement: “I live in an inverted order. They who should have come after me, have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. And I owe to that dearest relation which must ever subsist in memory, the work of piety which he would have performed for me.”

- ART. VIII. — 1. *The Personal Adventures of "Our Own Correspondent" in Italy. Showing how an active Campaigner can find good Quarters when other Men lie in the Fields; good Dinners while many are half starved; and good Wine, though the King's Staff be reduced to Half-Rations.* By MICHAEL BURKE HONAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.
2. *Men and Things as I saw them in Europe.* By KIRWAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853.
3. *The Fine Arts. Their Nature and Relations.* By M. GUIZOT. Translated, with the Assistance of the Author, by GEORGE GROVE. With Illustrations drawn on Wood by GEORGE SCHARF, JUN. London: Thomas Bosworth. 1853.
4. *Lectures on Ancient Ethnography and Geography, comprising Greece and her Colonies, Epirus, Macedonia, Illyricum, Italy, Gaul, Spain, Britain, the North of Africa, etc.* By B. G. NIEBUHR. Translated from the German Edition of DR. ISLER, by DR. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, F.R.S.E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh; with Additions and Corrections from his own Manuscript Notes. In Two Volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854.

It would be difficult to select books presenting greater contrasts than those whose titles we have transcribed. The frivolous, but vivacious and stirring Irishman; the American preacher, who went out to Europe, one might think, on purpose to see the iniquities of the Romish Church, which he accordingly saw and delights to record; the thoughtful and philosophic ex-Minister of France; and the truth-loving German, with his wondrous erudition and faculty for historical divination, — represent the extremes of authorship. We refer to their works, however, not to comment on their value, but because they all treat, more or less, of Italian subjects, and because they show the inexhaustible materials which Italy furnishes for book-making.

To a writer of travels, no country offers so many temptations as Italy, and of no country is it so difficult to give a satisfactory account. It is like a beautiful woman, whose features every artist fancies he can copy, but which no one

succeeds in copying. A traveller in China, in Hindoostan, in most countries of Europe even, has something new to tell. Statistics are waiting to be collected, institutions to be described, social customs to be portrayed. Then, too, the objects of great and general interest are comparatively so few and so marked, that one is not embarrassed in the selection, while, at the same time, they are sufficiently novel to insure him interested readers. But with Italy, all is reversed. When the traveller has brought together the statistics, and narrated the history, and given an account of the institutions, he has hardly begun his task. Italy, the wonder of the world, still remains. Its infinite variety exceeds the limits of any traveller's note-book; and to define its true charm is like describing a picture, or translating a poem,—the sentiment vanishes in the process. That which attracts all men to this realm of beauty is precisely what the tourist cannot express in words. The bloom and fragrance are exhaled, as from the leaves and flowers he presses between his pages. Its characteristics may be carried away in the soul, but not in a book. We derive the best idea of them, not from volumes of travels, but from the architecture and the poetry, the paintings and the music, through which the heart and the genius of Italy have found utterance.

Italy is the centre of the world, because it contains more than any other country to interest a greater variety of minds. Its natural scenery is the loveliest which the sun looks upon. What an horizon of beauty is that which hangs between heaven and earth, on the far-off verge of the traveller's memory! Como and Maggiore, in whose calm waters the hoary Alps bathe their feet; the mystery that broods in the Venetian sunset; "the top of Fesolé," or the tower where the youthful Milton may have stood with "the Tuscan Artist," now old and blind, while he looked down on the city of Dante and Michel Angelo; Perugia, from whose high summit stretches a vast and varied landscape, with its olive-gardens and its vineyards, its valleys and its hill-sides lying warm in the sun, like a vision of some fairer world of which we have dreamed,—a scene on which Raphael fitly gazed, while learning to portray the different, but not more wondrous, love-

liness with which his soul was haunted; the opening Bay of Naples, its sunshiny waters, its curving shores from Baia to Sorrento crowded with the memorials of by-gone ages, its retreating hills, and, towering above all, the great altar of Nature, the steep volcano;—as these, and a thousand other scenes, rise before the memory, we confess that there is no kind of natural beauty of which Italy does not contain the fairest specimen,—the type and ideal form of which all else is but a deterioration and a copy. There are elsewhere wider rivers, and mountains more sublime, but here is the very realm and shrine of the beautiful. “See Naples and die,” says the proverb, for after that, all else must appear tame and faded;—at least so thinks the Neapolitan, and so the traveller is apt to think.

And more than this: it is not on Nature only that you look, but on Nature glorified by historical memories. It would hardly be too much to say, that the whole world besides has not so many objects interesting from their associations with men and events in the past, as Italy alone. In this respect it outmatches other lands in the very things for which they are most remarkable. The opening of the Etruscan tombs has revealed more of a forgotten civilization than the disinterred ruins of Assyria. Palestine has spots more sacred to the heart, and there are localities of Greece which can never take a place of secondary interest; but these countries have been ravaged by so many conquests, and their ancient characteristics have been so effaced, that, with the exception of a few points, the progress of the traveller is a perpetual disenchantment of his dreams and anticipations. He goes to the East only to be disorientalized. But in Italy, the old remains in the midst of the new, like a time-worn tower garlanded and crowned by the fresh-springing ivy which climbs around its crumbling walls to-day. The successive stages of civilization are presented visibly before you, like the successive strata of a geological section of the earth. In tracing back the history of Italy, you witness, step by step, the progress of mankind. He who enters Rome has around him, as in Liverpool or New York, the people and the works which belong to the present time. But he soon becomes conscious that this is the least of Rome.

St. Peter's and the Vatican carry him back to the great age of modern art. The house of Rienzi, and the letters of Petrarch to that sublime or mad enthusiast whose early career reminds one of the greater modern tribune of Hungary, bring up before the thought the wild, blind struggles of a reviving civilization. A little farther on, a few laborers are slowly disinterring the Forum from the accumulated ruins under which it was buried during that darkest age, when Rome, the world's capital, was almost depopulated and had become a nest of feudal bandits. If one rides around the walls, there are the very portions which Belisarius repaired, and there are the gates through which Goth and Vandal, the ministers of destiny, burst with merciless hearts and bloody hands. You cross the Tiber by the Milvian bridge, over which the visionary cross led Constantine to empire. You traverse the dark galleries of the Catacombs, which once, in the days of persecution, heard the voice of Christian worship. You pass beneath the Arch of Titus, and still trace, amidst the sculptures of the triumphal procession, the captive Jews and the golden candlestick of the sanctuary. You visit the Coliseum and the Pantheon, and seek out the pillars and columns, arches and temples, of imperial Rome. You descend into the dungeon described by Sallust,—"twelve feet under ground, walled and arched with immense blocks of stone, a dark, noisome, and frightful solitude,"—within whose silence Jugurtha starved, where the associates of Catiline were strangled, and where—so tradition asserts—St. Peter was chained. You go back still farther, to the days of the kings, mount the Tarpeian rock, trace the Cloaca Maxima, and endeavor, though probably in vain, to find the sunken piers of the Sublician bridge which "Horatius kept so well, in the brave days of old." Or, leaving Rome behind, you may explore those Etruscan cities, whose tombs contain the memorials of a civilization which existed before the first stones of the Eternal City were laid. As one passes from the base to the summit through the changing belts of vegetation which succeed each other on the sides of a tropical mountain, so he ascends through thirty centuries of the monumental history of Italy, surveying at once the present and the past.

The peculiar characteristics of Italy multiply as we look. Let us bring some of the more prominent together under a single view. Italy is the only country which, in any proper sense of the words, has both an ancient and a modern history. Greece has the ancient, but not the modern. Modern Greece is a mere cemetery in which ancient Greece lies buried. But Italy contains the full records, not merely of ancient and modern times, but of two civilizations formed on different ideas, — the heathen and the Christian. These civilizations have come down within the walls of the same city, and in connection sometimes with the same names; for amidst all the changes of twenty-five centuries, Rome has preserved her personal identity. Moreover, Roman history derives a peculiar interest from the circumstance that the Roman people, alone of all the nations of antiquity, and, with few exceptions, of modern times, understood, in any large sense of the words, the art of organizing those self-perpetuating institutions of government, without which history loses its unity, meaning, and value. The Romans had an instinct for organization. The people were united under laws which they had themselves accepted, and which they had the self-denial and the self-control to maintain and obey. Every state which they conquered was brought within the circle of Rome's organic life, and became a part of itself. And this conquest, instead of being a mere aggregation of dissimilar fragments, was like a growing tree, and every added province was a branch permeated by the vital circulations of the trunk. Thus, while the history of nearly all states is a mere disjointed record of aimless violence, without interest, because without plan or far-seeing purpose on the part of the actors, that of Rome is peculiarly a history of organizing minds. And this characteristic has been singularly connected with the city of Rome; appearing to-day, in the Papacy, as two thousand years ago, in the Republic. It is this which gives an interest to the wars of Rome above that which we feel in the mutual conquests and defeats of the barbarians on the Roman borders. Of the innumerable battles which have drenched the earth with blood, the larger part are like the conflicts of the piratical fleets on the coast of Borneo. Nothing comes of them of any moment to mankind, or even

to the parties, unless it be new conflicts as purposeless as the first. But every Roman victory had, trailing after it, a thousand years of history. Had Pyrrhus conquered the Romans, his empire would probably have dissolved and disappeared at his death. But the advance of the Romans was the advance of a permanently organized empire, which depended on no one man for its continuance. Hannibal swept over Italy, like one of his own African simooms. But the fiery tempest passed, and Rome rose from the ground, strong as ever. With Rome war was a means to an end, and that end was empire; and every step of her armies is traced with an engrossing interest, not because of the personal fortunes of those who composed them, but because of the vast drama in which they were actors.

Italy has also been the great centre of modern, as well as of ancient history. On her plains was the battle-field between the ancient world and the fresh races out of the Northern forests, which were to furnish material for modern civilization. During the Dark Ages, the Roman Church was the only power which could resist the otherwise universal sovereignty of brute force. It was the informing mind in the muscle and bone of Europe. Rome had surrendered the sword, but she directed the passions and the hands of those who held the sword. Under her impulse, the Crusades deluged the East, and she controlled the policy of the forming kingdoms of the West. Through her ministers and agents, she had a universal presence, and gathered trophies from all lands. To this day, Venice, in the Church of St. Mark itself, through its Oriental forms and memorials, speaks to the traveller of Byzantium and the Saracen. It was in the municipal organizations of the Italian towns, that the people preserved some of the habits of self-government, and it was in them that the idea of an organized freedom — of popular rights protected by popular institutions — was kept alive for better times. The plains of Italy have been successively the theatre of war for the Frank and the Russian, the Austrian and the Spaniard. Throughout the whole Peninsula, there is scarcely a spot which is not, in some way, historical, while numberless places are connected with the most decisive movements of the world.

You travel amidst great names and amidst scenes whence history has taken a new direction. The Benedictines — that benignant brotherhood to whom Europe owes eternal honor, who through ages of darkness were the conservators of ancient learning and the great teachers of the arts of peace — on Monte Casino still glory in the parent institution and the grave of their wise and humane founder. Below Assisi, in the open plain, you enter the magnificent church, built over the little way-side chapel, in which the great head of the order of Franciscans made his first vows, and around which he collected his earliest followers. In Bologna, beneath a monument adorned by the chisel of Michel Angelo, and gorgeous enough to be the tomb of the world's benefactor, sleeps the dust of him who founded the Inquisition. The Genoese pretend to point out the spot where Columbus was born. The tower of Galileo still overlooks Florence, and Dante's stone is shown beneath the shadow of her cathedral. The broad streets of Ferrara are grass-grown, but Tasso's prison and the house of Ariosto remain. Along the Neapolitan coast are the foundations of the palaces where Cicero and Cæsar, and the great chiefs of Rome, sought retirement. You enter Pompeii by the Street of Tombs, and sit down to meditate where tradition affirms that Cicero once sat and read to a friend a portion of one of his writings. The universities, once frequented by nearly all the youthful scholarship of the world, though shorn of their glory, still survive. The very dust of Italy is mingled with historic names. There is not a town which has not been hallowed by genius. The frescos of Correggio look down on the traveller from the consecrated walls of Parma. The artist studies the genius of Giotto in his chapel at Padua. In Venice are the very forms which furnished models for Titian. A single picture of Raphael, nay, a mere incident in a picture, has made Foligno one of the places of pilgrimage. And all this has taken to itself the added consecration of poetry. Shakespeare goes with us into the gates of Verona, and Soracte's crest and Thrasymane's lake will never cease to be seen through the verse of Byron.

But we are far from saying that Italy is one unmarred scene of glory and beauty. Its decaying cities, its ports with

scarcely an entering or departing sail, its backwardness in all the useful arts, its fortresses garrisoned by foreign troops, its miserable and oppressive governments, its chained press and silenced tongues, its innumerable beggars, and the comparative absence of every sign or prospect of improvement, constitute the background of the picture, in whose front stand St. Peter's and the Vatican.

Among the causes which have had an important influence in determining the peculiar characteristics of Italy, must be reckoned the climate. It can be easily imagined that those who have had no experience of it except during the rains and penetrating chills of winter, should think the terms in which it is often described exaggerated. But not so those who have chosen the true season for visiting the Peninsula. The heat of summer may be in some regions sickly, but is not oppressive. During the larger part of the year, one is scarce conscious that there is either heat or cold. The air folds itself about you in quietness. There is no sense of discomfort to remind one of the weather. The winter garments of the North are not burdensome, and yet the utter raggedness of the Neapolitan *lazaroni* suggests no idea but that of surprise that they should be at the trouble of wearing any garments at all. Apparel seems so unnecessary to comfort, that one is ready to fancy it a mere concession to a traditionary custom.

The climate interprets much that is peculiar in the architecture of Italy. The child at the North reads of roofless temples and theatres, with doubt and misgiving; but let him in after years witness a theatrical entertainment in the open air, while seated on the ascending steps of the Amphitheatre at Verona, or hear in the Coliseum the sermon of a begging friar, or listen to an Austrian band in the Place of St. Mark, which through the long moonlight evening, like an immense ball-room, is filled with the beauty and fashion of Venice, and he begins to fancy that there is no better roof than the sky. In ancient days, the houses of Pompeii were small, and the lodging-chambers narrow. They were not, like ours, places to live in, but rather for sleep and temporary shelter. The open colonnades, the porticos, the public places, gardens, and edifices,

so magnificent as compared with private dwellings, were for a people who loved, and lived in, the open air.

The climate, we imagine, accounts for many peculiarities in the Italian character. It is essentially the climate for enjoyment. It infuses a healthy life into the pulses of the blood, and opens all the pores of the body to the influx of pleasurable sensations. It gives the health which makes labor easy, yet does not stimulate one to exertion. The bracing climate of the North drives us into the field to work. The first thought of the morning is of what is to be done. There is a nervous irritability which can be quieted only by labor. We must work, or become insane. Our very pleasures are violent, and we are satisfied only with excess. But in Italy, the passive state is the natural one. It is enough to breathe. When earth and air and sky are flooding body and soul with pleasurable sensations, why should one be anxious about doing this or that? All the labor of the world can add little to the means of pleasure already possessed by the meanest and poorest peasant. The very state which fits him for enjoyment—the passive, receptive state—is antagonistic to any persevering exertion.

In these remarks, although to some extent they apply to the whole Peninsula, we have Southern Italy particularly in view; and even here the stranger no doubt feels the influence of the climate more, or, at any rate, is more conscious of its influence, than the native Italian. But one fancies that he can see its power in all the more prominent features of the popular character. It not only puts the whole being into the condition suited for enjoyment, but it has a corresponding influence over the will. Northern Europe is full of enterprise, it looks forward and plans for the future, and is ever proposing something to be accomplished. Mind and body are the mere instruments of the will. But with the Southern Italian, the will seems to have gone to sleep. Under the pressure of urgent necessity, he may do any thing that requires simply bodily exertion, and he may be roused to violent effort by some sudden burst of passion; but in the one case the impelling force is in the immediate occasion, and in the other, the passion soon subsides, and the effort with it. The result of this

appears in all that he does. There is no enterprise, no improvement; for this would require a strenuous, persistent effort of the will, breaking through the customary routine in order to reach some new end. Agriculture and its implements are substantially the same that they have been for hundreds of years. The Italian is not easily persuaded to adopt new methods. It is not for want of natural intelligence, but because the will which governs him is in the traditions of the past. He can endure any amount of physical labor, or any deprivation, rather than start from some new centre of action, and follow out a volition of his own.

We cannot but think that the form which religion takes, has been in no inconsiderable degree affected by the same general influence. Protestantism is essentially a religion of the will. It always supposes that something is to be done. It says, "You ought, and ought not." It is forceful and energetic. Romanism, on the contrary, is a system of acquiescence. In its essential nature, it requires its adherents to submit the will to the will of another. No questions must be asked; no reasoning is allowed on points of faith; but the true Romanist denies himself, and acts and thinks as the Church wills. Protestantism inculcates the idea of individual and personal responsibility, where Romanism requires passive obedience. Probably, in this matter, Romanism has been both cause and effect, but still it is in harmony with the climate.

For a time, to the Northern traveller, there is something in these characteristics of Italian life which has a singular attraction. After years of planning and of toil, he finds himself in Naples among those who seem to have no plans for the future. Of a sudden, he is let down among a people who are satisfied simply to enjoy, and the luxury of the climate brings him into sympathy with them. Why should not the lazaroni sleep under the shadow of those palace-walls, within whose chambers all manly energy slumbers? Why should the Neapolitan carriage-driver, as he plunges into the crowd, go to the superfluous trouble of drawing in the reins, when lungs are so abundant, their exercise so delightful, and an outcry will suffice to open a doubtful pathway through the thronged street? There is a satisfaction in seeing all one's

old traditional notions quietly defied ; in seeing a population which does not believe a word about the dignity of labor ; which deems enjoyment the end of life, and labor accidental and exceptional ; and which regards any exercise of the will, except in the way of carrying out the impulse of the hour, as an intrusion and an absurdity. No doubt the feelings of the traveller undergo a rapid change. The sober judgment, when things begin to be seen as they are, is shocked by the innumerable evils which rapidly reveal themselves, and which belong to a state of society formed on the prevailing idea of the rightful supremacy of present and passive enjoyment. But even this only enables him to appreciate more clearly the power of those natural influences, which have perpetuated the tastes and tendencies of Capua and Sybaris through the revolutions of ages ; and he learns to thank God more devoutly than ever before, that the land of his birth is blown upon by the inspiring and invigorating winds which come down from the coasts of Labrador.

This enervating influence of the climate is seen most conspicuously in the southern portions of Italy. As one goes north, the character of the population and the general aspect of things constantly change. Lombardy has always been famous for its productiveness, and is as much so now as ever. Tuscany is cultivated like a garden. The implements of labor are rude, and there is little appearance of the presence of the enterprising and inventive mind ; but everywhere may be seen the evidences of patient and careful toil, while the people seem to have inherited much of the spirit, which, from the old Etruscan times, has made this region the great birthplace or nursery of Italian genius.

But throughout Italy, one is oppressed with the feeling that things are not in a natural state. The people evidently possess capacities of mind and character which are not developed. Among a race of men, seemingly endowed with more than the average proportion of vital energy, every thing is stationary. Italy seems to be thrown into an unnatural sleep, as if by some spell of enchantment, which it may rebel against and resist, but which it can only partially overcome.

The attention of the traveller is first attracted to the won-

ders of art and the remains of antiquity. But when the novelty is worn off, his human sympathies vindicate their power, and he is less interested in the relics of past ages, than in the condition of living men struggling with the difficulties of the present time. And turning from the past to the present, no contrast could be more sad than that between the traditions and monuments of former glory, and the melancholy fortunes of Italy to-day. Time, violence, storm, siege, and barbarian conquest have dealt mercifully with the works of ancient genius and power. The real ruin is that of the living Italians. Statues and walls and temples remain, so far that we can at least form a just idea of what existed in former ages. It is the manhood of Italy which is decayed. The decline of the Roman Empire was sad enough, the decline of the Italian people is still more melancholy. The secondary causes of their present condition are numerous and complicated, extending back into remote times, and connected with successive revolutions and conquests, and the blending of different races. But the two principal depressing forces have undoubtedly been government and religion; and it is to these, in their bearing on the condition and prospects of Italy, that we shall confine our remarks.

In order to understand the influence of government on the Italian people, we must go back to an earlier period. Italy was originally divided into numerous independent states; and the larger cities possessed each of them a government of its own, and more or less of political freedom. As the power of Rome increased, they were absorbed, one by one, within her growing dominion. But they never entirely lost their local institutions, nor the privilege, within certain limits, of self-government. Republican Rome modified, but in most cases did not subvert, the municipal organizations which she found. She united them, indeed, under her central authority; she deprived them of the rights which were inconsistent with this union; she often imparted to them — thus binding them to herself in closer bonds — some of her own forms and privileges; but she did not destroy their individuality. The Empire allowed them still to exist. And when nearly every thing else

was swept away by the inundation of barbarian conquest, these ancient cities, unless literally blotted from the earth, retained something of their former characteristics, and preserved to the scanty population which remained at least the memory of their ancient privileges. The dawn of modern civilization found them shorn of their power indeed, and almost depopulated, but possessing still, though broken and fragmentary, their independent organizations. Milan, Padua, and Verona were places of note in the times of the Republic, and Arezzo and Perugia were members of the great Etruscan League. Without enumerating them, large numbers of the modern cities of Italy have had a separate individual life of their own, during not less than twenty or twenty-five centuries. The moment that better days came, the importance of these municipal organizations began to appear. The free cities of Modern Italy started not up, of a sudden, out of the ground, but had foundations in the history, traditions, and customs of ages. It was in the midst of them that modern civilization first broke forth, and from them was kindled and carried the light, which has been slowly spreading over Western Europe.

All this, however, is secondary to the influence which, from the commencement of her growing power, Rome has exerted over the destinies of the Italian Peninsula. The organic laws and institutions of the city of Romulus cherished a spirit among the people which fitted them far more for success in war than for prosperity in peace. The wealth of Rome was not the product of Roman agriculture, manufactures and commerce, but the collective plunder and accumulated tribute-money of conquered provinces. She invested her treasures in her armies, and when they ceased to conquer, it was as if she had ceased to work the mines of precious metals whence alone her riches were drawn. The moment that her legions, instead of ravaging new countries, were reduced to the necessity of protecting her own borders against invasion, a disastrous change began. Not only did the barbarians crowd in from east and north, but a growing poverty blighted the centre. The evils wrought into the organization of Roman society began to be felt. Labor was a disgrace, and confined in great part to slaves. A gulf opened, and

constantly widened itself, between the classes of Roman society. A few rich men owned provinces, but the multitude of the poor became paupers. That all-important class of independent men, such as Virgil describes, who labored on their own farms, like the people of New England, and who must ever constitute the strength of a state, altogether died out under the Empire. The great mass of the population—in the cities living on the largesses of the government, and in the provinces composed of slaves, ignorant, brutal, without thought for the morrow—had no country worth defending. And when Goths and Huns, Vandals and Lombards, broke through the passes of the Alps, and burst in long waves over the Italian plains, the people had no interest in resisting them. A new slavery could hardly be worse than the old. Then, too, luxury and vice had demoralized the rich, and want without hope had demoralized the poor. The Empire, from the centre to the extremities, had sunk into a degraded condition, in which its rulers were without patriotism and its soldiers without courage; and the fresh, triumphant races of the North planted themselves easily and permanently in those regions of ancient fame, which the Romans no longer had the manhood to defend.

No words can describe the miseries which fell, like an untimely blast, on the length and breadth of the land. From the fall of the Western Empire to the tenth century, Italy was given over to ravage and plunder, her cities were sacked and burned, all the arts and interests of life fell into decay, and one race after another of barbarians—sometimes remaining permanently, and at other times, like the Mahrattas of the East, withdrawing with their spoil to their native fastnesses—swept over the devastated provinces. Society crumbled into disconnected fragments; the country was depopulated; large regions were turned into a desert; Campania itself, once a garden filled with inhabitants, at length became so solitary, that wild beasts, which had almost disappeared from the peninsula, returned and took possession of their ancient haunts. The city of Rome, whose population at the beginning of the fifth century is estimated by Gibbon to have been not less than 1,200,000, was reduced, during the time

when the Popes were at Avignon, as low as 30,000 or 40,000. Its degenerate and ferocious aristocracy, revering neither the dead nor the living, and too ignorant to appreciate the glories of ancient art, seized on the noblest buildings, and, converting them into strongholds for the protection of themselves and the savage banditti rallied under their standards, carried on between one another a perpetual war. A large part of the city, within the walls even, became an open field. The Forum itself was a pasture for cattle. Its temples were prostrated, and the space between the Capitoline Hill and the Palatine, within which was crowded the most glorious architecture of the Roman world, was filled up fathoms deep with rubbish. And Rome, thus crushed and in ruins, was but a symbol of Italy.

Yet, light coming out of darkness, in the order of Providence, it was the very misery of these ages which was to give birth to a better state of things. There had been a general mingling, and often blending, of races. The Northern barbarians brought into Italy a passionate, though undefined and purposeless, love of personal independence. The Italians had, what is very different, an idea of personal freedom, in and under the protection of organized society. The manhood of the Italians had died out, but the fragments of their old social organizations remained, and into them the barbarians were gradually drawn. Thus the union of races possessing such opposite characteristics resulted in the improvement of both, the one supplying in a degree what the other lacked. This tendency was favored by the universal disorder. The unprotected parts of Italy were exposed to constant marauding irruptions of Lombards, Saracens, and Normans, and to the robber bands of unemployed soldiers. The people were forced to unite for mutual protection. They left the open country, and herded together in towns. Even after Otho the Great, in the tenth century, had made himself master of so large a part of Italy, he was unable to protect the very people whom he had conquered, and was thus obliged to give permission to the citizens of the towns to possess arms and to build walls. In these towns, under various modifications, the old popular organizations were revived. The people

chose their own leaders, and became accustomed to rely on themselves for protection. Here was the birthplace of Modern Italy. The cities were small, at first, and built up amidst ruins; but the defenceless flocked to them for safety, and in a brief time they had regained more than the splendor of former days. Their governments necessarily took more or less of a popular form; for among those who, like the ancient Hebrews, while they built with one hand, held the sword in the other, none could be long a leader, except from popular choice or acquiescence. The necessities of self-defence every day put the courage and resolution of the newly gathered population to the test, and united it in closer bonds, while freedom and prosperity inflamed its ambition and called out its resources. Even war, for a time, by awakening the energies of the people, seemed only to promote the general prosperity. Patriotism was condensed within the walls of a city, and became a passion. The population of the several states was so small, that each citizen identified himself with the glory of the city to which he belonged. It was a rude and troubled time. Human life was held at a small price; but there was freedom, and the manhood which is developed amidst the trials and opportunities of freedom, and confidence in individual resources, and growing wealth and power, and triumphant hope; and the elastic, vivid Italian mind broke out like the morning sunlight over the retreating night. Then came — extending through several centuries till the independence of these free cities was crushed again under foreign invasion — the great epoch of modern Italian history. Within that period nearly all the eminent names of modern Italy are included. They belong to the era of freedom, and their existence is an eternal witness to the world, that foreign war, and intestine dissension and violence, and all the worst evils which liberty ever brings or allows, are lighter than the dust of the balance compared with the loss of liberty itself.

But the prosperity to which freedom gave birth, and the energies which it developed, became in turn the causes of a new and disastrous change. The territories of the principal cities were enlarged in ever-widening circles until they touched one another's borders. Their fortresses frowned on one an-

other from neighboring hill-tops, their merchants were rivals for the traffic of the East and the West, and their fleets met in every port of the Mediterranean. Eager, grasping, patriotic, jealous, and trained to arms as they were, it was impossible that rivalry should not often result in war. Their conflicting interests, in accordance with the spirit of the age, were settled in the bloody arbitrament of battle. The true remedy for the evils belonging to this state of things would have been a union of these independent cities under equal laws and one general head. But centuries were to elapse, and a new world to be discovered by one of their own people, before the minds of men should be prepared for a step like this in the science of government. The only idea of union was that of the conquered under the conqueror. And thus each city strove for the mastery over its neighbors,— Venice with Padua, Genoa with Pisa,— each with those states with which its relations were the closest. As in the republics of Greece, perpetual war crippled and consumed their resources. Their military leaders became the heads of the state, and transmitted their power to their descendants. Division and strife and weakness offered the temptation, and opened the way, for the invasion of the great powers beyond the Alps. Nor was this all. The several cities in seasons of disaster themselves sought this foreign aid to support them against their nearer enemies. The Germans and the Franks were invited by Genoa and Milan, by Rome and by Pisa, to furnish temporary assistance. But their armies, once in Italy, did not retire when the occasion which called them was past. The Italian cities had raised a spirit which they could not put down. The foreigner came as an ally of one state against another; but he remained to become the master of both. France, Germany, and Spain made the plains of Italy their battle-ground. From the time of Otho the Great, the Transalpine powers constantly took more or less part in the affairs of Italy, until, in 1530, Charles V. received in Bologna the crowns of Lombardy and the Empire. The Italian states had now a master stronger than either of them separately, and perhaps stronger than all of them united. From this period they were brought more or less under the influence,

and sacrificed to the conflicting interests, of courts beyond the Alps ; and from this period commenced, relatively, at least, to the other nations of Europe, their steady decline. With the loss of free institutions, the Italian mind seemed to be struck with paralysis. Intelligence decayed, and manhood decayed, and a constantly darkening twilight drew its shadows over what had been the sunshine and hope of the world.

Without tracing the history of the sad centuries that followed, we may find in these general circumstances the causes of what we behold in Italy to-day. The peninsula is divided into different states. The retribution of Roman violence has come back in kind. These states are at the mercy of foreign powers. Lombardy is a province of Austria. In the place of the Doge of Venice rules an Austrian military governor. An Austrian duke reigns over Tuscany. The king and queen of Naples partake of the blood of Austria and Spain. Austrian armies garrison a large part of the cities of the North, and the influence of Austria is powerfully felt in those states which she refrains from claiming as a part of her dominions. French troops maintain the peace of Rome, and protect the Pope and the priesthood against the people. The king of Naples garrisons the castle of St. Elmo with regiments of Swiss. The sovereignty of the Papacy does little to modify this state of things for the better ; for though it be an Italian Pope who is at the head of the Papal States, he has interests quite independent of the people whom he governs. His civil jurisdiction over the States of the Church is subordinate to the spiritual dominion which he claims over the Christian world. A large part of Italy is thus subject to the sway of foreign powers, which must regard the Italian states in no other light than that of provinces already conquered, or in due time to be brought into subjection. Italy is to Austria and France what India is to England,—a conquest ruled for the benefit of the conqueror.

Power thus gained and held in defiance of the interests and wishes of the people can be maintained only by means as iniquitous as itself. Here we come to the immediate causes of the present condition of Italy.

A foreign despotism can sustain itself by two methods

only; either by overwhelming force, or by treading down the manhood of the subject people, and thus crippling its ability to maintain its rights against aggression. Italy is kept under by both methods. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand foreign troops are stationed at the great military centres, ready to crush the first sign of national life. But means, in the course of time more potent even than armies, are made use of to destroy the power of resistance. The press is an organ of despotism, and rays out darkness rather than light. Political questions are discussed at the peril of life. Religion is placed under the same despotic restrictions. Heresy is made a crime against the state, not less than against the Church; and about subjects concerning which it is dangerous to express a doubt, the only security for men is not to think. When the faculties of the mind are thus chained and excluded from their proper and highest spheres of exertion, their activity in all directions is deranged and hindered.

But the horrors of this foreign rule are not appreciated till we descend to particulars. Worse than the standing armies of foreigners is the police, civil and ecclesiastical, known or secret, which dogs every Italian's steps, watches all his doings, and catches up and reports all his words. Its purpose is so alien to the duties which we are accustomed to regard as belonging to such a class of officials, that it takes time for an American or an Englishman to understand its nature. Its primary purpose is not to guard the citizen against those who would violate the law, but to defend the usurpations of a government, which respects no law but its own will, from popular indignation. The rulers of Italy for the most part are themselves despots, or they represent a foreign sovereignty which is detested, and they are obliged to defend themselves against the very people whom they govern. The police, in one form or another, is their most potent instrument. The passing stranger is not annoyed by it; he oftener finds a certain convenience in it, provided always that he abstains from forbidden subjects. But he cannot be long in the country without becoming aware how it presses with a deadly weight on the freedom of the Italian mind. Its natural impulsiveness is tamed down, and its free utterance stifled. Before an Ital-

ian ventures to speak of the government or the Church, he looks over his shoulder to see who may hear. And the pent-up bitterness which breaks out when you are with him alone is silenced if you pass a peasant kneeling at a cross, or if a beggar approaches to ask alms. You are warned not to speak on such subjects with the guide you employ, lest he should be himself one of the police, or if not, lest your casual words, listened to by him and overheard by another, should bring him into dangerous suspicion. In one place, the shops are closed at a certain hour by the police; in another, the traveller is hardly set down at his hotel before he is aware that the amiable and civil-mannered man who somehow, without being called for, is always present when an Italian approaches, is an agent of the police. At every stage the traveller's passport is demanded, and a careful account, for which the keepers of the hotels are responsible, is kept of his name, and of the places whence he comes and whither he goes. You cannot remain stationary in a city without permission from the police, nor can you go from one state to another without a fresh *visé* upon your passport. These things are so well known and provided for, that, in general, the ordinary traveller finds little embarrassment. But if his passport is out of rule, or if there be the least cause of suspicion, he becomes conscious of that ever-present vigilance of despotism, which, though he may have slept, never slumbers nor sleeps. So long as a foreigner concerns himself only with churches and operas and galleries of art, he is not disturbed, because no suspicion attaches to him. But every Italian is a suspected person. If he departs from the ordinary routine, if a few men meet together in the street, or even in a private house, it is assumed that there is something wrong on foot. No one knows in whom to put confidence. This atmosphere of universal and mutual distrust in which the Italians live, creates a state which can be compared to nothing except the system of solitary imprisonment. Mutual suspicion divides men more effectually and more sadly than walls of stone. Every friend is treated as if he might be an enemy; and the husband dares not utter his secret thoughts to his wife, lest she should unawares disclose them at the confessional.

One of the most shocking features of the system is, that in this way religion is converted into an engine of despotism. In any movement, though it be to remedy an intolerable wrong, before the decisive moment of action comes, some one more timid than the rest, and, anxious, if the political enterprise fail, at least to save his own soul, confesses to a priest; and though the priest's lips are understood to be sealed, somehow, within a few days, those engaged in the movement have disappeared. The prisons are filled with political offenders, many of whom are among the best and wisest and purest men of Italy; and on any threatened disturbance, the prison gates are opened to lead forth the noblest of their number to exile or execution. A military tribunal, a short shriving, and the shot of a platoon of mercenaries, restore and maintain order. Nothing can exceed the gloom which hangs in the very atmosphere of a suspected city. The concentration around it of foreign troops, the silence with which the government acts, the ignorance of the people where the next blow may fall, the knowledge that there is lightning in the gathering cloud, the certainty that every generous heart that has ventured to speak a word for Italy is in peril, create a feeling of apprehension, by which even a stranger is oppressed. The public places are comparatively deserted, and a profound melancholy, in look and tone, is mingled with the Italian vivacity. The newspapers give the usual accounts of operas and theatres; but the subject which occupies all thoughts is the one about which the press and the people are alike silent. The brutal and bigoted king of Naples relies in part on his Swiss regiments; but his more effective method in the maintenance of his power has been to weed out of his dominions, by means of death, dungeon, or exile, every generous, intelligent, and patriotic man who could be supposed capable of raising a question as to his authority. The best hope of such a land is that the government will at length sink amidst the ruin which itself has made. In all Northern Italy, wherever the Austrians bear sway, the same general system, though not so merciless in its form, is pursued. And Rome is more fortunate only in having French soldiers, whose feelings rebel against a system which they are placed there to sustain.

But it is constantly replied to all this, that the Italians are unfit for any other government; that to remove the despotism of the priesthood and of foreign troops, would be to deliver Italy over to anarchy. It must be confessed that one can hardly see the lazaroni of Naples, or the populace of Rome, without feeling that there is too much truth in such an assertion. But no warrant is found for it in Tuscany and the Northern Italian states. In them education is more general, pauperism and mendicancy are less common, industry has more of foresight, and the number is much greater of those interested in preserving order and good government. The people have none of the appearance of a worn-out race, but, on the contrary, possess in a full proportion that physical vigor which must always be the foundation of self-supporting energy and mental intelligence. The whole region was filled with self-governing republics when the rest of the world was lying in barbarism; its cities abounded with men whose names have entered into the history of mankind; and that there is no hopeless debasement is clear from the fact, that the traditions of liberty are preserved among them, as the persecuted remnants of some excommunicated faith preserve and cherish in secret the Bible or the cross.

But if this were not the case, how long will it be before the soldiers of Austria and the police of Rome shall have educated the Italians for liberty? What is the prospect of their ever being prepared for a better government? The whole influence of Austria is to crush every manly and independent thought; and no system was ever devised better adapted to tame down a people into passive, slavish, and unhoping submission, than that which prevails throughout nearly the whole of the Peninsula. No; the true training of men for freedom is to give them all the freedom of which they can in any way appreciate the value. Men learn to meet responsibility, by having responsibility put upon them. Independence, suddenly gained, would no doubt be followed by many disturbances, but disorder and violence are not always the worst things in the world. The quiet which has its origin in enslaved hearts is worse. But the very disorders of an intelligent people have in them a correcting element. We see this daily on our own

Western frontier, where men advance, through violence and Lynch Law, to communities where law is held all the more sacred because there has been such terrible experience of its necessity. It is seen in the history of Italy itself, which produced nearly all of its great men at a time when its free cities were racked and torn by internal convulsions and foreign war. But we do not for a moment admit that the Italians are not capable of a better government than that to which they are now subject. Looking forward a century, we do not believe that the social progress of Italy is to come from these bands of conscripts, who, without speaking the language of the land which they consume, fill the barracks, and sentinel the walls, and are trained in the public places of Verona, Ferrara, and Milan. We should have faith in the capacity of the Italians for a better system of things, were it only that there still subsists among them a passion for the liberties they have lost, a passion which centuries of foreign rule have not trampled out.

But why do not the Italians rise and assert their liberty? Or when for a moment they seem to have gained it, why not show a calmer wisdom in uniting under judicious laws? It is a question which an American naturally asks, but which is easily answered. If we remember that the Italians have lived under a rule which has forbidden among them any free political discussion, which has robbed them of the right and opportunity to manage their own affairs, and which studiously represses every organization for political ends, we shall not be surprised that their wisest men and truest patriots should, in their first attempts at self-government, have fallen into mistakes. But why not cast off a foreign yoke? The overwhelming reason confronts you the moment you pass within the gates of an Italian town. Let us enter Verona, a city of sixty thousand inhabitants. "Shall not such a place," asks the indignant American, who never saw a standing army, "vindicate its own freedom?" He presently observes immense buildings, which he learns are barracks, and he ascertains that they are not built for show, but that in them is permanently quartered an Austrian army of not less than ten or fifteen thousand men. Austrian sentinels appear at every an-

gle of the fortifications, and with loaded muskets warn him not to ascend the ramparts. He meets Austrian regiments of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, perpetually defiling through the streets, or, in the early morning, stands on the plain outside the gates, a solitary spectator, while they go through their daily drill. Every thing is terribly in earnest. In a single day their cannon could level every square of Verona. On the other hand, the people are disarmed, and, were they allowed to possess arms, they have not the custom of using them. Still more, by one of the most subtle and effective contrivances of despotism, they are excluded from all those habits of organization which give men power and enable them to rely on one another. Through a discipline transmitted from father to son, from the time of the Mayflower, we have a facility for organizing men into bodies in which every one readily falls into his place, understands his part, expects to concede much in order to attain the general end, and knows that he may rely on those who are acting in concert with him. Here lies the power of a free people. With arms in their hands and the habit of organization and mutual reliance, liberty has nothing to fear from any foreign force, unless it be of overwhelming magnitude. Austria is endeavoring to incapacitate Italy for any such concerted action. It is no trifling regulation of the police, but the instinct of despotism, which forbids men's acting together, which disperses the slight gathering at the street-corner, and hardly allows a company of friends to meet at the festive board, unwatched. But if this were not so, to expel from a city a body of troops which bears a startling proportion to all its male inhabitants of mature age, and which, besides its munitions of war, is protected within almost impregnable fortifications, is not in modern times to be accomplished with the rude weapons which a disarmed people may clutch in frantic haste, but which are powerless against ramparts and batteries.

Such, substantially, is the condition of Italy. But the fact that year after year, in spite of efforts constantly renewed and constantly defeated, and in spite of the confiscation of property, and the banishment, imprisonment, or death of every prominent Italian who has ventured to say a word or strike

a blow for his country, the Italians still preserve the hope of freedom, and are willing to risk life to gain it, shows plainly enough that they are not so debased as is sometimes thought. At this distance, it is easy to talk of the value of order, and to say that there is no reason why the Italians should not be happy under foreign rule. But while there is any manhood in a people, this cannot be. Nor do we believe it possible that there is a man in this country whose sympathies are not with the subjugated and oppressed against a power like Austria, which rules simply and solely by brute force, and which is always arrayed in antagonism to Italy. Doubtless, the Italian patriots have often wanted discretion, they have struck madly, blindly, and in the dark; but instead of crying out against their mistakes and extravagances, we do not see how an honorable Italian can have more than one side, or how he can have any other thought than that of sweeping this brood of brutal soldiery into the sea.

The second great cause of the present condition of Italy is to be found in the nature and administration of its religion. On entering Italy, the first thing that attracts the attention of the traveller, and the last thing about which he forms satisfactory and settled conclusions, is the Romish Church. One might easily fancy himself in the most religious country in the world. There is scarcely a village which has not a cathedral towering over the dilapidated roofs below, while there is not a spot on which fishermen make a landing, or a few mountaineers abide, where the open doors of a chapel do not invite men to worship. The wealth and labor and genius of Italy have been expended, more than on any thing else, upon its churches. And though our tastes, formed on simpler rituals, enter slowly into sympathy with this different and more magnificent expression of the religious sentiment, one at length comes to doubt whether the theory of Catholic architecture is not correct. Why should not the greatest achievements of human genius be dedicated to God? What though we are insignificant, and the noblest fabrics which our hands can build be nothing to Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, — why shall not our best works have inscribed on them, “Holiness unto the Lord”? Why shall not the

praises of God be uttered in stately forms, and majestic architecture, and the sweetest strains of music? He does not need it;—but is it not in accordance with the prompting of our own souls?

There is nothing on earth, of man's workmanship, so impressive, so fitted to lift the mind into the region of elevated thought, as the interior of a great cathedral. As one sits apart in the dim twilight of its arches,—the soft strains of the distant organ and the scarcely heard chanting of the priest in the remote chapel floating through the shadows and mingling with his musings,—the vast church seems to dilate above and around, solemn, magnificent, an abode of the Most High, consecrated from the fretted and fevered human life without its walls. Beneath such a pile, all men are reduced to an humble and an equal level; and while one witnesses the worshippers of every class scattered over the great space, and kneeling at the different altars, each apart and by himself uttering his devotions, it is impossible not to sympathize with them and with the spirit of the place. You want no words. A sermon, in which man addresses man, would be an offence. It is a temple, not for man's teaching, but for God's worship. One cares not even to hear any distinct utterance of prayer, and is glad that the human expression of the sentiment of devotion is in a foreign tongue. The true language is found in the architecture, and in the solemn cadences of the music; and devotion falls back so much upon its simplest, sublimest, and universal emotions, that no other language is needed. As among great mountains, which alternately oppress you with a sense of sadness and humility, and inspire you with their grandeur, but admit no intermediate feelings, so the natural utterance of the cathedral seems to be either that of weakness and humble trust, or, while one forgets himself and thinks of God, that of loud thanksgivings, of majestic anthems, and exultant adoration. The kneeling worshipper, conscious of his sins, cries, "Help, Lord, or I perish"; or, rising above the thought of self, joins in the chorus of men and angels: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever."

There is another scene not less impressive. In the smaller

towns there is less of the pomp of worship. But when the sinking sun sends its twilight through the church, there may be seen gliding in, one by one, and kneeling apart at different altars, here a mother with a little child, there a woman bent with age, some clad in mourning, and some in the garments of want, the sad, the lonely, the penitent, the infirm, who frequent the place because here they find the best, and it may be the only Friend they have. Here they find refuge from trouble, and comfort amid sorrow, in the thought of God. And the place grows more sacred to you. These walls have stood a thousand years, and in all that time perhaps no day has passed in which desponding hearts have not here sought strength, and sinful hearts implored God for pardon. The atmosphere is throbbing with the profoundest emotions of human souls. You would trifle with yourself, it would be trifling with humanity no less than with God, not to regard such a place as holy.

In the Romish Church, above all others, art has been dedicated to religion. A vast proportion of the great Italian pictures are religious pictures. There may, at first, be something repulsive in the perpetual exhibitions of suffering and martyrdom on the canvas; but their aspect changes when it is remembered that the highest heroism of the world was once embodied in the men and the women who are here portrayed. The instinct of genius led the great artists to subjects through which they could express the noblest fidelity to truth, the purest affections, and the sublimest self-devotion to God. In their great works, that which they did was done unto God; and the judgment of the world, in crowning them with immortality, has vindicated this consecration of art to religion.

It must, however, be confessed, that much of the magnificence of the Italian churches is to be attributed to a less exalted cause,—to the peculiar ecclesiastical organization of the priesthood. The church is the home of the priest. He is practically severed from family, and kindred, and country. To take an example which expresses what we mean better than any general words:—Rome is the metropolis of the Catholic priesthood. Every Catholic priest, be he stationed in America, in India, or in Europe, and whatever his rank,

high or low, has a direct personal interest in Rome, such as he has in no other place. Every traveller to Rome brings back an account of what is there witnessed, and some rays of its splendor are reflected on the head of the humblest missionary in the farthest land. He belongs to a great and powerful aristocracy, and though in the lowest rank, the class is the same with that of which the Pope is the head. His country is Rome, the sovereign whom he has sworn to obey is the Pope, and he is a member of that vast fraternity whose glory is the enlarging power of the Papacy. It is a permanent body, united from generation to generation by the same interests, and of this vast body St. Peter's is the Metropolitan Church. Whatever may be thought of Romanism, it must be acknowledged that the feeling which led to the erection of St. Peter's was a natural one. Every priest has a personal interest in it, and every monument built beneath its arches is something in which he, in a manner, may indulge the pride of ownership. It is a palace as well as temple, into which he has the right of entrance. Thus the whole body of the Catholic priesthood throughout the world is concerned in adding to its riches and magnificence. What we witness in the churches of Rome and in the Vatican to-day, is the slow accumulation of centuries, and could not have existed except through the mutual sympathy and coöperation of a permanent body like the Catholic priesthood. Every priest that visits Rome is strengthened by witnessing this splendor. He may be clad in rags, but the body to which he belongs holds in its possession those wonders of genius which are the admiration of mankind. And thus the interests of his order, and no doubt the presumed interests of religion, have filled Italy with churches compared with which, if one excepts a few cathedrals scattered over Northern Europe, all others seem but the cheap fragments of architecture.

In looking at the favorable aspects of Catholicism, we think it cannot be doubted that it does much to promote that form of charity which consists in almsgiving; and though it may often foster the evil which it attempts to remedy, the immense provision made to supply the wants of the poor indicates a wide and general spirit of beneficence. And defective as the

methods of charity in Italy doubtless are, there is one respect in which they appear to advantage, as compared with our own. They imply more of pity for the individual. Our charity is calculating. It deals with classes. It proceeds on general principles. Sometimes we refuse aid in order to prevent the growth of the mendicant character. We give aid through institutions, and the object is not merely to relieve want, but to develop qualities and resources which shall raise the mendicant above want. No doubt all this is wise and well. It is the result of experience, and conscientious thought and purpose. But it removes and separates him who receives from him who gives, and though it implies a more enlarged and enlightened charity of principle, and though the form is infinitely more serviceable to the poor, it tends to exclude the element of personal compassion. We substitute the charity of conscience for that of pity. This characteristic difference is everywhere seen. For example, in Milan there is a hospital for the aged poor, in which six hundred persons of seventy years of age and upwards are maintained. They are simply but well clad; they have no occupations except such as they themselves choose for amusement; they have wholesome food, and a daily allowance of good wine, and spend their age in the midst of comforts which most of them in middle life never knew. With its great hospital—one of the largest and most magnificent in the world—is connected a foundling asylum. The foundling, as in other institutions of the kind in several parts of Europe, is received through an opening in the wall, in such a way that he who leaves it may remain unknown; while, on the same principle, in the lying-in department of the same institution, the woman if she chooses may continue veiled, and thus her features remain unseen even by the attendant physician. The objections to such regulations are obvious enough, but we think it remains to be proved that this compassion towards human frailty produces worse effects, than the merciless temper with which we crush those, who have been led astray through their affections, into despair. The records of our courts and coroners, and the advertisements of some of our newspapers, do not encourage us to think that we have reached a perfect sys-

tem of charity. We certainly would not have the founding hospitals of Paris and Italy transplanted to our shores; but it would do us no harm to temper our more rigid treatment of evil-doing with something more of personal tenderness to the guilty, but always most miserable, wrong-doer.

There is still another characteristic of Italy, which, though it must, no doubt, be mainly attributed to the general spirit of the civilization which grew up during centuries of Italian freedom, has certainly been to no inconsiderable extent modified by the Christian sentiment, preserved by and within the Catholic Church. We refer to the kind of men who, during past ages, have drawn to themselves the highest homage of the Italian heart. We properly judge of a people, somewhat from the character which it holds in most admiration. In comparing the saints and great men, to whom statues are built and churches consecrated in Italy and in Northern Europe, the contrast is too striking not to be observed. The great gallery of Versailles is covered with pictures which commemorate the wars and glories of France. Battle-piece succeeds battle-piece for furlongs, and almost for miles, till the perpetual repetition of these scenes of conflict makes you almost fancy that your weary feet are dragging through fields drenched and heavy with blood. Paris may be the centre of science, and is one of the centres of literature and art, but neither men of science nor artists nor philanthropists take the first place. The great conqueror who looks silently down on Paris from the column of the Place Vendome, and in the gathering shadows seems to listen to the sunset anthems of the military bands at its base, is the ideal man of France. In St. Paul's, showing whom England deems most worthy of honor, nearly every monument is dedicated to some naval or military hero. Those of Johnson, and Howard, and a few others, eminent in peace, may be found, but they are unnoticed and undistinguished in the crowd of martial names. Were England, like the Oriental monarchies, to decay and be lost out of history, and should some Layard, a hundred centuries hence, disinter the buried remains of London, as those of Nineveh have been disinterred, it could scarcely be doubted that the great temple of England had been ded-

icated to the god of war. In Germany there is a wider range of sympathy and admiration, and a more just idea of the purposes and dignity of art; but of the magnificent frescoed epics of Munich even, a large part, as compared with those of Italy, are devoted to the illustration of the glory achieved in war. The Northern saints, such as St. Patrick, St. Siebald, St. Boniface, are invested by tradition and the popular imagination with characteristics which are as unlike those attributed to the saints of the South, as the Scandinavian forests are unlike the Italian plains. Or, descending to more modern times, Calvin, the saint and the republican, Knox, whose statue towering over the Necropolis of Glasgow looks like the grave and stern genius of Scotland, and Luther, the religious hero of Protestantism, belonged to the North by character, not less than by birth.

We are not comparing the merits of different men, but the hero-worship of Italy chooses for its homage objects of quite a different stamp. The Virgin Mary is the type of womanly purity and love. If Italy gave birth to the founder of the Inquisition, his tomb is no place of pilgrimage. Among the most popular saints of Northern Italy is St. Charles Borromeo, and he is a saint of charity. In all the public places of Milan, and throughout the diocese of which he was Archbishop, are the memorials of his humility and self-devotion to the good of his flock. On Lake Maggiore, not far from the little town of Baveno, on a secluded hill, amidst trees and grounds where art has done no more than to remove whatever could deform the natural beauty of the scene, on a lofty pedestal, a colossal statue—from the base to the summit not less than ninety feet in height—of the meek minister of Christ's love is erected. Here he still looks over the lake and the charming region round about, and seems to be raising his hand in gentle and loving benediction. As the sunset throws its shadows across the ravines and the valleys and the water, and the quiet of nature settles like dew on the soul, and the history of the peaceful, self-denying priest, held for his virtues in such honor, is recalled, it is one of the most impressive scenes in Italy.

The same distinctly marked characteristics appear gen-

erally in the great men whom the Italian memory and heart preserve most faithfully in reverential regard. Italy, from the Roman times down, has had its distinguished soldiers; but if Venice be excepted, the Italian imagination seems to be little fascinated by the glory of war. In Genoa, the statue of Columbus the discoverer is the ornament of the central public place. In Rome, the tomb of Raphael adds a new attraction to the Pantheon. In Florence, the Tribune of Galileo, Michel Angelo's chapel, and the statues which line the sides of the court along the Uffizi palace, show the reverence paid to the names of the great Florentines, whose immortal renown was won in other fields than those of war. The monuments of Santa Croce are not those of soldiers, but of Galileo, of Machiavelli, of Da Vinci, of Alfieri, and of Michel Angelo,—of men who in art or poetry or science have opened new realms to the imagination, the curiosity, and the reason of mankind. In part, this characteristic peculiarity of Italy must be referred to the influence which the Church has had, in directing attention to the arts of peace and to the triumphs of mind rather than of force.

But there is another side to the picture. While we acknowledge all the good it has done or is capable of doing, still Catholicism, viewed as a form of church government, is not, except in a limited degree, favorable to the improvement of mankind. In rude and barbarous ages it arrested violence, and gave protection and encouragement to the milder and more peaceful virtues. But beyond a point early attained, it does not favor the development of those qualities, either of mind or of heart, which produce the feeling of self-reliance. Any progress in this respect is at war with its fundamental character. The Church is a great ecclesiastical organization; and for a permanent and unchanging organization, there must not be too many competent to be leaders. On one side must be absolute authority, and on the other unquestioning obedience. A religious organization is the strongest, when the great body of its members are ignorant. Awakened and free thought leads to different and clashing views, and the union which depends on authority, unless the Church knows how to convince as well as to command, must dissolve. For the

Catholic Church, as an ecclesiastical organization, to promote general intelligence, and to encourage freedom of thought in religion, would be suicidal.

Then, too, a great organization, which has numerous interests depending upon it, is always timidly sensitive and fearful of change. It is artificial and unelastic, and disorder in a single part renders the whole machinery liable to derangement. The Church governs too much not to have its influence powerfully felt, and its ecclesiastical laws and methods are so stationary, that while it raises those below it, its tendency is to draw down those above it, to its own level. The only safety for a system, which is itself to remain permanently without change, is to keep the men who come under its control unchanged. The introduction of a few ideas respecting the rights and duties of the mind, such as prevail with us, into a Catholic country, would shatter the mere organization of the Church from corner to key-stone.

We shall not here trespass on the territory which belongs to theology. Whether the religious pretensions of the Romish Church are well or ill founded, and whether it has or has not sufficient warrant for its peculiar dogmas, for its ecclesiastical organization, and for its claim to control the religious faith and practice of mankind, are questions of infinite moment, but the discussion of them belongs to another place. In what we have to say, we decline to bring against the character of the Catholic priesthood those charges, so easily made, and, even when false, with such difficulty refuted. On the contrary, we do not believe that such charges are true. If the priests are as corrupt as they are sometimes said to be, if their celibacy is fatal to the purity of domestic manners, and if there is among them that wide-spread infidelity which is often affirmed to exist, the Catholic Church must perish from internal decay. It is idle to say that men are insincere, because they are not convinced by the evidence which convinces us. Doubtless the Catholic clergy have the infirmities of our common human nature; but taking them as a body, we do not know how they could be expected to give more satisfactory proof of sincerity than they have done. The patient, self-denying labors of its humbler members, the enthusiasm of its

missionaries, the infrequency of any public abjuration of their belief, the earnest perseverance with which they fulfil the duties prescribed to them, and the simple impossibility that large numbers of men should ever for any length of time profess to believe what they do not believe, should silence these accusations of bad faith and hypocrisy. If we were to blot from the world's history all the heroism, the self-denial, and the devotion to human good, which the ministers of the Catholic Church have exhibited, we should leave a melancholy blank behind. But the ministers of religion may be sincere, while the system which they adopt may be defective in all its parts.

The objection which we here make to the Catholic Church is, that, for some reason or other, it fails in promoting, beyond a certain point, the improvement of society. Were we discussing the merits of Romanism as a religious system, we should have other objections to offer. But we confine ourselves to the single point, that as a system it is not favorable to the development of those qualities of mind and character on which human improvement and progress depend. We are well aware that the prosperity of agriculture and manufactures, and the amount of exports and imports, are no certain criterion by which to judge of the general well-being of a people. But the absence of this prosperity and the want of improvement in the institutions and customs of a country to which Nature has been lavish of her bounty, is a certain proof that there is a great defect in the general training and culture. The present condition of the Peninsula furnishes a melancholy commentary on those influences to which its inhabitants have been subjected. As one approaches Italy by water, — that Italy which was once the commercial centre of the world, — he expects to see the Mediterranean white with glancing sails; but along the whole coast, hardly a vessel, except it be a fisherman's bark, appears in sight. The ports of Leghorn, Genoa, Civita Vecchia, and Naples are guarded on the water side by vast fortifications; but on entering their precincts, the half-empty space within gives melancholy indications as to the condition of the states of which these cities are the commercial capitals. But what bearing have facts of this description on the Catholic Church?

We answer, that this decay has been going on in a country endowed with all the elements of prosperity, over the character of whose people the Catholic Church has for centuries exerted a commanding influence. It is right to expect that an institution possessing such power, if it be a beneficent one, should reveal itself in the gradual improvement and general prosperity of those whose minds and energies to so great an extent it educates and guides.

But a far more striking fact in this connection is, that the want of prosperity and of improvement is the greatest where the power of the Church is greatest. For example, the population of Northern Italy is far more enlightened than that of the South. The people of Naples, as compared with those of Tuscany and Lombardy, appear but half civilized. The prosperity of Italy is confined to the North. Thus the value of the silk exported from the Lombardo-Venetian provinces amounts to about twenty-five million dollars annually, while all the exports of the continental portions of the kingdom of Naples, containing six millions of people, with a soil in many parts of inexhaustible fertility, amount only to ten million dollars a year, and the average imports are less than twenty-five millions. The total amount of its shipping, including every kind of vessel of five tons and upwards, is one hundred and thirty-two thousand tons, — hardly more than is owned in the single city of New Bedford. Without enumerating more particulars, it is, to say the least, a melancholy coincidence, that where the Catholic Church has most to do with forming the mind and character of the people, — as in the Papal and Neapolitan States, — there the prosperity which, under ordinary circumstances, seems to be the legitimate result of a good moral and social condition, is at the lowest point, and there the prospect of any great change for the better is the least encouraging.

It may be answered, that the Church devotes itself exclusively to the spiritual interests of men. We shall not discuss the merits of its religious influence, though it might be replied, that even in this work there is no proof of any signal success. Certainly, the common impression is that neither Rome nor Naples (though these are the great seats of Church power) is

particularly distinguished for the Christian spirit or practice of its inhabitants. But, apart from this, the statement that the Church devotes itself to the spiritual interests of the people, does not meet the objection. Religion ought to awaken and foster all the higher qualities of manhood; and if these qualities are developed, they will exhibit themselves in action. They will appear in the energy, wisdom, grace, and uprightness carried into the common pursuits of life. As mind and heart prosper, under any ordinarily favorable circumstances, all the affairs with which they are concerned will prosper. Our objection is, that the lethargic, unprosperous, unimproving condition of Italy indicates an unenlightened and unimproving character in the people; and that a Church which has such control over religion, morals, government, and education, must be in its principles or methods seriously defective, so long as it fails of doing for the Italian mind and character what we have a right to expect from a true religion.

The actual influence of the Romish Church must be seen to the best advantage where there is the least hinderance to the thorough working out of its principles, — that is to say, in the Papal States. We certainly shall not be guilty of the extravagance or injustice of imputing all the evils which exist in these States to Catholicism. But if we consider the length of time during which, with brief interruptions, the Pope has been the head of the State as well as of the Church, — if we reflect that the laws are enacted and the officers who administer them appointed by the Papal government, that the schools for the education of the young are under ecclesiastical superintendence, that the institutions for the relief of pauperism, for the prevention or punishment of crime, and, in short, all the great interests of society, are under the controlling influence of the Papacy, — we have a right to attribute to Catholicism what is peculiar in the moral and social condition and tendencies of the Papal States, to the extent at least of judging from them of the true nature and value of its influence. Tried by what it has done and has not done, where its power over institutions, customs, and ideas is nearly absolute, we think that the judgment formed of Catholicism, as a system of religion suited to promote the improvement of society or of

individuals, can hardly be a favorable one. The climate of the Papal States unites in itself many of the advantages both of the North and the South, and, in the ancient Roman days, was not inconsistent with the highest physical and moral energy. The soil is fertile, and the country rich in the variety of its agricultural products and its mineral resources. The dreaded Campagna itself is scarcely more sickly than large portions of the West and Southwest of the United States, which the industry and enterprise of a single generation have transformed into a populous country. The people, though ignorant, have the vivacity and quick intelligence which have always characterized the Italians, and in physical health and vigor there is certainly no evidence of degeneration. There is a country to be improved, a people competent to be trained, and an opportunity for the highest form of civilization.

Under all these circumstances, it is a fair question to ask, What has the Papacy made of its opportunities and advantages in these States? It has built the sublimest temple ever reared by mortal hands. It has erected large numbers of rich and splendid churches. It has brought together, in the Vatican, the most magnificent collections of ancient and modern art. It has furnished extensive means for the education of priests. It trains some twenty-five hundred or three thousand young men in its universities, and to a limited extent has provided schools in which the children of the people may receive the first rudiments of instruction. It has established hospitals, and, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, more money is expended in Rome in charity and on charitable institutions, we suppose, than in any other city of the world. But, on the other hand, the great body of the people are poor, ignorant, and superstitious. The agricultural resources of the country are imperfectly developed, its manufactures are not sufficient to supply the wants of the inhabitants, its commerce has hardly an existence, its methods of administering justice are without those guards which furnish the best protection for the innocent, and its popular schools do little more than educate the young to be submissive and unquestioning subjects of Church and State. The charities of Rome are so wretchedly administered, that, large as they are, they apparently cre-

ate as much pauperism as they relieve. There are five thousand priests in Rome, it is said, and one is tempted to believe that there are as many beggars. The worst prison in the civilized world is, probably, the great prison of Civita Vecchia. One may there see to-day, among its thirteen hundred convicts, the state of things which existed before Howard lived. The Roman prisons, the mendicancy of the streets, the rude implements of agricultural labor, the absence of enterprise and improvement among the people, scarcely less than the ruins of ancient buildings, carry you back centuries. It is the civilization of the Dark Ages, maintaining itself strangely amidst the growing light and progress of modern times. The improvements of the age in the useful arts, in intercommunication, in the treatment of pauperism and crime, in the education of the young, penetrate slowly into the Papal States. They are not welcomed, but find their way in, if at all, in spite of the prevailing character and tendencies of Papal rule. It is a melancholy and suggestive fact, that the centre of the Catholic Church, where it has full sway, is one of the least improving parts of Christendom. The Papal government is so little successful even in winning the affection of its subjects, that they are kept in peaceful subjection only by means of a standing army. There is no freedom of the press or of speech in regard either to religion or government. The people are treated as children, whose thoughts and wills are to be kept under the entire direction of ecclesiastical authority.

When it is remembered that Rome is the centre of the Catholic priesthood, that large numbers are carefully educated within its schools, and that many of the most eminent among them have been established in its different offices, and when it is also remembered that to the priesthood, beyond any other class, belongs the duty of promoting the moral and social welfare of mankind, the little that the modern world owes to the capital city of the Church may well excite surprise. How many literary or scientific works of a commanding and high order of merit has Rome produced during the last century? what theological work even, of any marked and eminent value? What improvements in education, within the same period, have emanated from Rome? what suggestions of better

methods of government? Of the multiplied philanthropic movements which during the same period have done so much to improve the condition of the ignorant and wretched, how many date from Rome? What more enlightened ideas in regard to the true method of meeting and remedying the enormous evils of pauperism do we owe to Rome? What has Rome done within a century to elevate the condition or improve the prospects of the laboring classes? Nay, if we look only at the fine arts,—while the galleries of Rome attract the genius of all lands, how much of original genius has she herself produced? How many painters of Roman birth are there of any mark or note? One is surprised at the small number of the great masters who, not only recently, but in past ages, have had their birth or their early training in Rome. Michel Angelo and Raphael were among the first names in art before they were called to the Eternal City. Da Vinci was from the neighborhood of Florence. Titian was from Venice, Guido from Bologna, Claude Lorraine from France, Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt from a region regarded by the Romans as semi-barbarous. The great musical composers even, Handel and Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, were reared in other lands. Neither Tasso, nor Ariosto, nor Dante, nor Petrarch, nor Alfieri, is a Roman name. We would not imply by this that there is any reason for expecting that all the genius of the world should have its birth in Rome. But it might be legitimately expected of a true Church, that, in the place where it has had for ages a controlling influence over the moral and intellectual culture of the people, it should awaken a general thirst for improvement which would manifest itself in the excellence attained in those departments to which particular attention is directed. It might be expected that Rome should be distinguished, not only by the number of great men attracted to it from abroad by offices and rewards, and the accumulated treasures of three thousand years, but that it should itself give birth to its full proportion of men eminent for their genius.

We dwell a little on this point because of the idea so commonly entertained, that there is some peculiar connection, which Protestantism does not share, between the fine arts

and the Romish faith. How much art in general may owe to the Romish Church, it may be difficult to say. It is much less, however, we suspect, than is sometimes imagined. The condition of the fine arts depends on those general causes, whatever they may be, which, at any period, awaken and rouse to activity the powers of the human mind, and which tend to direct that activity towards art. Thus the unsurpassed wonders of Grecian genius were produced before Christianity existed on earth in any form. If art has flourished in Catholic countries, one reason probably is, that these countries have been commonly subject to despotic governments, under which freedom of thought and action in regard to the most important concerns of life have been very much restricted and hindered. Thus, men of genius, prohibited from the free discussion of religious, political, and social questions, have sought some compensation in the culture of poetry and music, of sculpture and painting. The mind of the time has turned aside from more important, but dangerous pursuits, to these safer employments.

The noblest work of the Papacy, having for its specific object the elevation of men to a higher form of civilization, is its steadily continued effort to convert the heathen world to Christianity. In this, at least in purpose, it has been faithful to one great duty of the Christian Church. All honor should be paid to the missionaries of religion whom Rome has sent to so many barbarous nations, all honor to their self-denying labors and their lifelong martyrdom. But even in this work it is obvious that there has been some great deficiency. Tribes and provinces have been nominally converted, only to relapse again into heathenism.

In the Middle Ages of violence, ravage, and blood, in the general ignorance and amidst the disorganization of society, the Romish Church was the great promoter of peace, intelligence, and social order. The Church was then in advance of the civilization of the age. Yet the fact that the world now looks so little to Rome for aid in its efforts at improvement, would seem to indicate that it has fallen behind the civilization which it once fostered. The great task of Catholicism now is to maintain its own existence in the advancing light of modern society.

But without dwelling on the results of Catholicism, there are in the Papal government radical defects, which constitute essential parts of the system, and which must always go far to paralyze its power for good. In the first place, the dominant class in the Papal States is composed of men whose interests have no vital and necessary connection with the welfare of the people whom they rule. The people have no country but that in which they live and die; but the country of the priesthood is coextensive with Catholicism. The Papacy is encamped within the Roman States like a conqueror in a subject province. But its great interests extend far beyond the limits within which it exercises its temporal sovereignty, and the condition of the Roman people must always be secondary and subordinate to its prosperity as an ecclesiastical power, claiming a religious supremacy over Christendom. Its temporal sway over the Roman States is but a means of strengthening its position as the head of the Church. It is impossible that a government with such divided interests should ever, except incidentally, be a good one in that department which it regards as subsidiary to its great objects and interests.

But this is not the only, nor perhaps the most hurtful, way in which the ruling power separates itself from the people. The worst feature of all is, that in the Papal States the administration of government, religion, and education is in the hands of men divorced from those domestic ties which constitute the great bonds of society. A state is made up of families. It is an organization, not of isolated individuals, but of individuals in families. And yet the business of government is there conducted by men who, as far as possible, abjure family ties. A religious life finds the most important part of its sorrows and joys, its trials, duties, and discipline, within the circle of family relations; and yet the ministers of religion are on system separated from such relations, and thus from the experiences which interpret them, and the close personal interests which grow out of them. In the same way, the education of the young, and particularly that of females, is conducted almost exclusively by those who not only are themselves forbidden to enter into these

domestic bonds of husband and wife, and thus of parents and children, but who are taught to regard the abnegation of the tenderest human ties as one of the highest virtues of the Christian life. The system is in defiance of the practical sense of mankind. The mere statement of it is its condemnation. What parent can wish a daughter to be trained for her natural condition in the family, by those who have stifled so large a part of the natural affections within the walls of a monastery or nunnery? Or how is it possible that men who exclude themselves from domestic relations and experiences should have other than maimed and fragmentary views of the real religious wants and trials of this mortal condition? It is like giving the command of an army to a member of the Peace Society. Thus the defective administration of the affairs of the Roman State is the result, not of accident, but of fundamental principles wrought into the very substance of the Romish Church.

But leaving this part of the subject, we are led from a survey of the present condition of Italy to speculate on its prospects in the future. Here, again, in endeavoring to form any definite ideas on this point, the first inquiry is, What is likely to be, in Italy, the fate of the ecclesiastical power of Rome? For the present, at least, the destinies of Italy are bound up with those of the Romish Church. Were the Church the true friend of the people, and were it to use its enormous influence to awaken and call into action the mind and the energies of Italy, to arouse a national spirit and to unite Italian hearts, no foreign power would be able to keep the Peninsula permanently in subjection. But so long as the Church allies itself with, and derives support from, the despotisms which have sway in Italy, there is little ground for anticipating any political change for the better. The civil governments and the Church together are too strong for the people.

That Catholicism, though with many modifications and limitations of its power, for a length of time beyond the reach of human foresight, will be the nominal religion of Italy, there can be no doubt. For generations to come, ingenious commentators on the Apocalypse will be able to predict the speedy downfall of the Papacy. But for ourselves, we see no indica-

tions of any such event. Were the Pope even to lose his temporal power as the head of the Papal States, it is by no means certain that it would not rather strengthen than weaken his position as the head of the Church. He would still remain the centre and sovereign of the great army of the Catholic priesthood, a body of men scattered over all lands, divorced from the ordinary ties of country and family, and connected with the Papacy equally by religious faith and earthly ambition. The Papacy would still retain its wealth, and it would be all the more safe and effective for its purposes, from its being divided and diffused through so many countries and in the charge of so many agents, united in a common dedication to the service of the Church. The loss of temporal power would at least save it from those political positions and entanglements, which, however it may have been in ages when nearly all diplomatists were Churchmen, can now only by accident result in its advantage.

We have no confidence at all in any of the direct efforts made to convert Italy to Protestantism. We should quite as soon expect Italian priests to convert England, as English missionaries to convert Italy. Any religious reformation which is materially to change Italy for the better, must spring up within itself, and not come from abroad.

We do not, however, on this account, by any means regard the omens as favorable to the fortunes of the Catholic faith in Italy. Romanism is at war with the spirit of the age. It forbids inquiry and freedom of thought in religion, and yet the spirit of inquiry and freedom is stimulated by all the circumstances of the times. The contagion spreads into Italy. No quarantine can entirely fence it out. Throngs of travellers are making the Italians familiar with those of a different faith. The railroads which are sure in the end to traverse the Peninsula, the electric telegraph, the commerce with Protestant and republican countries, the various improvements of civilization which must at length find their way into the most guarded and secluded provinces, not only accustom the Italians to a wider circle of thought, but excite the mind to greater activity and curiosity. In former ages every thing might be kept in the dark. The Grand Duke of Tuscany or the King

of Naples was able to imprison or shoot whomsoever he pleased, and the event was hardly known beyond the immediate friends of the victim. But Italy has constantly multiplying relations with countries which allow nothing to remain concealed. It has to deal now, not only with the Spaniard, the Frank, and the German, but with that Anglo-Saxon race, which, whether reasonably or unreasonably, somehow feels it necessary to investigate the affairs of its neighbors as if they were its own. The sacred immunity from criticism which the Italian sovereigns possessed, no longer exists. They have not the privilege of putting even their own people into a dungeon, without being exposed to inquiries about the cause. If it be a man who has been prominent in religion or in politics, and especially if his only crime be some religious or political act which in another country would be esteemed a merit, it becomes the talk of Europe. "Our own correspondents," the public press, the platform, the pulpit, the political assembly, feel a sudden call to look into the matter. It is the *habeas corpus* applied to sovereign powers. "Let us have the subject up and talk it over." The matter is by no means entirely settled when the King of Naples, following the good old custom of despotism, has quietly shut up a suspected patriot in an *oubliette*; and all England and America can have no rest till it is known why the Madiari are imprisoned in Tuscany. These questions have meaning in them, because they are, or may be, backed with batteries of cannon. And what is more, instead of being silenced by any remonstrances against interference, they are likely to become more and more urgent every year. This disposition to search into the acts of government is contagious. But all such questioning brings up the general question of individual rights; and when men begin to discuss their civil rights, they are not likely to stop short of any which belong to them as men. With this spirit of inquiry, and this increasing regard for the rights of the individual, which characterize the times, Catholicism is in conflict, and though its existence may not be put in jeopardy, its character can hardly fail to be greatly modified, and its power limited, by their influence. To retain its authority, it must adapt both its pretensions and its modes of administration to the changed condition of the world.

But there is another, and at the present a far more powerful, tendency of feeling with which the Church, as an ecclesiastical organization, has to contend. Whatever may be thought of the capacity of the Italians for the enjoyment of free institutions, there can be no doubt that large numbers earnestly desire to recover political liberty, and that they hate with bitter sincerity that foreign influence which prevents their attaining it. The citizens of Venice and Bologna, to whom the presence of Austrian regiments is a daily and galling insult, do not willingly submit to the brute force of those whom they consider semi-barbarians; but with this hated foreign rule the Church is associated. The priests are believed to be allied, both in interest and sympathy, with the foreigner, and there is a common conviction that the most sacred rites of religion are made use of as a means of strengthening this foreign domination. We have already alluded to the prevailing belief, that the plans of Italian patriots are perpetually revealed through the confessional. Any union of the Church with the foreign conqueror is offensive enough, but this treachery to man and to God, in behalf of despotism, this converting of religion into the instrument of a state policy which they abhor, has intensified that feeling of bitterness towards the Church, which other causes had before excited. It insults the people, by offering them a stone when they ask for bread. It comes under the guise of a friend, but is distrusted as the most insidious of all spies, and as the most dangerous foe of those who would do any thing for the restoration of Italian liberty. One result of this has been, to make many of the more thoughtful and patriotic — though they nominally remain Catholics — willing to favor the dissemination of the Scriptures. We think that this may have led into mistake some of those among us who are desirous of propagating Protestantism in Italy. At any rate, to a considerable extent the disposition shown by many of the Italians to aid in the circulation of the Bible is to be ascribed to political, rather than religious causes. By substituting the Bible in the place of the Pope, as the supreme authority in religion, and by closing the confessional, through which the priesthood is put into possession of the secrets of Italy, they hope to protect them-

selves against what is now their most formidable enemy. Except in the Papal States, such a change would practically separate the Church from the civil government. The Pope might still be the first bishop of the Catholic world, and the priests would retain their moral influence as ministers of religion, while they could no longer be made use of as efficient and reliable agents of the political power. But whatever the cause, it does not diminish the hostility to the course of the Papal government. Not only the spirit of inquiry, but detestation of foreign rule, the sense of personal danger, the hope of reinstating the liberties of Italy, and the hopelessness of accomplishing this end so long as the Church retains its present authority over the mass of the people and uses it as a means for suppressing all efforts to recover the freedom which has been lost, have brought large numbers of the most active, intelligent, and enterprising spirits into opposition to the Papacy.

The very means which in an ignorant and uninquiring age have added to the strength of the Church, this disposition to question its authority is likely to convert into a source of weakness. For example, what will be the result when the minds of men, stimulated and sharpened by political enmity, begin to inquire into the value of the innumerable relics with whose sanctity the Church has to such an extent identified itself? It would amount to little, that in some secluded village of the Apennines a superstitious homage was paid to the doubtful bones of some mythical martyr, or to the image of an ecclesiastical saint. But the Papacy itself, as if in defiance of reason and common sense, takes them under its immediate protection, and vouches for their trustworthiness. In a balcony over the high altar of St. Peter's is preserved the handkerchief which St. Veronica gave to the Saviour on his way to the cross, and which, being used by him to wipe the sweat of his great suffering from his face, took and retained the impression of his features. With it is deposited the lance of the soldier who pierced the Saviour's side. In another balcony is preserved the head of St. Andrew; and in another, a portion of the true cross. In St. John Lateran, you may see the table of the Last Supper, a column splin-

tered when the veil of the temple was rent, a portrait of the Saviour painted by St. Luke, and other objects of similar character, presented for the veneration of the Catholic world; while every moment of the day pilgrims may be found ascending on their knees the Scala Santa, — the staircase of Pilate's house, — which the Saviour descended when he left the judgment-seat. One's religious faith is somewhat startled, when in Cologne he has shown him the bones of the eleven thousand virgins built into the walls, or exhibited in glass cases about the choir of the church of St. Ursula. He can hardly fail to have some misgivings, when, among other relics, he is pointed to one of the stone vessels which held the water that was turned into wine at the marriage of Cana. And above all, when the skulls of the three wise men of the East who brought their offerings to the infant Saviour — incased with jewels, and deposited in a shrine whose treasures, after being plundered during the French Revolution, are still estimated at more than a million of dollars — are uncovered for his veneration, not in some road-side chapel, but in the very sanctuary of the great cathedral, and when he learns that the fees paid for the exhibition of these ghastly relics are devoted to the completion of the unfinished temple, his respect for a Church which deals thus with its votaries can hardly fail to be rudely shaken. But the honor paid to these relics might be regarded as merely an accident of superstition, one for which the Catholic Church is not properly responsible, and which may remain or disappear without serious damage to its authority. The numberless relics, however, which are exhibited at Rome cannot be regarded in this light. They do not occupy a secondary place, but are the attraction, the glory, and the sanctity of the churches to which they belong. They are not offered to the homage of the people as venerable, though uncertain relics of the past, but are taken under the patronage of the Pope himself, and through the most solemn offices of religion are commended to the faith and adoration of the Christian world. It is the circumstance that the Pope makes himself responsible for their genuineness, which gives them their great importance. They thus are not an excrescence on the Church, but wrought into its very fabric. It would seem as if in time

they must become a burden too heavy for the Papacy to bear. Is it understood that the Pope and the Cardinals receive these relics and legends as authentic? If they do not, a startling question comes up as to the moral honesty of adopting, honoring, and using them, and thus commending them to Catholic belief. On the other hand, if they are received in good faith, and if the Church makes itself responsible for their being what they purport to be, the next question is as to the infallibility of the Pope who indorses them. The authenticity of many of these relics must be rejected by the common sense of men, when they are brought fairly to consider the facts in the case. And to doubt here is to doubt the infallibility of the Church. Thus the Church must, to a greater or less extent, come into conflict with the intelligence of the age.

But while, in this and in other ways, the Church is alienating from itself both the intelligence and the patriotism of Italy, we by no means regard this as the same thing with the reception of Protestantism. On the contrary, the more probable immediate result is the decay of all religious faith. We fear that the darkest days for religion in Italy are yet to come, and that the going out of an unreasoning superstition may be only a signal for the entrance of an unreasoning infidelity. The Italian nature has little affinity with the austere, simple, and almost naked forms of Protestant worship; and a Catholic training creates intellectual habits, which, more than any positive dogmas, indispose and unfit one for the duties and responsibilities which Protestantism makes fundamental. A Protestant faith not only admits, but requires, the use of reason in religion. It is founded on evidence which addresses itself to each individual understanding. It enjoins the exercise of the private judgment in the interpretation of Scripture, and makes each man personally responsible to God for the faithful use of his faculties in the formation of religious opinions. On the contrary, the Italian is taught to regard religion as a matter of authority, and the use of reason in any serious examination of its doctrines or pretensions, as treason against God. The Church determines for the individual what is to be believed. That spirit of inquiry which Protestantism in-

culcates as a duty, Catholicism denounces as a crime. Minds trained to this habit of acquiescence and submission in religion may undoubtedly become alienated from, and perhaps be led to reject, an old form of worship; but they are wholly unprepared to adopt religious views which address themselves to the active intelligence of man, and which in their very reception require its exercise. If Christianity is accepted on no ground except the declaration of the Church that it is true, if belief in the religion is identified with a belief in the infallibility of its ministers, the moment that the authority of the Church is rejected, the authority of Christianity is rejected with it. It was in this way that unbelief spread so rapidly in France. Christianity had no hold on those mental convictions which are produced by a personal examination of its nature and evidence; the people were taught to regard Christianity and Catholicism as the same thing, and the very doubts which undermined the latter swept away the former. Before Protestantism can prevail in Italy, the fundamental habits of the Italian mind in regard to religion must undergo a revolution. For these reasons, we greatly fear that the decay of Catholicism will, at first, result only in the prevalence of irreligion and unbelief.

The immediate prospects of Italy seem to us, whichever way we turn, to be covered with gloom. The long continued and firmly established power which foreign states have gained within her borders can scarcely be cast out, except in connection with some general war which will involve the whole continent of Europe. And even when relieved from foreign rule and interference, the discipline of the people for a liberty to whose forms even they have been so long unaccustomed, the union of cities and states which for ages have been rivals into one confederacy, and the consolidation of liberal institutions which shall embrace the Peninsula and be in harmony with the Catholic Church, or with any church, can, to human seeming, be attained only through years and generations of violence, disorder, and conflict. The only hope of regeneration seems to be through the terrible baptism of blood.

And yet we cannot believe that the fairest land on earth, with a soil like a garden, and a people which, though now

politically demoralized, is gifted with natural intelligence, and preserves in its history the records of past freedom and glory, can be doomed for ever to its present lethargy. There is one remarkable fact in Italian history which finds elsewhere no parallel. It is the reviving of a new and fresh civilization on the ruins of a preceding one. Nineveh and Palenque have known no awakening. Not so with Italy. Its earlier civilization reached its highest mark, and then sank amidst the vices, the effeminacy and selfishness, of the later ages of the Western Empire. There never was a race on earth whose manhood seemed more entirely to have gone to decay, and never a people among whom society seemed to be more entirely disintegrated. The elder civilization was worn out, and its decline was accompanied by the weakness, profligacy, and ignorance, without any of the common virtues, of barbarism. But still there was something in the Italian nature, — a vitality not destroyed by the misery and degradation of centuries, — which enabled it to rise from the ground and to vindicate its descent from a race that had ruled the world. The same people which had been overborne and crushed under foreign invasion, in turn subjected the conqueror to itself, rebuilt its cities, reorganized the institutions of liberty, and gave birth to those men of genius who made the age of the Italian republics as remarkable as that of Pericles. We found our hopes for the future not a little on this fact. The same Italian nature still remains. It is incomparably and in every respect less degraded than it was ten centuries ago. Whatever may be the case in the larger towns, those who are best informed declare that the inhabitants of the country, though ignorant and superstitious, have very generally the simple manners and the industrious habits of a primitive people. The vices which are commonly thought most to degrade the higher and lower classes of the cities, it is affirmed, do not, in any similar degree, taint the rural population. There is still to be found an unexhausted race. The great mass of the people thus possess those essential elements which must be at the foundation of a higher civilization, — physical vigor, quickness of apprehension, faith, simplicity. Under such circumstances, it is not unreasonable to think that Italy may rein-

state herself among the great powers of the earth. We know not why one may not expect her, as she has twice done before, again to take the lead in some higher development of civilization. There is, at any rate, hope for Italy so long as any considerable number of her leading minds preserve that passionate, though it may be vague, craving for freedom, which now so widely exists. We gather encouragement for the future out of the very disasters of the present. It does not disturb our faith in the ultimate result, that so many attempts to establish Italian freedom are wild, misdirected, and abortive. It is only through a thousand unsuccessful efforts that the northwest passage into that open sea is yet to be found. We certainly should rejoice to see wars and fightings give place to a social order founded on the principles of justice. But we have no desire to see the order which despotic courts would establish remain undisturbed. Italy owes but a small debt of gratitude for the popular quiet which they maintain within her borders. In the present state of things, our sympathies are with those, whatever be the name by which they go, who cannot rest, who cannot have peaceful sleep, so long as a foreign flag hangs out its ill-omened folds under the fair heaven of Italy. Our hope lies in the fact that a hundred thousand Austrians scarcely suffice to keep the peace in its northern provinces. The Italian patriots may or may not be Red Republicans, and Mazzini may be, for aught we know, a wilder dreamer than Rienzi; their plans and enterprises may be unwise and ineffectual; but with all their errors they are on the right side. The only fatal mistake is to be on the side of the foreigner, and the hopeless degradation of Italy will not have come till the people willingly and submissively bow their necks to the yoke.

But this, let us rejoice to think, they are not likely soon to do. The spirit of resistance is not only kept alive, but seems to spread. The Italians have so much manliness still left, that perpetual defeat cannot teach them to keep quiet under despotism. Out of the ashes of one conflagration, they gather the sparks wherewith to kindle another. The Italian patriots are gaining wisdom from their experience at home, and, driven into exile, they prepare themselves to return to their

native land with the additional light which they have derived from their acquaintance with the institutions of those free countries in which they have lived while abroad. The constant failure of partial and local insurrections, and the evident necessity of coöperation between different cities and states, may itself at length lead to that the want of which has been the source of such immeasurable evil, — the organization of the several parts of Italy into one national unity. The day of Italian redemption is nearer, perhaps, than we sometimes think. If the world had settled down into a permanent peace, we confess that there would be little hope for its disarmed, undisciplined, unorganized masses in any conflict with the armies of Austria and France. But powerful causes are at work, which must soon lead to new political combinations. While we write, Europe seems to be plunging into a general war. What the result may be, no human foresight enables one to predict. If Russia should be occupied with France and England, Hungary is not likely to remain passive and quiet. If Austria should be forced to take sides with Russia, the first cannon-shot will resound over Italy as the signal for a general awakening. Let a French or English fleet approach Venice or enter Leghorn, and supply the Italians with the arms which they need, or let the Austrian troops be withdrawn to defend the hereditary states of the house of Hapsburg, and the continuance of Austrian rule in Italy would seem to be near its end.

No doubt, if the Italians should obtain freedom from foreign interference, they would only have begun the real work before them. Under the most favorable circumstances, long and weary, and it may be disastrous years, must elapse before the Peninsula can attain to a wise and permanent political organization. But that it shall finally do so, we will not allow ourselves to doubt. We have faith in man, and faith in freedom, and faith in that Providence under whose sovereignty evil at length consumes itself, and whose fundamental laws are on the side of human progress.

- ART. IX.—1. *La Russie sous Nicolas 1^{er}*, par M. IVAN GOLOVINE. Paris. 1845.
2. *Pictures from St. Petersburg*, by EDWARD JARMANN. Translated from the original German, by FREDERIC HARDMANN. New York: Putnam & Co. 1852.
3. *Annuaire des Deux Mondes: Histoire Générale des Divers Etats*. (1851–1852.) Paris. 1852. Livres premier, cinquième, et sixième: *La France, La Russie, Empire Ottoman*.

THE vast territory lying between the Baltic and the Sea of Ochotsk, bounded by the Frozen Ocean on the north, by Persia and the Chinese empire on the south, embracing the entire northern section of two of the grand geographical divisions of the earth, with a foothold upon a third larger in extent than any other country in Europe beside itself,—inhabited by eighty distinct tribes of men, who, as to habits, language, and religion, differ more among themselves than from other nations,—watered by deep and navigable rivers, that traverse its level surface in either direction, transporting the products of a most fertile soil to the inland seas of its southern frontier, or losing themselves in the circumpolar snows that hardly define its northern limit,—bearing on its soil alike the boundless and almost impenetrable pine-forests of the North, the wheat-fields of the Ukraine, capable alone of sustaining more than a hundred millions of human beings, and the fruits that ripen only beneath a tropical sun,—availing itself of every branch of industry and art, and every species of primitive toil, from that of the Arctic fisherman earning his scanty subsistence by the light of the midnight sun, to that of the solitary Tartar shepherd watching his flocks beneath the Chinese wall,—is ruled solely by the will, and is to every practical intent the possession, of one man, the heir of the imperial house of Romanoff.

But it is not alone the physical greatness of the Russian empire that makes it the most formidable single power, perhaps, in the world. The history of its expansion, and the very elements of its existence as a state, present much

more serious matter for the alarmist, than the simple exhibition of its gigantic proportions. The ideas of conquest and annexation, which have been transmitted from one sovereign to another till they have become the policy of the nation as well as the pride of its court, and which have annihilated obstacles and absorbed nationalities till they are now knocking at the portals of one of the oldest powers in Europe, with a purpose never more clearly defined, have come to be largely identified with the aspirations of the great Slavic race, which not only dominates in Russia, but ramifies extensively in the countries adjoining its southwestern frontier, — a race bewildered by the consciousness of its long dormant strength, and dreaming of an impossible future. Other empires as large, in the partly fabulous traditions of the East, and in the more positive history of the West, have been the growth, by incursion and conquest, of a single ambitious reign; and the heterogeneous mass, united for a time under one far-reaching sceptre, became resolved into its original elements upon the death or the fall of the conqueror. But the growth of Russia is coeval with the dynasty which has occupied its throne for nearly two centuries and a half, and the successors of Michael Feodorovitsch have rarely paused and never retrograded in the career of territorial aggrandizement. We propose to trace this policy of self-aggrandizement, from its origin in the obscurer annals of the nation, to its very last development in the recent acts of the reigning Czar, to consider the elements of weakness as well as of strength in the power that now threatens the political equilibrium of Europe, and to gather from the facts of the present crisis how easily a fear that has troubled the minds of men for nearly half a century has been dispelled by the promptness and vigor of a countervailing alliance.

While Attila was extending his dominions from the confines of China to the Atlantic, and causing himself to be proclaimed the King of Kings by the barbaric nations that had conquered the Roman empire, a peaceful tribe of Slavi, from the banks of the Dnieper, escaped from the turmoils of Southern Europe, and, wandering to the north and east, founded the two cities of Kiev and Novgorod, which still remain. The

latter settlement was the germ of the Russian nation. But little known to the writers of the period, described however by Constantine Porphyrogenitus as a peaceful people, mostly traders and purely democratic in their government, they took no place in history till the country and its inhabitants became the prey of Scandinavian adventurers. Unused to war, they had been compelled when attacked to call to their assistance the fierce tribes that constantly swarmed from the Northern peninsula. From mercenaries, these tribes came at last to be their masters, and about a thousand years ago (862), Ruric, the first chief in Russian history, divided the territory of the Novgorodians with two other Varagian chiefs, Sineus and Truvor. Upon the death of Ruric, the government devolved upon Oleg as guardian of the young prince Ighor, and during his regency, with the true barbarian instincts of the Northern hordes, the descendants of the Scythians turned their arms for the first time to the conquest of the fertile lands warmed by a more genial sun. By the subjugation of Smolensk and Kiev, Oleg united the two Slavic nations, and, securing thus the control of the Dnieper, undertook the *first Russian expedition against Constantinople*. An army of eighty thousand men sailed down the Dnieper, and, transporting their boats by land for the extent of the fifteen leagues where its navigation is rendered difficult by rapids, found themselves at last on the Black Sea. Leo, the Greek emperor, warned of their approach, drew a chain across the harbor of his capital; but the hardy adventurers took their barks on shore again, and, attaching to them wheels and sails, forced their way up to the very walls of the city, having marked their passage by the atrocities that usually attended the rude incursions of that age. Leo attempted to remove his enemy by poison, but, not being successful, was compelled to make an ignominious peace; and Oleg returned laden with spoils to a people disposed to regard him as more than human. A few years afterward, Ighor, deluded by the success of his guardian, without any ostensible motive, sailed down the Dnieper with a hundred and sixty thousand men, and attacked the Byzantine capital by sea. The Greeks hurled upon the boats of the Russians their unquenchable fire, to escape which the warriors plunged

into the sea, and the baffled chief retreated with only a third part of his army. Not discouraged by his reverses, Ighor returned three years afterward, but was met in the Tauric Chersonesus by the ambassadors of the Emperor Romanus, who offered to pay the same tribute which had been exacted before the failure of the last expedition.

Queen Olga is the next person who figures in Russian history. Ighor having been murdered in an attempt to quell an insurrection, his widow avenged his death by some of the most horrid acts of cruelty known in history. With every qualification to fill the chief niche in a pandemoniac temple, Olga now flourishes as a saint in the Russian calendar, and *her* expedition to Constantinople was for the purpose of being initiated into the mysteries of the Christian religion. Constantine Porphyrogenitus was highly interested in his royal convert, and led *her* with his own hand to the baptismal font, where she received the name of Helen. Olga's example had no influence upon the nation or on her own family, and it was not till the reign of Vladimir the Great that Christianity superseded the Paganism which was the natural religion of the fierce tribes that swarmed from the Northern hive. The prince sent his most intelligent philosophers into the neighboring countries to inquire into their respective religions, and, after a careful comparison, suffered himself to be swayed by the reports of the gorgeous ceremonies of the Greek Church and the magnificence of St. Sophia. Too proud to ask of the Emperor a priest to baptize him, Vladimir marched his army upon the city of Theodosia, and having solicited the aid of Heaven "to help him to take the town that he might carry from it Christians and priests to instruct him and his people," accomplished his purpose, receiving also in marriage the hand of Anna, sister of the joint Emperors Basil and Constantine, upon condition of converting his people to Christianity. He kept his word. The inhabitants were ordered to the river to be baptized, and they cheerfully obeyed, saying, with a more vivid appreciation of the form than of the spirit, that, if it were not good to be baptized, the prince and the Boyars would never have submitted to such a ceremony.

Russia was invaded in the early part of the thirteenth cen-

tury by Tuschi, son of Gengis Khan, with his hordes of Mongol-Tartars. The natives made a desperate but unavailing resistance, and the authority of the Khan became permanent. He accordingly placed on the throne those who flattered him by obsequiousness, or propitiated him by presents; and a succession of thirteen native princes held this inglorious sovereignty till the middle of the fourteenth century. Weakened by their own dissensions, and depressed by the rigor of a foreign yoke, the Russian principalities could no longer resist the warlike powers that attacked them on the south and west, and the inheritance of Vladimir became the prey of the Livonians and Poles. Attempts were made to deliver the country from the Tartars by Dimitri and Ivan, but with only temporary success. Moscow was plundered by Tamerlane, and still later a Tartar army overran the country and departed with an immense booty, including three hundred thousand prisoners, whom they sold into slavery. The final blow was inflicted by Ivan the Terrible, who succeeded to the throne at the age of three years, survived the anarchy and confusion which prevailed during his minority, seized the reins with a firm hand at seventeen, and by a series of brilliant military evolutions drove the Tartars from his dominions, and attacked their own country, granting quarter to the inhabitants only upon the condition of their adopting the Christian faith. Thus a supremacy which even the Russians looked upon as barbarian, and which had endured for three hundred years, was permanently destroyed, the country found itself under a government able to protect it, and its territory was extended eastward as far as the right bank of the Volga. Ivan sought to plant the seeds of Western civilization in the great nation slowly and silently maturing in the North. Splendid embassies were sent to the various European courts, and artists, merchants, and scholars were invited to settle in his capital. The discovery of Archangel by some English traders wrecked in its vicinity brought the country into intercourse with England, which was rapidly attaining its preëminence in commerce. Siberia was discovered by a party of outlawed Cossacks, and presented as a peace-offering to the Czar. With Feodor, son of Ivan II., terminated the dynasty of Ruric, which

had occupied the throne since the Varagian conquest, a period of seven hundred years.

The beginning of the seventeenth century was a gloomy period in the annals of Russia. The throne had been seized, since the death of the last descendant of Ruric, by usurpers, among whom was an impostor whose real name was Otrief, and whose history bears a strong resemblance to that of the pseudo-Dauphins of our own day. The crown was at last offered to a young noble whose father was metropolitan of Rostoff, and distantly connected with the ancient Czars; and in 1613 Michael Feodorovitch, of the house of Romanoff, was elected Czar, with unlimited and hereditary power. The influence of the clergy silenced all opposition, and a revelation from Heaven sanctioned the choice. Michael expelled the Swedes and Poles from his dominions, and reëstablished embassies at the Christian courts. With his son and successor Alexis commenced those encroachments upon the dependencies of the Porte, which continued without intermission till the treaty of Adrianople in 1829. Having incorporated the warlike Cossacks of the Don with his empire, Alexis extended his conquests southward till he annexed the country of Astrakhan. The jealousy of the Porte being fully awakened by the approach of Russia to the Crimea, a Turkish army crossed the frontier of Poland and entered the Ukraine. Alexis bequeathed the war to his son Feodor, who after five years of hostilities effected, in 1682, a truce for twenty years. During the regency of Sophia (sister of Feodor, Ivan, and Peter), the Porte declared war against Poland and the German Emperor; the latter asked the aid of Russia; and Galitzin, the favorite, suffered his vanity to get the better of his discretion, and took the field in person with a large army. By disease and in unprofitable skirmishes he had lost at the end of his second campaign more than forty thousand men. Upon the accession of Peter a regularly disciplined force was organized, and a navy founded upon European models. The war with the Porte still languishing, Peter resolved, by getting possession of the Black Sea and Azoph, to secure the outlet of the Don. The first campaign was not successful; but in the second, by the aid of engineers and artillery collected

in Germany, he was enabled to enter Azoph after a two months' siege. He at once ordered fifty-five ships to be built, and a canal to be constructed to connect the Don with the Volga, thus securing an easier communication with the Caspian Sea, and accomplishing the great idea of Alexis, the opening of a trade with Persia. In 1700 the armistice between Russia and Turkey was prolonged from two to thirty years; but before it had terminated, the Porte, instigated by Charles XII., declared war against Russia, and the Grand Vizier Mehemed mustered on the plains of Adrianople an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. Peter left the affairs of his nation in the hands of a senate appointed for the purpose, and crossed the Pruth with forty thousand men; but deceived by the inability of the Hospodar of Moldavia (who thought the time had come when his people would gladly throw off the Mohammedan yoke) to render him any assistance, he was surrounded and compelled to retreat. The good genius of Catharine, not then acknowledged as his lawful wife, saved him. The Vizier readily entertained proposals of peace when accompanied by an immense sum of money and valuable jewels, and the dignity of the Porte was satisfied by the recovery of Azoph. In recompense, Russia subsequently obtained, by a well-timed interference in the domestic affairs of Persia, and by war, the cession of the cities Derbent and Bakou with their territory, and the provinces Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Asterabad, with the consent of the Porte. The five sovereigns who succeeded Petér were occupied with other matters than foreign conquest. The generals of Anna indeed humbled the pride of Mohammed V., who had succeeded the unlucky Achmet on the Turkish throne; but they were sent to Siberia by Elizabeth. The tragic end of Peter III., in whom the family of Holstein-Gottorp was united with that of Romanoff, was the commencement of a new and brilliant era.

With the reign of Catharine the Great, the foreign relations of Russia began to assume a new aspect. The wrongs of "unhappy Poland" have been the theme of patriot and poet. We have no space to discuss this subject; but we may venture to suggest that a country whose government

was the most corrupt and oppressive ever known,—whose people consisted of two classes, nobles and serfs, the latter of which had no natural rights whatever, and could be beaten, robbed, sold, or hung at the will of the other,—where feudalism prevailed in its most repulsive form, without the ideas of Western civilization which even in the Middle Ages softened its injustice by the pride of chivalry,—has received quite as much sympathy from republicans as it merited, great as may be the political disadvantages of its annihilation as a kingdom.

The Western nations that had fomented the discontent in Poland found it also for their interest to excite the apprehension of Turkey. Mustapha III., jealous of the increasing influence of the Empress, and over-estimating the military resources of an empire which had once indeed struck terror into the hearts of Christendom, required little persuasion to declare war, and an irregular body of Turkish troops crossed the Russian frontier and ravaged the country. Aware of the external aid afforded to the Sultan, Catharine aimed to humble him by all the resources at her command. Her agents organized an insurrection in Greece, with a view to the establishment of the republics of Sparta and Athens, as a check to the Ottoman power. A Turkish fleet of fifteen ships of the line was burned in Tchesmè Bay by a Russian squadron, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia submitted to her arms, and a large Ottoman army was defeated near the right bank of the Pruth. At the peace of 1774, Catharine abandoned all her conquests except Azoph, Taganrog, and Kinburn, but obtained, besides indemnity for the expenses of the war, the free navigation of the Black Sea, the right of passage through the Dardanelles, and the protectorate of the Crimea, which a few years later was conquered by Potemkin, who gave it its ancient name of Tauris. The second war, declared by the Porte in 1787, resulted equally to the advantage of Russia. Oczakow was taken after a siege of six months, and finally separated from Turkey. The real object, however, for which the war had been provoked by Catharine,—the final expulsion of the Turks from Europe,—failed through the ill success of her ally, the Emperor of Austria. Beside the two hundred

thousand square miles which Catharine added to the territory of Russia, her reign was the commencement of a period of reforms within and an influence without, which may well excite the admiration of those who consider the nation she had to govern, and the private profligacy of the persons she selected as the instruments of her policy.

The Emperor Paul effected an alliance with Turkey, and at the same time added to the influence of Russia in the Mediterranean, by assuming the protectorate of the seven Ionian Isles, an office now sustained by England. What consequences would have resulted to Europe from his coöperation in the gigantic schemes of Napoleon, whom he all but adored, cannot be known. His assassination at a well-known political crisis, and under the most extraordinary circumstances, is a matter which has been too studiously ignored by the historians of that nation which profited by it so much and so unexpectedly.

But at no period in history has Russia been so overbearing and iniquitous in aggressions, as during the half-century for which she has been under the fostering care of Great Britain. From the death of Paul to the sudden change in her policy, in the summer of 1853, there has been no act of insolence or rapacity on the part of the Northern despot in which England has not cheerfully acquiesced, and few in which she has not borne a conspicuous and dishonorable part. So warm a friend of Napoleon as Charles Fox refused to conclude any peace "except in concert with the Emperor of Russia." A quarrel having arisen between the Sultan and the Czar in 1806, respecting the removal of the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia, Turkey received promise of the alliance of France; whereupon one Mr. Wellesley Pole "presented himself before the Divan in his riding-dress, with a whip in his hand, and peremptorily announced that, if the demands of Russia were not instantly acceded to, a British fleet would enter the Dardanelles and lay the capital in ashes."* Sir John Duckworth and his fleet entered the Dardanelles; but the Turks, encouraged by the skill and enthusiasm of General

* Sir Archibald Alison, from whom we quote, considers this transaction a *chef-d'œuvre* of diplomacy.

Sebastiani, the French ambassador, compelled him to make a precipitate and ignominious flight, with considerable loss. After the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon allowed Alexander to occupy the Principalities with his troops, yet refused to listen to any proposition concerning Roumelia and Constantinople, and in 1810 an imperial ukase announced the formal annexation of Moldo-Wallachia to Russia, and declared the Danube, from the Austrian frontier to the Black Sea, to be the southern boundary of the empire. By the treaty of Bucharest (1812), these provinces were ceded again to Turkey in exchange for Bessarabia, which gave Russia the control of the mouths of the Danube, an incalculable advantage to her in the event of a war with either Austria or Turkey, enabling her to advance as far as the Pruth. This insane treaty was forced upon Turkey, (at a time when, by a coöperation with France, she might have recovered all the ground she had lost in a quarter of a century,) by the influence of England, aided by the misrepresentations and treacherous disclosures of the other powers allied against France. It liberated an army of forty thousand Russians, who hung on the rear of the French in the retreat from Moscow, and finished but too well what the elements had commenced. At the general convocation of the harpies at Vienna, Russia, through the obsequiousness of Lord Castlereagh, obtained all it demanded; Poland was sacrificed; and to prevent the necessity of Alexander's restoring Finland, Norway was detached from Denmark and given to Sweden as an equivalent, — Great Britain volunteering to enforce this arrangement by threatening Denmark with a declaration of war within forty-eight hours if she did not accede to it. With the horrors of Copenhagen so fresh in her remembrance, the feeble state submitted. There were only two points on which Lord Castlereagh ventured really* to differ from Alexander. The first was the violation of the treaty with Murat, by which the king of Naples was to be protected upon joining the grand alliance; the second was the violation of the treaty of Fontainebleau, by which Napoleon was to be maintained in state at Elba; — both of which compacts Alex-

* Apprehensive of a change or repentance in the mind of Alexander, a secret treaty was concluded between England, Austria, and what was called *France*.

ander considered it dishonorable not to adhere to, while the English minister, without any such foolish scruples, urged the Congress to depose Murat, and to send the fallen Emperor a close prisoner to St. Lucie or St. Helena. It was this contemplated perfidy, which, coming to the knowledge of Napoleon, determined him to anticipate the danger by leaving Elba.

When, on the voluntary renunciation of the crown by Constantine, Nicholas ascended the throne, he found the country he was to govern in the position of a single, vast camp. The Russo-Polish forces were arranged as an army drawn up for battle, facing to the *west* as the only source from which danger was to be apprehended, extending from Finland to the Pruth, and numbering four hundred and eighty thousand men. Besides this formidable array there were two hundred and sixty-seven thousand troops in garrison and on service in Finland, Siberia, and the Caucasus. To an army of seven hundred and forty-seven thousand men there could, moreover, be easily added some three hundred thousand from the Tartar hordes. The question naturally arises, and may be appropriately considered here, why, with such an overwhelming armament, Russia has had such difficulty in her conquests, and has really accomplished so little in her offensive operations. The truth seems to be, that these enormous figures appear only on paper, and cannot be filled up in actual service. The physical extent of Russia is out of all proportion to its financial resources. The interior is really poor, and can contribute nothing but men; and this want of the sinews of war enforces the necessity of economy in every branch of the service. The regiments therefore are four times the usual size, and the officers disproportionately few; the commissary department has been at times positively disgraceful to a nation of the rank of Russia; the medical staff is inadequate and notoriously incompetent; the engineers are respectable, but inferior to those of the other great military nations. Nor is the system of recruiting, or the kind of stimulus he receives, apt to make a good soldier of the Russian peasant. Orders are issued to the Head Man of each village to furnish a given number of men, usually in the proportion of five to a thousand inhabitants. His authority is then absolute. The houses are

entered in the night, the recruits selected at random, stripped of every thing but the little cross about the neck, with which the Russian peasant never parts, and clothed in the uniform of the corps they are to enter. These arbitrary seizures were formerly considered equivalent to a sentence of perpetual banishment, and the young soldier bade adieu to his friends and his home for ever; but the time of service is now limited to a very few years, and the serf is often bettered by having served in the army. The Russian soldier is docile, submissive, patient, and cunning, with a passive rather than active courage, — resisting a charge well enough, but often requiring to be driven on by blows from his officer to make an assault. On one occasion in the Caucasus, a Russian corps assailed by grape-shot refused to advance. The general in command seated himself on a drum in the front, called out of the ranks a certain number of men, and directed them to be beaten. The battalion was then ordered to advance, and the Circassians were put to flight. The argument for flogging is simple and conclusive. “The stick,” says the Russian disciplinarian, “is something sure and positive; they cannot escape from it, and the effect is terrible; while the ball of the enemy is uncertain.” M. Golovine may well add, that, if there is any thing more barbarous than to beat a man, it is to apologize for such an act and to erect it into a system; and he adduces the victories of the French army, which has never allowed flogging, to show the different effects of the two systems. Ill treated by his superiors, badly fed and clothed, flogged unmercifully, the Russian soldier soon becomes an inmate of the hospital, and dies a premature death.

This, however, is the darkest side of the picture, and one which is daily growing brighter. Reforms are never stationary in Russia, and the discipline of the army is gradually becoming more humane. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that the bulk of the nation is not yet civilized in a European sense; the serf cannot be expected to have the same ideas of glory with a Frenchman, and if he *will* not fight, he must be *made* to fight, however repugnant the means used to compel him. The Imperial Guard is an exception, not the standard of the Russian army; the one hundred thousand men or

more which compose it are perhaps the finest military body in the world. Each regiment costs twice as much to keep it as a regiment of the line. Whole divisions are mounted on horses of the same color, with scarcely a hair to distinguish them. The Circassian cavalry kept for exhibition to strangers at the reviews in St. Petersburg consists of handsome men, with well-knit forms, cased in steel, as hard riders and as daring soldiers as any in the world; and the flying artillery, which is on a large scale, compares well with that of Germany and France.

Thus, while Russia offers no temptation to an invading army, and suffers the transition from peace to war with less inconvenience than any other country in Europe, the circumstances we have mentioned must for a long time prevent her from becoming formidable to a well-conducted alliance of the other powers. In the campaign of 1810, a Russian army one hundred thousand strong made no actual conquests in the Turkish territory, (for the occupation of the Principalities is always a matter of course at the outset of the Russo-Turkish wars,) and were confined to the places they originally held, by such forces as were then at the command of the Sultan. We need not be surprised, therefore, at the difficulty with which even the most trifling advantages on the soil of European Turkey have been since gained by the Czar.

Within a month after his coronation, Nicholas declared war against Persia. The Shah had declined acceding to the territorial extension which Russia was entitled to make under the treaty of Gulistan in 1823. Prince Menschikoff was refused an audience, and the Russian garrison at Arkivan was put to the sword. Paskevitch conducted the campaign: the Russians were everywhere victorious; two provinces in Asia were added to the empire; and the Shah agreed to pay twenty million silver rubles as an indemnity for the expenses of the war. In the mean time our Turkish friends had made themselves rather unfortunately conspicuous at Scio. In a slaughter which lasted twelve days, forty thousand of both sexes and all ages were butchered; every house was burned but those of the foreign consuls; and thirty thousand beautiful young women and boys, all that survived the horrible slaughter, were

sent to the slave-markets at Constantinople. The indignation of Europe was aroused, and the result was the battle of Navarino, in which the whole Turkish fleet was destroyed by the combined fleets of Russia, England, and France. There should have been no half-measures toward a power which had shown itself unfit to inhabit the earth. Its nationality should have been destroyed and its territory divided. But, unfortunately, this could not be done without sowing the seeds of future evil. What was done was worse than nothing; the entire gain was on the part of Russia; and Turkey was crippled so that she seemed an easy prey to the power which was only waiting for an opportunity to absorb it.

The last war between Russia and the Porte had its origin, like most wars, in a treaty of peace. Each party accused the other of having violated the treaty of Bucharest. Turkey reproached Russia with having supported and encouraged Ypsilanti, and with fomenting the disturbances in the Principalities; Russia in turn accused the Divan of having excited the Circassians to revolt, obstructed the commerce of the Black Sea, violated the amnesty accorded to Servia, encouraged the resistance of Persia, and retarded the peace which was about to be concluded with that power. After the usual diplomatic preliminaries, war was declared by Russia on the 7th of May, 1828, and a Russian army one hundred and five thousand strong crossed the Pruth at three points, under Count Wittgenstein. The Emperor took the field in person with Count Diebitsch at the head of his staff. Jassy and Bucharest were immediately occupied, and the capitulation of Brailow to the Grand Duke Michael gave Russia the control of the Lower Danube, and secured the communication with the reserved forces which had not yet crossed the Pruth. Varna surrendered after a siege of three months; but the siege of Shumla was raised on account of disease breaking out in the camp from cold and scarcity of food. The campaign in Asia was more successful than that in Europe, and many important fortresses fell into the hands of Paskevitsch. The second campaign opened with still better auspices. The army was well provisioned, and its communications were preserved. Advancing in two columns, the Russians carried all the Turk-

ish outposts, crossed the range of mountains called the Balkan, and found itself at last before Adrianople, which surrendered without any resistance. The Emperor had in the mean time made a journey to Berlin, and the Prussian government through Baron Müffing urged the Porte to conclude a peace. Negotiations were commenced, and the treaty was signed at Adrianople, September 14, 1829. Russia retained the conquered territory in Asia Minor only, and the Dardanelles were opened to the merchant-ships of all nations. Turkey recognized the independence of Greece, granted independent administrations to Moldavia and Wallachia, restored their establishments on the left bank of the Danube, accorded religious liberty to all sects of Christians, and agreed to pay eleven million five hundred thousand rubles, afterwards reduced to three million, as an indemnity to Russian subjects. Russia abandoned all its conquests in Europe, and the army retired as had been stipulated. By the treaty of Adrianople the influence of the Czar in the affairs of the Porte became almost unlimited; but the rebellion of the Pacha of Egypt enabled Russia to obtain still greater advantages. A Russian squadron entered the Bosphorus, and a detachment landed at Bujukdere and prevented the capture of Constantinople. In gratitude for such timely assistance, a secret treaty was concluded between the two powers, by which the Porte agreed to keep the Dardanelles closed against every nation which should ever be at war with Russia,—an arrangement superseded by the treaty of London in 1841, which excluded all foreign ships of war from the Dardanelles.

Russia has lost no opportunity to impress the Asiatic tribes with a sense of her far-reaching power, but her attempts have not always been successful. The Russian and British embassies in Persia have always combined to exclude the influence of France; but latterly their intrigues have been directed against each other, apparently to the advantage of the former power. The Russian army has been occupied with the Circassian rebellion, and many a corps has found its grave in the inhospitable Caucasus. Yet the ill success of the Russian forces against Schamyl and his hardy mountaineers is no more an indication of their want of courage or skill, than are

the numerous reverses in Caffraria a proof of cowardice or incapacity in some of the best troops of the British army.

The history of the Russian intervention in the Hungarian Revolution is too familiar to be more than alluded to here; but some of its recent developments have a marked bearing upon what is now called the Eastern Question. Most of these have their proper place in any speculations which may suggest themselves as to the probable attitude of Austria in the event of a general war. Some of its features, however, prove the truth of what we have before stated respecting the studious obsequiousness with which England has avoided all suspicion of giving offence to Russia, till absolutely forced to oppose her designs upon Constantinople in the prospect of ruin to her manufactures. We will not discuss the morality of such a proceeding, but there is little doubt that, if Turkey had been properly encouraged by England or France, she could have secured the independence of Hungary, and her own at the same time. In June, 1848, while the insurrection was commencing in Hungary, a Russian army entered Moldavia. In September, Lord Palmerston, in reply to an interrogation on the subject, stated that "the Russian army had entered, at the request of the Prince of Moldavia, only to maintain the quiet of the provinces, and without orders from St. Petersburg; that the corps was not large, and its stay would be temporary." It appears that nothing in this statement was true; that Lord Palmerston either intended to deceive the English nation, or permitted himself to be most grossly blinded by Russia; and only two months later he communicated to Sir Stratford Canning at Constantinople the information that this very army was intended to march into Hungary! In December, the mediation of England was requested by Hungary, and Lord Palmerston answered that "the British government had no knowledge of Hungary but as a part of the Austrian empire"; and, to ingratiate himself with Austria, sent a copy of the correspondence to Vienna. Subsequent events show that the ministry dealt treacherously, not only with Hungary, but with Austria; but the immediate effect was to satisfy the imperial court that it had nothing to fear from England. In April, 1849, Lord Palmerston writes offi-

cially to the honest and unsuspecting envoy at Constantinople, on the authority of the Russian ambassador at London, that "it is *not* the intention of the Emperor of Russia to take any part in the Hungarian war," at a time when the Russian intervention was notorious at every court in Europe. As Lord Palmerston, it is well known, is one of the most liberal statesmen of England, we may indeed ask, When men like him exhibit such weakness or duplicity, what confidence can ever be placed in an English ministry?

But the great power, whose aggressive history it has thus far been our object to expose, has never caused so much anxiety in the minds of the civilized world as that which is holding Europe in suspense at the very moment we are writing. Before these pages will be read, it is possible that the three most powerful nations in the world may be at war. This is not the place for entering upon the details of the several stages of the negotiation, or for depicting the initiatory steps of the present war, between Russia and Turkey. The various items of information have been eagerly devoured by the American public upon the arrival of every steamer from Europe during the past year; but the historical causes which have afforded Nicholas a pretext for fresh aggression may not be quite so familiar. The proximate cause of the present crisis is the matter of the custody of the Holy Places and the protection of the Christian subjects of Turkey, which had its origin in the mission of Frangipani, ambassador of Francis I. to the Sultan Soliman, in 1526. The Sultan then consented to place under the protection of his Most Christian Majesty the Holy Places and the pious communities which guarded them, and till the Revolution of 1789 every treaty with the Ottoman Porte recognized the French protectorate. When her atheistic philosophy persuaded France to despise this glorious privilege, the Greek or schismatic Church, through its extensive political power, sought to regain what France had thrown away, and began to claim the exclusive protection of the sanctuaries erected to commemorate the principal events in the life of our Saviour. These holy places are chiefly in Syria, at Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem; and the sanctuaries themselves are in memory of the Annunciation, Nativ-

ity, Transfiguration, Agony, Ascension, &c., besides several pertaining to the Virgin and St. John the Baptist. The most important of all is an amorphous collection of sanctuaries and convents inhabited by religious orders of different nations and creeds,—the Latin and the Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Syrian, Abyssinian, Georgian, and other dissenters from the dominant Byzantine Establishment. The edifice in which this heterogeneous assemblage pays its devotions, not upon a common altar, is the celebrated Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In 1740, the Porte by treaty recognized as belonging to France the right of the sanctuaries, unfortunately without designating them in detail, while the Greek Church have produced real or pretended firmans in their favor, suspected to have been procured by the corruption of the Turkish Pachas. In 1808, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was partly consumed by fire, and the Greeks, more numerous and wealthy than the Latins, obtained leave to repair it at their own expense, thus gaining the exclusive possession of several additional altars. Though the disciples of the antagonistic creeds never actually prevented one another from praying at altars appropriated to either, yet in such ceremonies as lighting the sacred lamps, and in the privilege of making repairs, the Greek usurpation was complete. The French government, after many years of forced acquiescence in this state of things, at last found itself in a condition to make its influence felt, and in 1851 instructed its minister at the Porte to call the attention of the Divan to the disadvantageous position of the Catholic Christians in Turkey, and of France, their recognized protector. The Turkish government acknowledged a right founded upon the concessions of Soliman in 1526 and of Achmet in 1590, and defined by the treaty of 1740; but, overawed by the political power of the Greek Church, was unwilling to make the changes involved in a complete recognition of the claims of France, especially as the French Minister of Foreign Affairs had expressed the opinion that the matter was not worth quarrelling about. At the same time, the Czar in an autograph note to the Sultan advised him to make no concessions to France, who desired none. The Ulemas therefore decided that what was already established ought not to be disturbed.

Upon the reorganization of the French government in December, however, the Porte, probably uneasy at the prospect of being always subject to the domination of Russia, and influenced, doubtless, by considerations which cannot be known till the diplomacy of the crisis takes its place in history, thought proper, by a firman of January, 1852, to accede to the demands of the French minister. It must have been anticipated by both powers that these concessions would be highly annoying to Russia; a disturbance was excited at Constantinople so formidable, that the Grand Vizier Reschid Pacha was degraded from his office to the Presidency of the Council of State; and in addition to this open deference to the Czar, the Greeks, supported by Nicholas, wrested from the distracted and vacillating Porte still another firman, which withdrew to a considerable extent the privileges accorded to the Catholics. The President of the French Republic assumed, without a moment's hesitation, the decided attitude necessary to repel the insolence of Russia, and from the line of action involved in that position he has never swerved. The French minister, created an ambassador for the purpose, hastened to Constantinople in the ship of war *Charlemagne*, which passed into the Dardanelles, and the Porte was assured that France was "in a humor and condition to cause her dignity and rights to be respected." This exhibition of resolution on the part of the French government has unquestionably had its influence for good or ill in the resistance the Porte has since made to other aggressions from Russia.

We have endeavored, in the above rapid glance at the history of Russia, to present the more prominent features of its policy towards Turkey. If we have dwelt with more particularity than would seem necessary upon the numerous wars which have broken out between the two powers, it has been that the traditional policy of territorial aggrandizement, and the constant disposition to gravitate toward Constantinople, might be clearly inferred from a plain narrative of events, rather than made the subject of unsupported hypothesis or vague declamation. We have also given the origin of the present conflict at some length, because we are confident that this early history of the matter will be new to many American

readers. Before going further, let us ascertain how far Russia has already succeeded in her interference with the affairs of the Porte, and what was her starting-point in the recent rupture. We shall perceive that former conquests and many years of intrigue have not been without their legitimate consequences, and that the Czar certainly held a position favorable to further encroachments.

The provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, known as the Danubian Principalities, are situated on the left bank of the largest river in Europe, which separates them from the other provinces of the anomalous power to which they are tributary, while only the narrow river Pruth divides them from the overgrown dominions of the Russian autocrat. The descendants of a colony planted by Rome to serve as a barrier against the invasions of the Northern hordes occupy regions whose desolation is the work of man. Fertile and well watered, a few years of uninterrupted peace would render them a source of riches to any powerful government with which they could become affiliated. The successors of Othman now exercise over them a barren sovereignty. Content with the geographical line which includes their territory within the limits of the Turkish empire, and with an annual tribute, doubled on the election of a new Hospodar, whom the Sultan invests with authority only after the choice has been approved at St. Petersburg, they have left every thing else subject to the control which the Czar has obtained through his religious protectorate, and the splendor and force of his embassies. The government at present is that of a Prince or Hospodar elected for life from among the Boyars of the first rank; but this election cannot be ratified, nor can any organic changes whatever be made, without the permission of Russia. That these provinces should have remained so long in an unnatural connection with a power which for a century has never been able to protect them from invasion, conquered and overrun as they have been repeatedly by Catharine, Alexander, and Nicholas, is a political problem whose solution is to be found, not in the military prowess of Turkey, nor in the honesty or forbearance of Russia, but in that all-pervading vigilance which springs from the recognition of the principle of an equilibrium among

the European powers. The political fate of those insignificant states upon the confines of Asia depends at this moment upon the relations of the countries whose shores are washed by the Atlantic.

Just within the line where the Turkish frontier touches that of the Adriatic provinces of Austria exists another little state, containing about two hundred thousand inhabitants, whose institutions and independence are obscure and uncertain, but which holds no mean rank among the Slavic populations of Illyria. This is the country of the Tschernagora or Black Mountain, better known under its Italian name of Montenegro. Defended by a vast rampart of rocks, which secures them against any attack from without, the Montenegrins have given themselves up to a political influence within, which has sapped an independence virtually existing, though never recognized by the Sultan who claims to be their sovereign. The Turks were expelled from these mountain fastnesses in the last century, and ever since armed bands have descended from time to time to pillage the territory, not only of Turkey, but of Austria. A third power, unassailable in itself, has in the mean time availed itself of its very useful plea of Christian protection, which unhappily passes current in the East, and turned the peculiarities of the country to its own account. Montenegro is neither a possession nor a colony of Russia, but the Czar finds there a political centre from which his agents can correspond on one side with the Bosnians and Servians, and on the other with the Greeks and Albanians. Such were the relations of Montenegro with Russia when war broke out between the subject state and the Porte at the end of the year 1852.

With these vast influences encircling the tottering power of a nation whose predestined term of encampment upon the soil of Europe had nearly expired, Prince Menschikoff, with all the prestige of a splendid military staff, fresh from an imposing review of the forces of his master, arrived on the 28th of February, 1853, at Constantinople, charged with a mission whose object beyond a reasonable doubt was to overwhelm the Sultan with a sense of the irresistible resources of Russia, or to force the Porte to a war in which the banner of the

Prophet should wave for the last time over the plains of Roumelia. The haughty Russian in his first interview employed a language which was not misunderstood by the European courts, and the French and English fleets immediately sailed for Salamis, and thence to Besika Bay. Not yet confident, however, of a definite and adequate support from the two great powers that seemed disposed to guarantee at least a free action on the part of the Divan, and unwilling to involve his country in an expensive, if not a fatal war, the Sultan acceded at last to the demands of Russia. Presuming upon a success which was probably neither anticipated nor desired, the Russian ambassador required still further concessions, and presented the ultimatum from St. Petersburg, demanding for the Czar a protectorate over all the Greek Christians in Turkey, and equal rights for them with the other subjects of the Porte. A proposition which involved a virtual surrender of his sovereignty might well cause the Sultan to hesitate. The answer returned to Prince Menschikoff was not satisfactory, and the embassy left the court. Then commenced the negotiations, the result of which was the announcement at St. Petersburg, in June, that the Sultan had finally declined to accede to the ultimatum of the Emperor of Russia. On the 2d of July, a Russian army crossed the Pruth and occupied the Principalities, Count Nesselrode announcing in his diplomatic circular that Russia regarded the presence of the allied fleets in the Turkish waters as a maritime occupation, and that, as a consequence of so threatening a demonstration, the Russian troops in Bessarabia had entered the Principalities, not for the purpose of making an offensive war, but "in order to re-establish the equilibrium of the reciprocal situations." Immediately upon this occupation followed the declaration of war by the Porte.

It is not to be concealed that the campaign thus far can hardly have answered the expectations of the Emperor of Russia. At the same time, it is not probable that the history of the engagements which have taken place will be accurately known till the war is ended. Stereotyped phrases, capital letters, official bulletins even, deserve but little credit in the progress of a campaign, and the experience of the Hungarian

revolution should teach us that newspaper victories do not determine the ultimate success of a war. It is impossible to judge even now of the relative gain and loss by the actions of Oltenitza, Citale, and, we may add, Sinope. It is quite clear that the first Turkish successes are full as much to be attributed to the unprepared state of the Russians, as to their own reckless valor. The Sultan was forced to declare war by his fanatical subjects, contrary to the expectations, not only of his allies, but of Nicholas himself, who, from the character of the conferences at Vienna, fully relied upon gaining his end by means of intimidation. Moreover, the circumstances of the operations on land have been such as to afford no indication as to what will be the fate of a Turkish army when it meets the enemy in an open field. The practice of exaggerating and even falsifying reports of battles is considered almost justifiable at the outset of a war, whose success depends exclusively upon the question of external assistance. The naval battle of Sinope, we presume to have been, to say the least, one of the most decisive affairs since the bombardment of Copenhagen; and yet our very reliable Transatlantic brethren have already devised two distinct theories of that action, and asserted them indifferently to subserve the double purpose of exciting a detestation of Russia and of encouraging the conviction that Turkey is amply able to cope with her enemy. We are told, therefore, on one day, that a more frightful carnage, inflicted by a fleet of line-of-battle ships and war-steamers upon half their number of peaceful transports incapable of resistance, has never disgraced the annals of the civilized world; and on the next, we hear with satisfaction of Russian ships that were burned, blown up, and sunk, of fearful casualties concealed in the bulletins, and of the astounding fact, that upon the whole the affair of Sinope may be set down as a *Turkish victory*. We are sure that, whatever may be the difference of opinion or prejudice on the general question, there are few who will not concur with us in hoping that Heaven may grant the doomed nation few such victories.

Perhaps an issue has never been presented to the consideration of the American people, in which less effort has been made to ascertain the real merits of the question, or less hon-

esty evolved in the discussion of it, than the present Russo-Turkish crisis. To say that it has not been fairly or adequately treated, would be only to say that it was a European affair in which somehow despotism was involved on one side or the other; but unfortunately, this always safe and popular topic of declamation is rather a prominent feature in both governments, and is the most odious and repulsive as it exists in the country which has monopolized public sympathy. So long as we are content with second-hand thunder, and so long as we submit to being dragooned into holding the same opinion with the most venal and least authoritative of the European journals, so long we shall be obliged to look at matters, not as they are, but as the most selfish and most foolish of the human race wish them to be. A principal cause of the uncertainty and vacillation in the public opinion of this country on European matters is the astonishing delusion which prevails respecting the influence of such papers as the London Times. Never in the van of, rarely *au courant* with, public sentiment, the conduct of that journal, whose diurnal explosions are accepted by Cockneydom on both sides of the Atlantic as the nods of Olympian Jove, has been during the present crisis absolutely beneath the contempt which its disquisitions upon foreign polity usually merit. A partisan press in times of violent political excitement may be pardoned for an occasional deviation from propriety of expression, and for not always considering itself as strictly amenable to the ordinary obligations of veracity; but there is no excuse for retailing in this country the falsehoods and trash manufactured to order in Europe. The most ridiculous feature in a London paper is the "important information" conveyed by its foreign correspondents, who seem to be selected solely for obtuseness and recklessness of assertion. The event has shown, that in the present matter not one of the predictions or settlements of this gentry has had the slightest foundation in fact, and out of the numerous communications we confess ourselves absurd enough to have read, we do not remember a single one which could not have been better concocted in a back attic overhanging the Thames.

Next after the fact of the war itself, the most remarkable

circumstance connected with the new Eastern question is the apparently unnatural alliance of France and England. One year ago, the Emperor of the French was the subject of a system of abuse in the English journals, aided by a vituperative vocabulary peculiarly their own, and comprising all the figures of speech fashionable in the locality of the fish-markets. Without attempting to convey any idea of the style employed for the purpose, we may state that Napoleon III. was vilified as a brigand and a pirate, whose highest ambition was to sail from Cherbourg some dark night, land at Portsmouth, rob the Bank of England of its twenty millions of sovereigns, and steal back to France again. This agreeable personage is now the ally upon whom "perfidious," "shop-keeping" Albion relies for support. There are no means of determining how far England and France may have tacitly or by secret negotiation bound themselves to sustain Turkey. As it is utterly absurd to suppose that either of these countries is under serious obligation to fight her battles, we may safely presume that each has an ulterior object in view; for they still have a right to withdraw from the contest, on the ground that advantage was taken by the Porte of the presence of an armament confessedly intended only to add force to negotiations already on foot, to involve *them* in a war with Russia as the only means of extricating itself from the stipulations imposed by existing treaties with that power, if such a war should prove, as it undoubtedly would, successful.

Turkey cannot be regarded as an independent power. If left to combat Russia single-handed and with her own resources, her subjection sooner or later would be inevitable, though it is probable that she would make a long and bloody resistance. A nation of seventy millions must conquer a nation of thirty-five millions, supposing the valor and discipline of their respective armies to be equal. Add to this, that the greater nation is the aggressor, and that it constitutes a political unit, while the weaker power has been repeatedly beaten, and is divided and distracted throughout its dominions; and the annihilation of the victim becomes only a question of time. The Ottoman empire has fared ill in every encounter with Russia since the reign of Peter the Great, and it will hardly

be contended that it has gained in any respect upon the power which is hemming it in with constantly approaching parallels of attack. The perfect and absolute integrity of Turkey, supposing that to be the *point d'appui* from which Russian aggrandizement is to be resisted by the Western powers, embraces considerably more than a question of geographical lines; it involves the perpetual predominance of the Mohammedan faith over every variety of the Christian religion, and the subjection to a foreign power of four fifths of the entire population of European Turkey. Waiving the question of the propriety or the policy of placing the Christian population of Turkey on a level with the *dogs* of Constantinople, either in the figurative language proverbial in the East, or in the ordinary courtesies of society, we may venture to allude to a much more serious inconvenience in a fact which has recently come to light, — that till this very interference of Russia, which it has been the fashion to reprobate with such severity, a Christian could not give evidence in a court of law against a Mussulman for murder, or theft, or any act of violence, either to his family, person, or property.

The city founded by the Roman Emperors, who had wrested its waters from the pirates of the Euxine, and whose limits marked out by Constantine were extended till the invisible guide who marched before him thought proper to stop, commands from its seven hills a position which under a civilized government would make it the queen city of the world. But its existence has been unnatural from the period of its foundation. Built in the era of the decline of the arts and of architecture, the fairest cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled to beautify it. Inhabited by an indolent, almost a degraded population, the older provinces of the Roman empire groaned under the burden of a taxation enforced to feed it and to pander to its pleasures. What it now is, the whole world knows. The nature of that power which has devolved upon its allies the disagreeable duty of protecting it, may be presented in a few words.

The Sultan, Abdul Medjid, according to the most flattering accounts, is a weak and indolent prince, who has been persuaded to attempt reforms upon a nation which, by the force

of its traditions and the tenets of its religious faith, is absolutely incapable of reform. The sanguine propagandist may describe results which ought to have followed the various innovations of the present government; but, unless every one competent to pronounce on the matter has falsified, the reforms in Turkey have all turned out failures. There is but one word which conveys any idea of the characteristics of the country; *decay* is stamped on every thing. European officers have in vain attempted to raise it to the rank of a military nation; for the Janizaries and the Bosnian Sipahis, who were formerly the chief reliance of the Ottoman power, have been ruthlessly exterminated by the very government they alone were capable of defending. Agriculture is almost unknown on a soil among the most fertile in the world, and the land which once supplied large empires with food now suffers a periodical famine. To preserve his property from confiscation by the state, the Turkish proprietor is compelled to mortgage it to a mosque, which by the legal arrangements is pretty certain to absorb it even before it becomes exhausted by the enormous usury demanded. Wheels, the greatest invention of man, are looked upon with pious horror. Beyond the walls of the larger cities, a solitary track for bullocks or donkeys serves the purpose of a road, and the miserable wastes they traverse are infested by robbers, whom the government is too feeble to arrest. The entire Moslem population is liable to be impressed into the army, and scarcely a third part ever return. The Christian population cannot hold real estate at all, and more than two thirds of the real estate held by Mussulmans is mortgaged to the mosques. A slave of to-day may be a Pacha to-morrow, and some of the highest officers of the government have been raised from the dregs of the population. A principle so democratic ought not to be objected to, were it not equally true that promotion is as likely to happen to a man notorious for his vices as to one respected for his virtues. Fraud and corruption run riot in every department of the administration of justice, without punishment or restraint; or if the offence is so flagrant that the culprit cannot escape, he may resume office again immediately upon the expiration of his sentence or the payment of his fine. The officers of the

state are generally in the pay of foreign powers. By an absurd system of revenue, even with the capitation tax which only Christians pay, the annual receipts are but thirty-five million dollars, of which ten millions are expended in the family of the Sultan. The taxes are unequally distributed, but are everywhere unjust and oppressive; and by a ruinous system of collection, the individual who purchases the privilege of farming the revenue frequently retains a larger sum than he renders into the treasury. By the intrigues of foreign nations, imports pay only three per cent. duty, and exports pay twelve; and the result is, that manufacturers abroad are enriched, while the labor of the country is paralyzed. As to the integrity of the Ottoman empire, which is to be preserved at such fearful risks, the Porte has seen one province after another annexed to Russia, Greece erected into a separate kingdom, Algeria incorporated with France, and Egypt under the dominion of a subject more formidable in war than the Sultan himself.

We have presented this faithful picture of the present condition of Turkey, not in justification of the insolence and rapacity of Russia, but as an attempt to divest the subject of that sham humanity with which those persons to whom words answer a better purpose than things have contrived to surround it. If humanity is to be regarded, the advantage is not upon the side of Turkey; but the question is simply one of political expediency, and on this ground alone the intervention of France and England must be deemed perfectly justifiable. Until some permanent combination can be effected in Western Europe, or some Continental power like Austria or France is so strengthened as to be able to cope singly with Russia, the temporary alliance between the two deadly and hereditary enemies will serve to check the further aggressions of the Czar westward. In this view, no embarrassments present themselves to the politician, and no hypocritical motive for interference need be offered. France at least has provoked neither scorn nor ridicule by attempting to invest the subject with attributes which do not belong to it. She is bound in honor to protect the Sultan from the consequences of her own intrigues, whether she anticipated those consequences or not.

Nor can she consent with safety to so formidable an acquisition as Constantinople by a power which regards itself as the conservator of despotic governments.

There is reason to believe that the French government foresaw, as early as last October, the uselessness of any further negotiation, and since that time its measures have looked only to war as the grand result. Its official organ, the *Moniteur*, studiously refrained from alluding to the Eastern question till the declaration of war by the Porte; but in the mean time the government, as its organ states, had weighed the question in all its bearings, and duly considered the effect of the disintegration of Turkey upon the European balance. Upon the eve of the establishment of the Empire, it was repeatedly announced that its policy would be peace; but such a declaration did not comprehend the inaction of France in the prospect of future dangers any more than in the event of an invasion of its soil. The *Moniteur*, therefore, announced that the maintenance of the rights and the security of the interests of all, were objects which the government of the Emperor would not lose sight of, till peace should be established upon the only foundation which could render it profitable and sure, and that "so many circumstances united in favor of a cause which is that of all Europe allow eventualities to be looked at with security, and the result to be awaited with confidence." This dispassionate but determined exposition of the intentions of the French government, together with the admirable papers of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, is among the very few developments of the affair to be commended for either dignity or truth.

It is the misfortune of England that the summit of her ambition is not to exercise an influence in, — for that would imply a fixed aim and a consistent purpose, — but to meddle with, Continental matters everywhere, and on every possible occasion. Wherever she can thrust herself, she contrives to be meddlesome, and by means of her maritime supremacy she is unhappily able to effect this quite often. We repeat, that her influence, small as it is, has not been good; for it is notorious that the country which regards itself as the champion of liberty has for fifty years played into the hands of despotism.

Her aristocracy, having nearly exhausted its Norman pride, bends to the petty German noblesse which dates its ancestry from the invasion of the Huns. Her ministers are moulded by craftier men in the employ of foreign powers, as we have already seen. From the facility with which a hostile coalition is formed in the House of Commons, a government will much prefer entailing ignominy upon the future, to sacrificing a temporary popularity. The press is ready at a moment's notice, to change sides and write down a ministry. The country does not sympathize with the court in its Continental affinities, and yet the court is regarded by foreigners as the country. England, therefore, without an earnest and definite diplomacy, generally stands in what the French call a false position, bound hand and foot when she is expected to act, plunging without an aim into affairs which do not concern her. These conspired with several other peculiarities, before alluded to in this journal, to persuade the Emperor of Russia that she could not be forced into a war. Nor was this delusion on his part destroyed by the fact that, while the French saw and prepared for the crisis, the London journals found it impossible to take any more dignified view of the matter than alternately to bluster and to "count the cost," with an occasional paltry insinuation that the French Emperor intended to desert the alliance, — accusations which were promptly disavowed at the Tuilleries.

It would seem, however, that the interests of England in the Eastern Question were sufficiently practical and direct, to insure her firmness in the crisis. From the first moment that she began to prey upon the territories and the revenues of the Indian princes, she has been jealous of the interference of other powers between her and a victim she intended to exhaust. Obviously her most formidable rival would be Russia, and at every successive step of that power toward India, the British empire in the East has become more precarious. The possession of Constantinople by Russia would open a new road to India, and give the final blow to a tenure of dominion already insecure. The march of an army of Cossacks through Afghanistan and Herat, though not depending upon a change of masters at the Bosphorus, would gather to its forces

such accessions from the ferocious and revengeful natives, as would expel the British for ever from the Indian peninsula. Admitting, however, the justice and morality on which the Indian empire was founded; conceding that its double government is the perfection of human wisdom, and that its subjects revel in an almost Utopian happiness; granting her Britannic Majesty's right to wring from a people whose average earnings are three cents a day an annual sum equal to *five times the entire revenue of Turkey*, for the support of an army which is gradually trampling out every vestige of an independent nationality, and to pay the interest on the *home* debt, — we are still obliged to confess, that we see vastly more important contingencies impending than are involved in the establishment of a limit to British aggression in India. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that commerce with Turkey amounts almost virtually to free-trade, while Russia protects her manufactures by high restrictive tariffs.* To that numerous class of philanthropists, therefore, who have persuaded themselves that every principle of morality and religion is involved in the monopoly by Great Britain of the entire hardware and calico trade of the world, its action in the premises will appear perfectly proper.

Of the other powers which have been assisting in the attempts at pacification, Prussia cannot be reckoned on with certainty by either party. A patchwork kingdom, permitted by the Congress of Vienna to stretch its frontier across the Rhine by a direct robbery of the king of Saxony, that the armies of the Holy Alliance might at any time enter and devastate France, — checkmated in that scheme, so dangerous to the European equilibrium, the German Confederation, — connected with the court of Russia by marriage, yet probably quite aware that nations know no cousins, — that factitious monarchy will doubtless in the end act with the strongest, and lend its influence to those who will give it the most.

There remains Austria. It is to be assumed that, whatever decision the court of Vienna may arrive at in the matter of

* Imported manufactured goods pay a duty in Turkey of three, in Russia of sixty per cent.

an alliance, its action will not be determined by any consideration of friendship towards the Porte. When the latter power permitted certain Hungarian refugees to leave Asia Minor without the previous consultation with Austria which had been stipulated, M. Klezl, the Austrian minister, informed the Porte that such a proceeding would authorize the imperial court "to take into consideration only its own interest in its relations with the Ottoman empire." Shortly afterwards, the Vienna papers were filled with exaggerated accounts of the disturbances in Bosnia, giving the particulars of a revolution which never occurred. At the same time, it is clearly the interest of Austria to maintain what little authority the Porte still exercises over the Principalities, and to prevent the monopoly by Russia of a territory which controls the entire lower portion of the great artery of her empire, of which, however, she possesses neither the sources nor the outlet.

On the other hand, it is just possible that, in the difficulties of 1848-49, the young Emperor threw himself irrevocably into the arms of the Czar. In that case the course of Austria may be easily anticipated. But we do not admit such a hypothesis. There is no evidence to show that gratitude is a national weakness peculiar to the Hapsburgs, or that the imperial court would permit affection, any more than revenge, to interfere with its interests. By the terms of the Holy Alliance, under the veil of religion, popular insurrections within the dominions of any of the contracting powers were to be repressed by the intervention, if necessary, of the others. The *piety* of this intervention was to be its own reward. During the Hungarian ascendancy, revolutionism, with its headquarters in London, was in full blast through its committees all over the Continent. There were symptoms of a Polish rebellion; it were better to prevent an insurrection than to quench it in blood; and we see no reason to think that Nicholas would have been deterred even by the objection of Austria from marching his army against the Magyars. Several German papers during the intervention suggested various ways in which Russia proposed to remunerate herself; but there is no necessity for supposing any other motive than self-defence and the conservation of absolutism. In his procla-

mation at St. Petersburg, the Czar stated that all the troops were paid at his expense; that he claimed no indemnification; that the Emperor of Austria had *demandé* assistance against the "common enemy"; and he invoked the aid of the God of battles to enable him to "quell the insurrection, and to annihilate the reckless men who threaten to disturb the quiet of *our province*." Nicholas was obliged to keep a large army on foot during the revolt; it was better to keep it employed than idle; he could have recalled it at a moment's warning, if wanted at home; and, considering the peculiar fact that the mortality of a Russian army is as great in peace as in war, the inference is irresistible, that, great as the favor was, it was not such as to place Austria at the feet of the Czar. An implicit obedience to the dictation of Nicholas would imply that Russian intervention alone saved Austria from dissolution, a deduction she has never been willing to admit; while a coöperation with the Western powers would imply that all fears of new disturbances in Hungary were removed, and that the house of Hapsburg no longer anticipated a contingency that would compel it to solicit an assistance which would most assuredly not again be granted. The action of the powerful empire of Austria, never more prosperous or firmly united than now, with a population more than double that of the United States, excluding the slaves of the latter, may therefore fairly be presumed to be unbiased in the present matter by any imaginary obligations, or any prejudices referable to a previous policy.

There is no insignificant amount of antagonism between the two nations growing out of the great idea of Panslavism. The Slavic movement in Austria was allied to conservatism, not to revolutionism. The political abstractionist and the philologist met together at Vienna, and the harmless studies of ethnology gradually developed themselves into the formidable doctrine of Panslavism. During the revolution the Slavic apostles remained inactive, but observant spectators of the futile efforts of democracy. A Slavic congress assembled at Prague in June, 1849, comprising the representatives of the Poles, Moravians, Slovacks, Servian, Illyrian, and other Slavic provinces, in opposition to the Germanic Diet then

sitting at Frankfort, and resolved that Austria should be placed at the head of the Slavic movement. The melancholy catastrophes attending the violent dissolution of that Congress are too well known.

The Russian has latterly learned that he too is of the great Slavonic race, whose historians are also its panegyrists, and which has laid out for itself the modest task of regenerating the world. The Slavic poets have taught him to dream of a universal dominion. Supervening upon the fanaticism of race is the enthusiasm of religion, and the humblest boor believes that, either in his generation or after him, the great race of which he is a part will fulfil its magnificent mission of conquering the world and stamping its own nationality on all the inhabitants of the globe, and that the leader in this final crusade is he to whom his political allegiance is due,—the CZAR. Russian ethnologists trace in the Slavic races of European Turkey the offshoots of the races which constitute the Northern empire, and, with the significance of national pride, invite them to repose once more upon the bosom of the mother country.

The history of Russia, as we have traced it, presents itself as a complete system of which self-aggrandizement is the central point, around which all other things assume their respective positions. That policy is traditional with the spirit of the nation, and hereditary in the Germanized family of Romanoff. From the outward pressure of his people, even the Czar cannot escape; it is the only power behind his throne. Uniting religious sentiment and the ties of race with a political power which it has come to consider as omnipotent, the nation feels itself prepared to succeed to the worn-out and unprofitable ideas of an effete civilization; and even the great Emperor of all the Russias must see clouds in the horizon, when he reflects that a suspension of conquest will give birth to a suspicion of weakness. The reign of Nicholas has already extended nearly over the period of a generation of men. As he compares his petty conquests in Asia Minor with the gigantic strides of Anna and Catharine and Alexander, something akin to a sense of degeneracy must be awakened, which neither his triumph over the liberties of Poland and of Hun-

gary, nor his many crafty treaties, can altogether stifle. Not in any divine mission to stand forth as the champion of Christianity, but in the consciousness that there is yet something to be fulfilled, lie the germs of the present crisis. Whether it is better that the peace of the world should be broken, than that another Romanoff should go down to his tomb without the barbaric title of Great, is a question for the modern Attila to settle with HIM from whom, in the simple faith of the people he governs, his authority and his mission are derived.

Happily, the destinies of European nations do not depend upon any balance of motives or duties within the breast of the Northern chief. There are other races in the Old World not disposed to admit the premises or the prerogatives of Pan-slavism. There are countries not so great as Russia, yet greater in everything that constitutes a state, not prepared to be blotted out by a ukase. The Northern empire still wishes to seem rather than to be, and her power, so formidable in defence and for internal coercion, will avail but little against nations skilled in the arts and fertile in the appliances of war. Let only France and England forget the contests of the past in the common danger that hovers round the future, let Austria disdain to hold the heritage of the Cæsars at the hands of the Czar, and there need be little fear that the Cossack shall ever again cross the Rhine, or that the double-headed eagle shall guard exclusively the waters of the Golden Horn.

ART. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Life of BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals.* BY TOM TAYLOR. London. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 2 vols.

THIS very attractive book has been, and will be, widely read. It is sad, it is strange, and yet it is sparkling with amusing anecdote, and contains, in its chaotic collection of the memoranda of forty years, a great deal of learning and of good sense. It will have a sort of perma-

nent value from its well-told stories of the distinguished Englishmen of the first half of this century, of whom Haydon knew a great many. But this value is such, that, as has been said of the book, with some wit, it is like one of Haydon's own pictures, in which the central figure is always least interesting and worst done.

So unaccountable, so incoherent, is the life of the artist, as in these pages he tells it himself, that an English reviewer solves its intricacies as a coroner's jury solves intricate questions of motive, by saying that they are insolvable; or in so many words, that Haydon was always mad,—insane. This is only a short way of saying that one cannot make him out, and that there were about him eccentricities deeply seated and of fatal issue. But a madman hardly carries on a contest for forty years with the Royal Academy,—often, during that time, receiving for his paintings high praise and large remuneration, and sometimes, by a series of lectures or by a distinguished picture, winning the public attention of England,—unless his madness be of a very mild type. If he had possessed less ability, such madness would have escaped observation. To call such a man insane his life through, is simply to say that you cannot find the key to the conflicting traits of his character.

To us in America, who quite fortunately have never seen but one of his historical paintings, and that the best, the "Christ entering Jerusalem," his own account of himself is almost the only criterion for a judgment of his artistic powers. We do not hesitate to say, then, that Haydon teaches us in the book itself, that, with very respectable, not remarkable, working talent in design, he had not a spark of the genius, the creative faculty, which gives new and beautiful conceptions to a great artist. His descriptions of a "grand idea" at which he "dashes like a tiger," or of an "exquisite conception" which comes to him like an inspiration, are invariably trite and commonplace to the last degree. There is not in the whole book one description of a picture which suggests a new idea or emotion, though there are many which awaken in the reader a curiosity to see the painting, that he may know how certain difficulties were conquered, or whether certain effects were as fine as Haydon thought them.

Now, as has been well said, the efforts of talent to do the work of genius always savor of the ludicrous. Haydon's attempts to supply the want of original conception, even by brilliant talent in management and execution, are ludicrous in his descriptions, when they are not sad. We do not doubt that they are as much so on the canvas. There is nothing surprising or unusual in this, though it is not often that a painter can continue such efforts for forty years. In other walks of art, such folly is very frequent. Ninety-nine hundredths of the

verse which gets written is written by people who have a talent for rhyme, for rhythm, for the observation of nature, for that sort of punning which seizes resemblances between physical nature and spiritual processes, who can therefore manage poetical figures and language cleverly, but who all the time have no genius, no original power, no new conceptions to give to the world, and are therefore no poets. With similar endowments and deficiencies in the realm of painting, you have Haydon. He could draw, he could read, he could detect salient points in history, he knew the anatomy of the human body, he had theories of composition as intelligible as anybody's are; but he had nothing, after all, which these gifts should express on his canvas, beyond what every one who came into his painting-room could express with his tongue to him.

The "Christ entering Jerusalem," his most successful picture, is now in Philadelphia, in the Franklin Academy. It appears at the annual exhibition there, a sad but curious illustration of the power of genius, and the worthlessness, for an artist's fame, of mere ability in execution. For it happens that the ass on which the Saviour rides is inimitably fine. When the picture was painted, Sir Edwin Landseer was a pupil of Haydon's; and "they say" that the young man was permitted to paint in this animal. There it remains, with all the marks of that distinguished genius which has raised the pupil to fame in his studies of the brute creation. The eye rests at once upon — the ass. Vainly has the painter tried to throw the animal back, — the ass will not retire. He all but speaks, — and surely no other figure of them all does. The gigantic worshippers in the foreground spread clothes nearly black before the Saviour, hoping apparently that the dark color may render the forth-putting beast less prominent; but he will come forward in spite of them. And we have fancied, without knowing any thing of the counsels of the Franklin Academy, that to the ass the picture owes the fixed place which it has upon their walls. As to the rest, the color does not seem to have stood well, — it must have been poor at best. As regards the figure of Christ, — meant to be the leading figure, which, as we have said, it is not, — it is impossible to account for Mrs. Siddons's critical eulogium upon it.

We cannot leave the book without noticing another reason for his failure, which will seem slight to those who have not read it, — but to them only. Haydon's journals — those twenty-six folio volumes full of his own conceit, of puffs when he was puffed, sedulously copied, in short, of incense for self-worship — had no doubt much to do with his ruin. It is clear that he read them a great deal. They nursed in him the notion that he had the power they said he had. He looked on his

forgotten entries of forty years gone by, as he would have looked on a criticism from a distant country, or on some magical prophecy of future fame. However hard the lesson which the world was teaching him as to his hasty works, or his works without meaning, these beloved journals repeated always, in their oracles, false predictions of his fame and triumph. This is no place to enter on the morals of journal-keeping, but there is a strong temptation to read a lesson from the injury wrought by it on a man of Haydon's temper.

With great capacity of enjoyment, he enjoyed a great deal in life. He read more than most men. He was happy in his family, and sedulously careful for his children. His temperament was religious, while he had but little religious principle, — a very frequent mixture in character, always to be regretted, but too common to excite surprise. The world certainly did for him vastly more than it had any valid reason for doing; and he as constantly abused it because it did not do much more. Still he carries with him to the last the sympathy, even the regard, of his reader, who is always hoping for him, and shudders as he draws near the story of his well-known fate.

Mr. Tom Taylor, who has condensed the autobiography and journals into two volumes, which would bear more condensation still, was once Professor of English Literature in the University of London. He is the author of a comedy brought out within a few months on the London stage. His work in these volumes is very kindly, and, in general, very well done.

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2. *Zohráb, or a Midsummer Day's Dream, and Other Poems.* By WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, Author of an Essay on "Over-Population," "A Plea for Peasant Proprietors," etc. London: Longmans. 16mo. pp. 149.

THE poems in this little volume are characterized by a more easy and vigorous flow of versification, and a more condensed expression of thought and feeling, than are often found in the metrical compositions of those who rhyme only for their own amusement, and do not give their days and nights to song. If they do not show a wide range of fancy, they have at least a solid foundation in truth; for they are built chiefly upon circumstances and speculations in which the writer has evidently more than a temporary interest, — upon themes which come home very nearly to his bosom, or have exercised his thoughts in many

an hour of solitary musing. There is an air of frankness about them, as if the poet were disposed to make a confidant of the public, and to disclose things which are usually hoarded away in the heart's most secret chamber. One may thus often find inspiration in candor and truthfulness. Most persons have more poetry in them than they are at all aware of; and they would find it out, if they would only give free expression to all that really warms and agitates them.

Mr. Thornton has previously been known only as a political economist, whose writings upon the condition of the working classes in Great Britain and Ireland have been reviewed with strong commendation in the pages of this journal. We will not say that he has as yet approved himself a true poet; but he has shown the versatility of his powers, and given pleasure to those who highly appreciated his former publications by affording them a glimpse of his private character and favorite speculations. It is much to say that our interest in him increases on nearer acquaintance.

3. *Comparative Anatomy*. By CH. TH. V. SIEBOLD and H. STANNIUS. Translated from the German, and edited, with Notes and Additions recording the recent Progress of Science, by WALDO I. BURNETT, M.D. Vol. I. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854. 8vo. pp. 470.

THE names of Von Siebold and Stannius are familiar to all naturalists, and rank among those of the most successful cultivators of zoological science in Germany; and the two volumes, of which the first is now translated by Dr. Burnett, are the result of their joint labors,—labors which they have pursued through many years with that untiring industry for which the Germans stand so wonderfully preëminent. In this country we have scarcely begun to appreciate, as regards scientific matters, the extent of their devotion and self-sacrifice in behalf of their favorite branches of knowledge. While a year is there passed in studying, in all its details and relations, the composition of a single organic substance, or in unravelling the minute structure of a single plant or animal, here our students often hope to compass in the same time the details of a whole department of organic forms, and after having learned, and that very poorly, one half of a science, are very apt to feel themselves qualified and even anxious to teach the other half, which they have not learned at all. With the increasing attention, however, which the natural sciences now attract, such delusions are fast

disappearing, and we have already many zoölogists who have shown by example that the true naturalist has before him a life of toil and labor. Labor and toil he must, and happy will it be with him if he finds himself impelled by a strong stimulus from within, and by that violent love of his pursuits which drives out of his mind the idea of rest while Nature spreads before him her inexhaustible treasures.

One cannot open to a single page of the volume, the title of which is at the head of this notice, without being struck almost to amazement with the amount of anatomical details which are there collected, and with the author's great familiarity with the labors of others. It is as good an illustration as could possibly be given of the idea which a German attaches to the word *work*. In a short notice like the present, it would be impossible to enter upon an analysis of a volume into which so large a fund of scientific material has been condensed. The general plan of this and of the second volume which is to follow it, is to give the more important details of the structure of animals, Von Siebold having undertaken the Invertebrata, and Stannius the Vertebrata. They have not adopted the method of Cuvier, who classifies his materials upon a physiological basis, describing the organs subservient to a given function as they exist in the whole length of the animal series, but have chosen a zoölogical arrangement describing the structure of all the organs of the members of one group before proceeding to those of the next,—beginning with the lowest forms and going on to the higher. Some idea of the manner in which the subject is carried out may be had from a glance at the heads of the chapters which relate to a single class of animals, e. g. those on Echinoderms: Chapter I. Cutaneous Envelope and Skeleton; Chapter II. Muscular System and Organs of Locomotion; Chapter III. Nervous System; Chapter IV. Organs of Sense; Chapter V. Digestive Apparatus; Chapter VI. Circulatory System; Chapter VII. Respiratory System; Chapter VIII. Organs of Secretion; Chapter IX. Organs of Generation. In a similar manner all the other classes, as Crustacea, Insecta, Arachnoidæ, &c., are treated in turn. It is perhaps of little real importance whether the zoölogical or physiological method be adopted, yet for the student the first presents some obvious advantages, since it is better adapted to the requisitions of a hand-book, and unites all those details which belong to one group of animals, instead of distributing them under the heads of the different functions through the whole work. The descriptions are concise, and extend into the minutest microscopic details, for which Von Siebold holds so high a rank among the most acute observers of the present day. Although the title of the work would lead us to suppose that it treated of what are usually understood to be strictly anatomical

subjects, yet a glance at its different pages shows that the author has included in his descriptions that which now claims almost equal importance in zoölogical systems, viz. Embryology; this last, especially among the Invertebrata, giving us the only key to the determination of the true nature of parts, which in adult animals sometimes lose entirely their typical structure. As an illustration of this statement, we find among the Cirripedia (Crustaceans allied to the common Barnacle) some species which are attached to a submerged body, a stone or a log, by means of a soft and flexible cylinder serving them as a pedestal capable of being bent at will in different directions. The true nature of this was never suspected, until the embryological development of these animals was carefully observed, when it was ascertained that the pedestal of the Lepadea, and even the shell of the Balanodea, were nothing more or less than the metamorphosed first pair of thoracic limbs. Then, again, some parts exist in the embryos, but are dispensed with prior to the adult condition, in consequence of what is known as a retrograde metamorphosis.

Another of the more important characteristics of the work before us is to be found in the elaborately compiled bibliographical notices, as well as references in foot-notes almost without number. Setting aside the intrinsic value of the body of the work, it will prove of great worth to the teacher as well as the learner simply as an index of the different treatises, memoirs, and articles relating to the different departments of Comparative Anatomy.

The original work was published in 1848, and in the mean time Science, in her onward progress, has increased her stores of facts accumulated by the zeal and industry of her many votaries. It has been the object of Dr. Burnett to bring the work up to the actual state of knowledge. We are not prepared, from our own examination, to state how far he has been successful in carrying out his plan to the more minute details. But his reputation as an original observer and as a diligent and zealous laborer, no less than the numerous additions which appear on almost every page of the translation, warrant the belief that he has done every thing which was practicable to enhance the value of the work by the incorporation of the most recent contributions to science by himself as well as others. The superficial gleaner, the mere dabbler in science, will find but little in it to interest him. But the truly scientific student, if he have made up his mind to take up the subject of comparative anatomy seriously, working his way with scalpel in hand, and with the microscope before him, will find a safe guide and an abundance of light at every turn of his path.

4. — *A Month in England*. By H. T. TUCKERMAN. New York: Redfield. 1853. 24mo. pp. 243.

WHY do not the narratives of foreign travel absolutely pall upon the public taste, especially when their scene is laid in countries and regions which none who cross the ocean leave unvisited? Is it not that such books have always the fresh charm of an autobiography, and that, while we suppose ourselves simply travelling with the author, we are still more studying his idiosyncrasies? From Mr. Tuckerman's book we have added very little to our previous knowledge of England; but we have gone over old routes with a companion whose intimacy we have learned to cherish and shall love to renew. The work is original in its scope. With the instinct of a man of letters, the writer gravitated mainly towards the birthplaces, dwellings, haunts, or sepulchres of distinguished authors, seeking out with pious reverence the memorials of those whose genius had helped to kindle his own. In his fancy, Intellect still broods with hallowing wing over every spot which she has once consecrated; and these are the only spots which he cares to visit or describe. A more enthusiastic guide to such shrines we could not have, nor yet one of purer tastes or more generous sympathies. In style and manner the book is worthy of its author's distinguished reputation, and is as far above as it is aside from the rank and file of the class of books to which it belongs by virtue of its title.

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5. — *Lady Huntington and her Friends*. By MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT. New York: American Tract Society. 1853. 24mo. pp. 292.

WITH Lady Huntington were intimately associated almost all the men of note, who contributed to the revival of religious faith and piety in England during the last half of the eighteenth century. At the same time her own character presented all the beautiful harmonies, and the still more beautiful contrasts, which could mark a lady of noble birth and aristocratic connections, whose devotion and charity brought her into intimate relations with the poor, the ignorant, the fanatical, made her an itinerant evangelist, and reduced her to the most rigid personal self-denial in behalf of the great ecclesiastical interests to which her fortune was pledged. This book combines with her biography lifelike

sketches of Watts, Doddridge, Whitefield, the Wesleys, Romaine, Beridge, Rowland Hill, and other men of kindred spirit; and comprises a succinct narrative of the rise and early progress of Methodism in the land of its birth. It is equally adapted to the purpose of historical study, and of religious edification; and we are rejoiced that it is issued under auspices which must give it the currency it merits.

6. — *The Remote Cause of Epidemic Diseases.* Parts I. and II. London. 1841 and 1853. *The Cause of Blight and Pestilence in the Vegetable Creation.* London. 1846. *The Prevention and Treatment of Disease in the Potato and other Crops.* London. 1847. By JOHN PARKIN, M.D.

THE theory maintained in these essays is, that epidemic diseases in the animal and vegetable creation are produced by volcanic action. In order to show this, the author attempts to demonstrate, first, the connection in time of such epidemics with disturbances of a volcanic nature, and, secondly, their connection in place and in their route of progression with such geological characteristics as indicate probable centres or lines of transmission for volcanic exhalations. It is obvious that the truth or falsity of this theory could not be established by one man or a few men. If it be worthy of investigation, it would demand *cordons* of scientific observers through the length and breadth of every continent. The author has evidently brought to his task adequate learning and argumentative skill; and, *if full reliance may be placed on his induction of particulars*, he has made out a very strong case in the affirmative of his main postulate. His treatises at least deserve respectful heed, and, if not assent, elaborate refutation.

7. — *Poems*, by JAMES T. FIELDS. Boston. 1854. 16mo. pp. 128.

UNAMBITIOUS simplicity and naturalness, rich and playful fancy, kindly sympathies, smooth versification, and harmonious rhythm, make this little volume as truly a gem to the inward sense as it is to the eye.

While its modesty would disarm, the sweetness and purity of its contents elude, criticism. We copy, in the assurance that our readers will think of it as we do,

“OUR FIRESIDE EVENING HYMN.

“Hither, bright angels, wing your flight,
And stay your gentle presence here ;
Watch round, and shield us through the night,
That every shade may disappear.

“How sweet, when Nature claims repose,
And darkness floats in silence nigh,
To welcome in, at daylight's close,
Those radiant troops that gem the sky !

“To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round, —
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from heavenly ground !

“O, ever thus, with silent prayer
For those we love, may night begin, —
Reposing safe, released from care,
Till morning leads the sunlight in.”

8. — *Autobiography of an Actress ; or, Eight Years on the Stage.* By ANNA CORA MOWATT. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 448.

BORN in affluence, religiously nurtured, of the most delicate sensibilities, in early life conscientiously opposed to theatrical entertainments, married almost in childhood to a man of fortune, Mrs. Mowatt became an actress to meet the exigencies imposed upon her by her husband's loss of property and health ; adorned by the graces of a refined, the serene resignation and hopefulness of a devout, and the tender sympathies of a loving spirit, the profession she once abhorred ; and on retiring from the stage has written a life-record, not a line of which she can ever wish to erase. While the current of our own sympathies is far from flowing in the line of her profession, we are thankful for whatever may rebuke the indiscriminate obloquy which Pharisaism is prone to pour upon whole classes of people and conditions in life.

9. — *Essays on Philosophical Writers and other Men of Letters.* 2 vols. *Letters to a Young Man, and Other Papers.* 1 vol. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 292, 291, 300.

It remains yet to be seen whether De Quincey can write what deserves not to be read and kept. To our fancy, the refuse of his *escri-toir* must be, like the sweepings of a goldsmith's shop, worthy of the most careful sifting. However this may be, the issue of the American publishers, extending through fifteen volumes, and in these last three embracing many of the pieces commonly called fugitive, has not yet ceased to be auriferous. De Quincey constantly amazes us by the amount and diversity of his learning. He manifestly often writes less from interest in his nominal subject than for the sake of throwing out a miscellaneous series of erudite reminiscences and lucubrations; yet so perfect is his tact in finding, or rather making, a place for every thing, that, while inviting, he eludes the charge of pedantry. We might, did our limits permit, specify two or three of the minor papers in the volumes now before us, which are absolutely loaded down with the life-spoils of their author's scholarship, yet carry their burden as lightly as our bodies sustain the weight of the circumambient atmosphere.

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10. — *Epic of the Starry Heavens.* THOMAS L. HARRIS. New York: Partridge & Brittan. 1854. 24mo. pp. 210.

MR. HARRIS dictated this poem in a state of entire unconsciousness as to surrounding objects, and it is well adapted to induce such a state in the reader. It was spoken in fourteen consecutive days, from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty lines being dictated at each session; and if any one should make trial of its efficacy as an opiate, we would recommend that it be taken in similar instalments. It is the work of certain spiritual beings, who made Mr. Harris their medium; and, combined with numerous other disclosures from similar sources, it might authorize the belief that the spiritual life is a retrograde career as to all the elements of intellectual culture and wisdom. Especially are we strengthened in this conclusion, when we are told that the poem emanated from "a circle of *Mediæval* Spirits," and

that Dante officiated as their mystagogue in the initiation of "the medium"; for the great Florentine must have sadly degenerated to become a *particeps criminis* in the dictation of verse more inane and puerile than the common run of newspaper poetry.

- 11.— *The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star; a Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. Vanderbilt's Party to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, etc.* By REV. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854. 12mo. pp. 353.

THIS is a minute, and we suppose an accurate account, not only of what the author saw in person, but of what, in reference to current notions of clerical decorum, he saw only through the eyes of his travelling companions. It is characterized throughout by vanity and egotism, and indicates no very high standard of refinement or dignity on the part of the writer; but it is so thoroughly good-tempered, and so abounds in tolerant and kindly expressions towards and concerning nations, classes, and individuals, fellow-travellers, hosts, sailors, and servants, as amply to justify Mr. Vanderbilt in devolving upon Dr. Choules not only the chaplaincy, but numerous essential offices appertaining to the comfort and happiness, of his select party.

- 12.— *The Teacher and the Parent; a Treatise upon Common School Education; containing Practical Suggestions to Teachers and Parents.* By CHARLES NORTHEND, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes. 1853. 12mo. pp. 327.

WE can only say that there probably lives not the teacher or parent to whom this book might not furnish suggestions worthy his diligent heed and profound gratitude.

- 13.—*Friends in Council. A Series of Readings and Discourse thereon.* Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 291, 271.

MANY of our readers are already familiar with the serene philosophy and high religious wisdom displayed in the various essays of Arthur Helps. The First Book of "Friends in Council" was republished by Messrs. Munroe & Co. in 1849. The greater part of the Second Book is devoted to the discussion of Slavery, in a lofty and resolute, but calm, conciliatory, and Christian spirit. We, indeed, on our side of the Atlantic, are prone to claim the monopoly of this vexed subject; and we may perhaps urge our claim with some color of reason, when we withdraw our sympathy from the oppressed of other nations, and exclude from our press, our lecture-rooms, and our halls of legislation, all diatribes against European misrule and absolutism.

- 14.—*Thoughts to Help and to Cheer.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 191.

THIS little volume contains a verse of Scripture, with a prose extract and a stanza or two of devotional poetry, for every day of a half-year. The work could hardly have been performed with purer taste, or in a more devout spirit, and will "help and cheer" those (and it were well if they were a numerous class) who prize such manuals of piety.

- 15.—*Homiletics; or the Theory of Preaching.* By A. VINET, D.D. Translated and edited by THOMAS H. SKINNER, D.D. New York: Ivison & Phinney. 1854. 24mo. pp. 524.

OUR clerical readers are well aware of the poverty of this department of literature; and will be glad to know that the work before us comprises a philosophical analysis of the theory of preaching, illustrated and enriched by numerous references to, and extracts from, the most distinguished French and German preachers. The translation is admirably executed, and the editor's notes add essentially to the value of the work.

- 16.— *The Apocalypse Unveiled.* New York: E. French. 1853. 2 vols. 24mo. pp. 396, 329.

THE author of this work, like his numerous predecessors in the same field, finds in the Apocalypse predictions of all the leading events of post-Christian history, and of all that he imagines ought to transpire before the canon of history is closed. It manifests, on the one hand, candor, extensive historical knowledge, and profound religious feeling; and, on the other, the absence of definite principles of interpretation and of conversance with the laws and limitations of Scriptural exegesis.

- 17.— *The Complete Poetical Works of THOMAS CAMPBELL; with an Original Biography and Notes.* Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. * pp. 479.

THIS collection of Campbell's Poems is more nearly complete than any that has been previously made, comprising fifty pieces, transcribed in part from Dr. Beattie's Memoir, in part from the New Monthly Magazine and other authentic sources. Mr. Sargent's Biography of the poet is compiled, with characteristic taste and skill, from the "Life" by Dr. Beattie, and the Reminiscences of Mr. Cyrus Redding, who was associated with Campbell in the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine.

- 18.— *The Legendary and Poetical Remains of JOHN ROBY. With a Sketch of his Literary Life and Character.* By his Widow. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1854. 16mo. pp. 376.

THE sketch of Mr. Roby's life forms the most interesting portion of this volume. In the morbidly delicate organization of his mental and moral constitution, he presents many points of resemblance with Cowper; but as a man of business, a husband, and a father, he was surrounded by counter agents to the self-corroding power of so sensitive a nature. The record of his simple tastes and pleasures, his unambitious,

yet signally successful literary ventures, the deep shadows of his protracted religious melancholy, the rich sunlight of joyous assurance into which he emerged, and his death, so untimely and yet so opportune,—wrought by a hand of surpassing delicacy, and permeated throughout by the heart-fibres of an undying love,—makes one of the most touching life-stories which it has been our happiness to read. The “Poetical Remains” are passable, but by no means striking. The Legends, which close the volume, wild and horrible, display in their appropriate vein ample resources and superior artistical skill.

19.—“*A Gross Literary Fraud Exposed; relating to the Publication of Worcester's Dictionary in London,*” as *Webster's Dictionary*. Springfield: G. & C. Merriam. 1854.

WE are glad to believe, on evidence to us satisfactory, that the publishers of Webster's Dictionary were in no sense accountable for the fraud perpetrated by Bohn, the London publisher, and that they have not availed themselves of the fact of its perpetration in any covert or dishonorable way. We deprecate the continuance of the controversy concerning that foreign felony. The two works, as the standard American Dictionaries, will no doubt continue to divide the public patronage, and they differ sufficiently from each other to render their respective merits a fair subject for investigation and discussion. At the same time their differences relate, not to great philological facts and laws, as to which growing intelligence would tend to uniformity of construction, but for the most part to matters of taste or of conflicting authority, concerning which public sentiment will no doubt long remain divided.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Memoir of Robert Wheaton, with Selections from his Writings. Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 385.

Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe. By Grace Greenwood. Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 12mo. pp. 437.

My Two Sisters, a Sketch from Memory. By Emily Judson. Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 16mo. pp. 112.

The Mission of the Comforter, with Notes. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A., Archdeacon of Lewes, &c. From the Second London Revised Edition, with the Notes translated for the American Edition. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. 1854. 12mo. pp. 498.

Meyer's Universum, in Semi-Monthly Parts, illustrated with Engravings from Drawings by the First Artists. Edited by Charles A. Dana, with the assistance of Eminent Writers in Europe and America. New York : Hermann J. Meyer. Vol. II. Parts 8 - 12. 1853.

The Character of Manlius Stimson Clarke : a Discourse delivered in the South Congregational Church, May 1, 1853. By F. D. Huntington. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 8vo. pp. 32.

The Christianity of Civilization : a Lecture by G. T. F. Abraham, Esq., delivered on behalf of the Trinity St. Pancras Schools, Jan. 6, 1853. London : W. & T. Piper. 1853. 12mo. pp. 51.

The United States Illustrated ; or Views of City and Country. With Descriptive and Historical Articles. Edited by Charles A. Dana. Vol. I. Parts 8 - 10. New York : H. J. Meyer.

The Bible according to the Douay and Rhemish Versions. Parts 24 - 28. New York : Dunigan & Brothers.

Reports on the Committee on Education ; with a Bill to establish and maintain a System of Public Schools in the State of Alabama. By Mr. Meek, of Mobile. Montgomery : Brittan & Blue. 1854.

The True Idea of the University, and its Relation to a Complete System of Public Instruction. An Address before the Association of the Alumni of the University of the City of New York, June 28, 1852. By C. S. Henry, D.D. New York. 1853.

The Indebtedness of the City of New York to its University. An Address to the Alumni of the University of the City of New York, June 28, 1853. By Professor J. W. Draper, M.D. New York. 1853.

Reports of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane. Providence. 1854.

Thirty-third Annual Report of the Board of Direction of the Mercantile Library Association in the City of New York. New York. 1854.

Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati. Nineteenth Annual Report. Cincinnati. 1854.

A Discourse delivered before the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism on its Nineteenth Anniversary, Jan. 8, 1854. Boston. 1854.

The Alarm: a Discourse on the Introduction of the new Fire Alarm. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: L. C. Bowles. 1854.

Archimedes and Franklin. A Lecture delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, Nov. 29, 1853. By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston. 1853.

The Spanish Wife. A Play in Five Acts. By Samuel M. Smucker (of the New York Bar). With a Memoir and Portrait of Edwin Forrest, Esq. New York: Wm. Taylor & Co. 1854.

Address of Charles Gayarre to the People of the State, on the late Frauds perpetrated at the Election held on Nov. 7, 1853, in the City of New Orleans. New Orleans. 1853.

Proceedings of the American Antislavery Society, at its Second Decade, held at Philadelphia, Dec. 3, 4, and 5, 1853. New York. 1854.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1854. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

American Railway Guide for the United States. February, 1854. New York: Dinsmore & Co.

American Baptist Almanac for 1854. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Report to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan, made Nov. 15, 1853, by Henry W. Tappan, D.D., Chancellor of the University and President of the Board. Ann Arbor. 1853.

A Sermon delivered at Dudley, Mass., Jan. 17, 1854, at the Funeral of Rev. Joshua Bates, D.D. By William B. Sprague, D.D. Albany. 1854.

Origin and Causes of Democracy in America: a Discourse delivered before the Maryland Historical Society, Dec. 20, 1853. By George W. Burnap. Baltimore. 1854.

Ninth Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell. Lowell. 1853.

A Discourse preached at Barre, Jan. 11, 1854, at the End of a Ministry of Fifty Years in that Town. By James Thompson. With an Appendix. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854.

Handbook of German Literature. By G. J. Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

The Barclays of Boston. By Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 12mo. pp. 419.

The Seventh Census of the United States, 1850. J. D. B. De Bow, Superintendent. Washington. 1853. pp. cxxxvi., 1022.

Les Aventures de Télémaque. Par Fénelon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

The Constitutional Text-Book: containing Selections from the Writings of Daniel Webster; the Declaration of Independence; the Constitution of the

United States; and Washington's Farewell Address. With Copious Indexes. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 503.

An Essay on the Trial by Jury. By Lysander Spooner. Boston: B. Marsh. 1852. 12mo. pp. 224.

A Grammar of the Spanish Language, with a History of the Language, and Practical Exercises. By M. Schele De Vere, of the University of Virginia. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1854. Edited by David A. Wells, A.M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1854. pp. 398.

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